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THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,  
OR  
LITERARY JOURNAL,  
*ENLARGED:*

From JANUARY to MAY, *inclusive,*

M,DCCC,XXV.

With an APPENDIX.

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"HIC CESTUS ARTEMQUE REPONO."

VIRGIL.

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VOLUME CVI.

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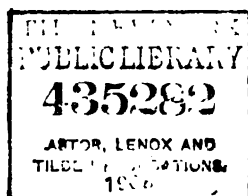
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M,DCCC,XXV.





## TO THE READER.

SEVENTY-SIX years have passed since THE MONTHLY REVIEW first solicited the attention of the public; and, through the whole of that long period, it has been under the direction of only two individuals, having descended from the institutor to his son. This instance of duration in a periodical work, and of its management being in so few hands, is probably without a parallel; and, indeed, it cannot be expected that human life should present numerous examples of the gift of such mental power, and such continued bodily health, as that venerated character enjoyed. Certainly, the bounty of Providence was not equally extended to his successor. He has been allowed a heart to love the same employment as a sacred hereditary trust and calling, and the ambition to hope that the exercise of it was honourable to him and useful to the public: but, while that public must be left to judge of his labours, (now exerted during no short term of years,) he himself has always regretted his own "unequal steps;" and his adverse fate with regard to health remains to be intruded, for one moment, on his readers. With pain, then, he states that he is at length obliged to yield to the goadings of perpetual ailment, (at this moment disabling him,) and the dictates of reiterated medical admonition: that, under such warnings, he must "emancipate" himself from the literary toil and anxiety which have hitherto been his "sole end and aim;" and that, with the commencement of Vol. cvii. of the New Series, THE MONTHLY REVIEW will become the property and the care of others.

In thus relinquishing a station, in which he endeavoured

———— "to do  
What might be public good," (MILTON.)

he may be permitted to indulge the presumption that some good *has been done*; — and that, hitherto, this almost octogenarian work has been found the steady and independent advocate of the general interests of literature, of moral virtue, of political freedom, and of religious liberty: — unawed by the threatening aspect of “the worst of times,” and unseduced by the allurements of days of peace and pleasure, which it has been alike its fortune to witness in its protracted career. He trusts, also, that these will ever be the features of its character; and then he cannot doubt that it will continue to be received with favor by a community of such sound judgment, and such correct taste, as that which now adorns the British Empire. In this case, at the expiration of another half century, perhaps, the new “labourers in the vineyard” may say to each other, as *he* now finally addresses his esteemed fellow work-men,

“*Diis magnas merito gratias habeo, atque ago,  
Quando evenere hæc nobis, frater, prosperè.*”\* (TER.)

For himself, he seeks repose, and leisure to court the smiles of Hygeia, or resignation to endure her inexorable frown; until the moment shall arrive when he must feel how true it is,

—— “*nec quidquam tibi prodest  
Aeris tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
Percurrisse potum, morituro.*”† (HOR.)

Denied the enviable and the rare lot of his father throughout life, he now prays only for a share of the blessing which attended him at its close, in his tranquillity, his retrospect, and his prospect.

G. E. G.

31st May, 1825.

\* Much gratitude I feel, and offer, to the Gods above,  
Since these our works, my brother, prosper with us.

† —— It will not profit thee that thou hast tried  
To scale the aerial vault, and hast o’errun in mind  
The “great globe itself,” — when mind expires!

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☞ For the Names, also, of the Authors of New Dissertations or other curious Papers, published in the MEMOIRS and TRANSACTIONS of the Scientific ACADEMIES at Home or on the Continent, and also for the Titles of those Dissertations, &c., of which Accounts are given in the Review, — see the *Index*, printed at the End of each Volume.

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1825.

ART. I. *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.* By Lady Morgan. 2 Vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1824.

WHATEVER may be the diversity of opinion entertained on some points respecting the writings of Lady Morgan, there is one on which all parties seem of late to have been brought nearly to agree: we mean, the abundant evidence of talents which is conspicuous throughout the whole of them. Her most decided enemies, — and enemies she may boast of the highest order in various parts of Europe, — have borne ample testimony to her merits by their fears, and by their consequent proscription both of her person and her works throughout their despotic dominions. No greater compliment could have been offered to a free and enlightened spirit, and to the land which gave it birth, than such a declaration of hostility by the high allied powers against the circulation of any degree of truth, or freedom of inquiry, even connected with past history and the arts, in their legitimate territories. Such an exercise of arbitrary and intolerant sway in most instances fortunately defeats its own end; and, instead of exciting in this country a more earnest opposition to the principles maintained by Lady M., it has undoubtedly had the effect of allaying party feelings and asperities, and of producing a general sentiment not only of indignation at the glaring tyranny and injustice which it exhibits, but of increased respect for the opinions of the object of its persecution.

With political motives and feelings, however, except on the broad basis of English constitutional principles, as they are freely developed and enforced through the pages of the present work, we have here no concern. So far, however, we would willingly be supposed to accord with the tenets of the fair writer, and so far only, as they advocate the great cause of justice, humanity, and truth, for which we would claim the common consent of *all* parties; consigning *all* minor considerations to oblivion, at a period when giant tyranny and misrule are laying waste the finest portions of the globe with the iron hoof of power, and every instrument of perse-

cution. It is not, indeed, in a political light that we ought to view the writings of Lady Morgan; and we should be sorry to be guilty of the injustice of rating their merits by any other scale than that of their genuine literary claims.

Perhaps the annals of female biography afford few instances of a more rapid development and a greater variety of intellectual power, than have been exhibited in the literary career of Lady M. From the outset, her productions have been not less numerous than diversified in point of genius and object: but all modern readers, we believe, are too familiar with the individual merits of her more fanciful effusions, in the order in which they appeared, to require any specific elucidation of them here. They abound in all those faults and those beauties which are chiefly conspicuous in very *creative* writers; and which arise out of the exuberance of a bold and vivid fancy, the impulse of strong and keen feelings, and the sallies of an imagination too brilliant to be subjected to rule. These qualities, indeed, added to the playfulness and versatility of mind observable in some of her writings; might be supposed to augur ill of Lady Morgan's success in a more serious and arduous performance, like the present; and in fact they constituted the most formidable obstacles which she had to encounter. It required her utmost caution and consideration to command and to tame the fervour of her conceptions and her feelings, long indulged in an opposite mode of composition, so as to render her qualified for such an undertaking. Yet, difficult as the task must have been, her flexible powers have enabled her to succeed even in the more arduous points of her subject.

In truth, if we mistake not, Lady M. has rather surprised both friends and foes by such a production as that which is now before us. Neither class could have given her credit for the talents which she has shewn in this first essay in the line of historical and biographical composition; and as little perhaps for the depth of her reflections, and the extent of her taste and judgment, connected with Italian literature and art. Indeed, her high reputation in other branches of literature, of a wholly different description, rendered it almost perilous to attempt a new career: but the subject, we imagine, had temptations too powerful to be resisted; for, if we were requested to mention one which above all others is calculated to rivet attention, and to awaken enthusiasm, by the peculiar interest and variety of incident and adventure with which it abounds, we could select no better than 'The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.' Much of the author's success may probably be ascribed to this very circumstance, and to the spirit  
and

and pleasure with which she appears to have entered on her employment: for these are feelings which never fail to produce a corresponding effect on the mind of the reader. Every thing, in fact, may be said to unite in the character of Salvator, and the age in which he flourished, that deserves and is calculated to be placed on record in a work like the present; which in most points is executed in a bold, earnest, impartial, and sincere manner. This is no trifling merit in a biographer; and we can imagine that the sort of open and honest testimony, thus rendered to Salvator's genius and labors, would have proved of all others most in accordance with the feelings and temper of the object which it commemorates. The "*ultimus suorum*," the last "of a race divine" that reached the zenith of its fame in the grand forms of Michel Agriolo and the celestial countenances of Raphael, he may be said to have closed the history of those gifted artists who "sat with princes," and were courted by the nobles of the land. Yet even then the disastrous changes, that struck a death-blow to the dignity and importance of the art which he adored, were already at work. It was a period that witnessed the fading splendor of the Vatican, and with it that of the art of painting; an art which was at once its *protégé* and its ally, and had contributed for ages, by its eloquent though silent appeals to the senses and passions of mankind, to rivet on the world its spiritual chains. In no portion of her book has Lady M. displayed more just and accurate views, and more forcible reasoning, than where she thus traces the connection between philosophy and the arts; — between political and ecclesiastical domination, and the instruments employed to sustain it in the patronage afforded to painting and poetry, or in the direction and degradation of the public mind.

'Painting,' she remarks, '(which, in the progress of civilization, precedes music, as being less abstracted in its principles, and more tangible in its effects,) was, even as early as the thirteenth century, adopted by the church as a means of riveting her power, by bringing over the senses to her interest. Its effects were magical: it personified the essence which thought could not reach; it depicted the mystery which reason could not explain; it revealed the beatitudes of heaven, and the punishments of hell, in imagery which struck upon the dullest apprehensions and intimidated the hardest conscience; and the Madonnas of Cimabue and the saints of Giotto were found to be no less influential in their calling than the councils of the assembled church and the Bulls of the Lateran. Eyes, which shed no tears over the recited sufferings of the Saviour, wept gratefully over the pictured agonies of a self-sacrificed Mediator; and stubborn knees, unused to bend in mental devotion, dropped involuntarily before shrines where a fair young mother

and her blooming offspring, a virgin parent and an infant God, awakened religious adoration through human sympathies. —

‘The great poets of the sixteenth century were forced to woo their patrons; the painters were to be courted, and were rarely won unsought. The immortal creators of the “Jerusalem” and the “Orlando” waited despondingly in the antechambers of the pitiful D’Este, while Vinci took his place in the saloons of kings, and Titian rejected the invitations of emperors. The spirit of the times directing, as it always will, the genius of individuals, tied down the most enlightened people of the world to the pursuit of an ornamental art. Under other circumstances, and in another age, Raphael might have been no less “divine” as a poet than as a painter; and Leonardo might have shone the first of experimental philosophers, as he was the most eminent of artists.’

In the transient glances which will be all that we can take of the variety of interesting views and opinions, that are connected with the immediate subject before us, it would be impossible to give any thing like a regular survey of the life and actions of such a character as that of Salvator; whose ‘fine, subtle, and nervous organization rendered even his childhood curious and inquiring, rapid in the perception of external objects, and prompt in reproducing them by efforts of imagination.’ The reader may be enabled, however, to gather a general idea of his genius and merits, as we proceed, from descriptions like the following :

‘The luminous intellect of the future author of the Satires and of the Catiline conspiracy, — the quick and sensitive imagination which, shedding its rays upon the sterile science of ancient counterpoint, was destined to give developement to the cantata, and lay the foundations of the rich melodies of Paesiello and of Cimarosa, — was already giving out lights through the dim dawn of infancy; and if, to the dull apprehensions of the undiscerning, they seemed “lights which led astray,” they were not the less “lights from heaven.”

‘Salvator is, in fact, described, even at this early age, as evincing a disposition towards all the arts, “lispering in numbers,” waking the echoes of his native hills with every instrument his infant hand could procure, and producing scraps of antique architecture and of picturesque scenery upon cards and paper, which spoke, “trumpet-tongued,” his instinctive and inevitable vocation.’

Of the progress of philosophy during the close of the sixteenth century, together with the subsequent state of the art, we meet with the ensuing able and comprehensive sketch :

‘Philosophy, leaving reform to its struggles, and theology to its sophisms, availed herself of the licence of the times, and of the inquiring spirit of the age. She came forth with her great experimental truths to better the condition of humanity, to lessen its afflictions, to meet its wants, and to diminish the many “ills which flesh



*flesh is heir to.*" Her object was the happiness of mankind; and her agent, knowledge. Obstructed in every step of her progress, — condemned as infidel, for expounding the laws of nature, — and persecuted for truths, for which she deserved to be deified, still she advanced, — slowly indeed, but firmly: moral and physical evil, error and disease, bigotry and the plague, receded before her luminous progress. Philosophers, it is true, perished in the dungeons of inquisitions, or fed the flames of an *auto da fé*; but philosophy survived, and triumphed. Not so the art, which had so long made a part and parcel of the church and state legislature of Christendom.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the great market for painting was closing, never again to be opened with equal splendour, save under the pressure of exigencies, vast, influential, and incorporated with the interests of society, as those in which the prosperity and perfection of the art had originated. The grand historical and epic masters of the splendid schools of Rome, Tuscany, and Lombardy, the schools of Raphael, of Da Vinci, and of the Caracci, were now replaced by the well-named "*Dependents*" of cardinals, by the court-limners of the Bourbons, and the "*souffrant payntors*" of the Stuarts, — the subservient decorators of the Escorial, the Tuileries, and Whitehall. The system of politics, which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, drove nearly all Europe to the hazardous experiment of revolution, had its influence on the arts, and assisted with other causes to degrade its professors. It was in vain that such names as Rubens, Poussin, and Vandyke, illustrated and almost redeemed the list of court-painters of this degraded epoch. Even the brilliant genius of such men submitted to the influence of the times; and an eternal series of hatchet-faced kings and flaxen-wigged queens, with all their allegorical virtues, — unreal as the monsters by which they were represented, — afford a running commentary on the dictation imposed on the art, and on the influence exercised by the presuming patronage and the overweening conceit of princely pretenders.

In these introductory views of the subject, so essential to the comprehension of the scope and character of the author's work, we have every thing that we could have expected, in point of accuracy, taste, and intelligence, from the most practised and familiar pen. Indeed, we scarcely know any living writer who would *altogether* have done completer justice to the task; though there may be some who are more versed in the details and technicalities of art, more intimate with the nicer distinctions and peculiarities of the elder masters, and more deeply read in history and antiquities relating to earlier epochs: but these will be found only among the most distinguished professors of the art itself. The authorities adduced in these volumes are always the most genuine that could have been obtained; although we have to wish,

as in almost all modern biographical books, that the references had been somewhat more frequent. On all points of taste connected with the peculiar excellences in the style of Salvator, and in that of his greatest contemporaries, Lady M. has been judicious enough to avail herself of the opinions of the soundest and best critic and historian of the art of painting, that has yet appeared in Italy. We mean the excellent Lanzi: from whom so many modern writers, English, French, and German, have not scrupled to enrich their works: though often, unlike Lady M., they borrow the whole tone and tenor of their opinions from his invaluable history of the art with little or no acknowledgement of their obligations. These plagiarisms, too, have unfortunately been committed in such a manner as to afford a very faint and inadequate idea of the distinguished merit of the real author; imperfectly shadowing forth his genius, his elaborate research and learning, and his concise yet powerful descriptions and elucidations of the art, through its respective æras: which altogether exhibit one luminous and connected view, in an unbroken series of schools and in a continued chain of reasoning. From the discriminating manner in which Lady M. has applied Lanzi's materials, and her apparent appreciation of the superior character and excellence of his great work, we indulge a wish that English professors and lovers of the art may, ere long, be presented by her with an unmutilated and entire version of it, to supersede the garbled, disjointed, and confused accounts that have from time to time appeared in the productions of inferior writers. We are bound to add, however, in justice to the wide and well-earned celebrity of one of Italy's best modern authors, — the universally admitted guide and umpire in all the more doubtful points of the history of the art, — that Lady M. has occasionally adopted a warmer tone in the description of her hero's character and accomplishments, than the authority of Lanzi will strictly warrant. If we consider the high degree of enthusiasm and partiality which, it is clear from her whole style and manner, she must have felt for the object of her regard, any thing like a cold, calculating estimate of Salvator's merits was hardly to be expected from her pen: although, by preserving a more tame and measured strain of commendation, she might at times have approached nearer to the precise scale of excellence which as an artist, a poet, and an *improvisatore*, Salvator really attained. She has certainly exhibited his character to advantage, in the fullest proportions that it would bear, and has humored him, if we may so express ourselves, "to the top of his bent." Yet we are not perfectly clear that we ought

ought to deem this a fault: for, if to please as well as to instruct be still an article in our literary code applicable to these cases, it is the duty of a biographer, ever respecting the interests of truth and justice, to view the person whose life he deems worthy of commemoration as in some degree his client; — to become his advocate wherever he can fairly support him; — and to admit nothing derogatory to his reputation which is doubtful in fact or trivial in nature.

Fortunately, the many high and gifted qualities of the distinguished subject of her memoir saved the author much bazard in this respect. Like his own character, full of fire, force, and brilliancy, the rich and glowing language in which some of her descriptions are embodied is adapted to convey a lively and corresponding impression of the genius of the artist and the man. It is in this tone that the most imaginative period of Salvator's own existence, and the versatility of his youthful pursuits, are thus happily described:

‘ His musical productions became so popular that the “*spinners and knitters in the sun did use to chaunt them*” (an image which every street in Naples during the winter-season daily exhibits); and there was in some of these short lyric poems, which he set to music, a softness and delicacy that rendered them even worthy to be sung

‘ “ By some fair queen in summer-bower  
With ravishing divisions of her lute;”

still, however, they are more curious as compared to that sterner strain of sharp invective, which runs through all his maturer compositions, and to that dark, deep, and indignant feeling which pervades all his satires. In mature life he may, and doubtless did, look back with a sort of melancholy envy upon the gracious emotions and brilliant illusions from which such strains arose; and (with that mingled sentiment of regret and contempt, which is assuredly felt by all, who, having written when young, revert in a more advanced age to their early compositions,) he may have given a sad smile to those idle dreams which time had long dissipated; — apostrophizing with Petrarch his first and fond effusions, the

‘ “ *Dolci rime leggiadre  
Che nel primiero assalto  
D'amor usai, quand' io ebbi non altri armi.*”

‘ It is pleasant, however, ere time and experience had done their work, and turned the excess of an almost morbid sensibility to a far different account, to pause for a moment, and to contemplate the youth of genius, — the most splendid aspect of human life, — in the full, but fragile enjoyment of its own brief and illusory existence. The climate, the scene, the population, and reigning manners of Naples, were but too favourable to that intoxicating state of excitement; which in all regions characterises the adoles-

cence of highly-organised beings; and but too many mortal Parthenopes *then* recalled the ancient haunts of Circe and the Syrens: explaining, if they did not excuse, those aberrations from the strict rules of prudence, which the enemies of Salvator Rosa have magnified into systematic libertinism.

Much of the information, relating in this way to the early character and pursuits of Salvator, has been drawn from his Italian contemporary Baldinelli, and from Baldinucci, Pascoli, and Passeri; writers whose occasional prolixity of detail, however, and more doubtful authority, Lady Morgan has by no means implicitly adopted. All that has been acknowledged to be genuine and valuable, and sanctioned by more recent authors of indisputable merit, such as Lanzi, Zelotti, and Fabroni, she appears to have judiciously interweaved in her own narrative: but nothing farther.

Not the least interesting, perhaps, of this portion of the narrative, especially to professors and lovers of the art, is the picture of Salvator's early struggles and difficulties, successive persecutions and disappointments, with the undaunted confidence, enthusiastic energy, and unshaken perseverance which he opposed to them, so deservedly crowned by his ultimate celebrity and triumph. It affords, indeed, a fine and striking moral lesson. Though he was frequently grieved, irritated, and goaded almost to madness, yet, amid the most trying circumstances and privations, he never relaxed his efforts or gave way to despair. Like Cæsar, he may be said to have felt that noble confidence in his own powers, which communicated itself to his whole air and countenance, and seemed to augur success. Even during his lonely wanderings in the wildest haunts of the Abruzzi, in the hands of fierce banditti, or when threatened with the still more appalling terrors of the Inquisition, his elasticity and presence of mind never forsook him; and, when he could not oppose, he awaited his fate in resolute silence. In most instances, he seems even to have turned his misfortunes to a good account, and not only to have risen superior to them, but to have derived advantages from them which he would not otherwise have enjoyed: they led him to exhaust the utmost resources of his fertile mind; and they brought him into contact with the very first characters of his age, by whom his society was courted, not less for his rich conversational powers, his genius, and his wit, than for the light which he threw around him on every subject connected with literature and the arts. Of his exalted character as an artist, displayed amid the pressure of the circumstances which we have stated, we have here this glowing and characteristic description:

‘ With

' With such means, and for such rewards, Salvator Rosa continued to labour with indefatigable but unrequited industry. All his recreations were laid aside. Pausilippo no longer re-echoed to the sweet tones of his lute. The *Cloris* and *Irenes* of his enamoured boyhood lived unsung, at least by his melancholy muse. He neither wrote nor read poetry. His studies, all bearing upon his art, were confined to sacred and profane history, the events and characters of which are spread over his smallest and least important landscapes; for even in his delineations of those "*Silve Selvagge*," which, like his own Dante, he loved best, man and his great moral agency are constantly to be found. There were (as critics have asserted) among these early productions of his pencil, of which some are still extant, many which were afterwards repeated by himself upon a great scale. The stamp of originality, and the total absence of that mannerism then so prevalent, distinguish these his earliest no less than his later works. In their execution there was a freedom almost miraculous in so young and inexperienced a practitioner; and in the selection and conception of the subjects, there were evidences of the same bold, brilliant, and poetical imagination,—the same deep sagacious study of nature,—which characterized the finished works of his mature age. All was vast; all was characterized by strength and magnitude. A rock, a tree, a cloud, exhibited the elevation of his fancy. His most minute figures were marked by an expression which painted a character, while it indicated a form. His Robber-Chief was always distinguishable from the ruffians he led, less by his habits than by those distinctions which high breeding on the human, as on the brute subject, rarely fails to impress. The light leafing of his trees, which seem to vibrate with a motion of the passing air, the breaking up of his grounds, his groupes and figures all in movement, exhibit a life and an activity that excited correspondent sympathy in the spectator, and evinced that nature in his works, as in her own, knew no pause. Yet these early works, containing the *prima intenzione* of many after-productions, which, if better executed, were not more powerfully conceived,—these first and beautiful efforts of Salvator's genius sold, says his friend Baldinelli, at the lowest or vilest prices,—"*ad ogni prezzo più vile*." It is singular that he, who afterwards stood forth as the only eminently original master which Naples ever produced, should have excited no attention, at the time that the Neapolitan school had attained to an excellence, and enjoyed a reputation, it never before and never after possessed, and when the public taste consequently may be supposed to have reached its maximum. But the state of painting in Naples at that epoch, both as an art and as a profession, throws some light upon a fact, which appears strange at least, if not mysterious.

In remarking on Salvator's pictorial education, and advocating his strong claims to originality, perhaps his fair biographer scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the instruction which he received in the schools of Falcone and Spagnuololetto,

nuoletto, in addition to his study of the more antient masters and specimens of the antique then existing at Rome. Though his early productions, his landscapes and small figures, were the result only of genius and originality, the principles exhibited in his great historical and battle-pieces were indisputably acquired by the contemplation of models, and in established schools, to a greater extent than the present writer has always admitted. In no other manner, indeed, could he have attained the degree of correctness and excellence which he manifested in his figures: for the poverty of the Neapolitan school, in point of design, was almost proverbial during the 16th and 17th centuries throughout other Italian states. It is true that Lady M. alludes to his academical career, in his admission into the *studio* of Falcone and Spagnuolo, besides availing himself of the examples afforded by the celebrated historic master Domenichino: but she quotes the authority of Lanzi to prove that he frequented such schools only for a short period, without attending sufficiently to the whole tone and context of that author. In one sense she may still be said to be correct; for the entire character and expression of his pencil, his freedom, living energy, and action, are wholly his own, wherever he may have acquired his rules of drawing, or his knowledge of perspective and design. These last, we apprehend, could have been obtained only in the schools; — which he certainly did not frequent long enough to become as perfect a master in the art of design as he deserved to be. Hence the secret cause that gave the accusation of his enemies their bitterest sting, when they declared that his great historic pieces were imperfect; for there was some foundation for the charge; especially when they were compared with those of the Roman masters, who were the most accurate (next to the Florentine) of any in the Italian schools. Still this want of perfection was not sufficient to form any material drawback on his fame, or to afford countenance for the gross invectives levelled against him by the party-animosities of his time.

Of Salvator's more mature genius and productions, embracing almost every branch of the fine arts, Lady M. gives a very clear and striking view:

'The character of Salvator's genius was altogether northern; so palpably northern, that the Italian ultras of the present day have pronounced his anathema, by placing him high in the school of *Romanticism*, with those whom it is disloyalty to praise, Boccaccio and Ariosto. The superhuman agency which Salvator loved to employ both in his pictorial and poetical productions was preferably selected from that sombre mythology, which was the inspiration

sation of Shakspeare and the charm of Ossian. In his powerful originality, he turned with disgust from the worn-out imagery both of the Christian and heathen mythologies, from simpering seraphs and smirking cupids, from wrathful gods and tortured martyrs. When obliged by the tyranny of circumstances to select a subject from either, he chose by preference Saul and the Witch of Endor! the fate of Prometheus, (the embodying of a deep philosophy,) and the rebellion of the giants, a dogma in all religions, as being illustrative of a physical fact, salient to the eyes of all nations.

' Thus producing at the same moment a poem and a picture, a recitation and a cantata, "*Mandando fuori con l'opere, spiritosi pensieri, e talora bizzarre invenzioni;*" the Roman public beheld him with admiration.

' His *Sorceress* had scarcely taken its place in the gallery of Carlo Rossi, when he executed for the same liberal friend his *Socrates swallowing Poison*, and also for the gallery Sonnini his *Prodigal Son*. He now gave full scope to his versatile genius, and painted with an almost equal success, in the most opposite styles, colossal figures and miniature landscapes, "*capricci*" for the *cor-tile* of San Bartolomeo, and altar-pieces for the churches of Lombardy, — where the court-intrigues of the Vatican, and the envy of the academicians of St. Luc, could throw no obstacles in the way of his rising reputation. The Cardinal Omodei of Milan, struck by the pictures of Salvator during his visit to Rome, induced the fathers of the church and convent of *San Giovanni Case-rotte*, on his return, to bespeak from that painter their great altar-piece. The subject chosen by Salvator was Purgatory; and the horrors of this probationary hell were depicted with all the terrible fidelity of one to whom human suffering was familiar; of one who had studied terror at its source, amidst volcanic explosions; who had *seen* the living sea of flame he *painted*, pouring destruction over suffering humanity, and burying in its merciless course man and his proudest monuments.

' The Purgatory of Salvator is composed of two subjects; the suffering souls beneath raising their agonized looks and clenched hands in supplication to the Virgin, and that Virgin, seated above in glory, in her character of "*Nostra Maria Virgine del soffragio.*" The smiling benignity of her countenance, however, exhibits no sympathy derogatory to divine complacency; she appears insensible to the cries of her suppliants, and an angel in waiting in vain points out to her particular notice some spirits (who had, it appears, a friend at court).'

The vividness of conception and surprizing rapidity of execution, displayed by this great artist in almost every character which he assumed, — as a musician, a poet, a painter, an engraver, and a comic actor, — are known to have attracted crowds of people of all ranks and tempers, and for all of whom his pervasive genius supplied food.

' The return of Salvator to Rome, observes Lady M., ' was no sooner known, than his friends and admirers crowded to his house, mingling,

mingling, with pleasure at his arrival, and with fresh demands upon his talents, a lively curiosity respecting the events in which he had been engaged. Salvator, whose words were pictures, related his own adventures, and detailed the events of which he had both been a witness and promoter, with all that powerful and graphic eloquence for which he was so celebrated. Nor was this the measure of his imprudence; for he hesitated not to recite such passages of "*La Babilonia*" and "*La Guerra*" as were then hastily thrown together, and recited them with all the bitterness of spirit in which they were composed.

While in the presence of princes and of prelates, he thus inveighed against tyranny and oppression, with all a poet's fire and a patriot's zeal, two splendid pictures which he had executed for himself, since his return, were exhibited in the chamber where he held his *conversazioni*, which added materially to the impression. These were illustrative of those bold opinions, and of that melancholy experience, which had disturbed the tranquillity of his life, and shadowed even its brightest days with sadness. The first represented a beautiful girl, seated on a glass globe; her brow was crowned with flowers, the fairest and the frailest; her arms were filled by a lovely infant, which she appeared to caress; while its twin-brother, cradled at her feet, was occupied in blowing air-bubbles from a tube. A child, something older, was mischievously employed in setting fire to a wreath of flax twined round a spindle. Above this group of blooming youth and happy infancy, with wings outspread and threatening aspect, hovered the grim figure of Death, dictating the following sentence:—

"*Nasci pœna — vita labor — necesse mori.*"

He is described as having reached the acme of his reputation in the following words:

'About this time he is also said to have painted his *Jonas preaching at Nineveh*, for the King of Denmark, which was followed by two great pictures for the Venetian ambassador then at Rome. Shortly after, Monsignore Corsini, being chosen nuncio from the court of Rome to Louis XIV., "*and it having been duly considered what would be the most acceptable offering to lay at the King's feet, it was decided in favour of a work to be executed by Salvator Rosa.*" This distinction, coming at a moment when this lion of the art was stung to the quick by the host of venomous insects that had fastened on him, must have been most gracious: Salvator, indeed, in mentioning the subject to Ricciardi, expresses, with an almost childish naïveté, his sense of the flattering preference given him over all the painters of Rome, at a moment when the Poussins, Claude Lorraine, Maratti, and Pietro da Cortona, were in the summit of their reputation. Still, for one whose vanity has always been brought in evidence against him, he assigns with infinite modesty as one of the causes of this preference, that "*he worked with greater celerity than other artists, and that the prompt departure of the nuncio left but forty days for the execution of the picture.*"

On



On Salvator's talents as a poet, we can now afford to give but a few of his biographer's concluding remarks, with which, however reluctantly, we must bid adieu to Lady M. This, however, we must not do without repeating our general testimony to the successful manner in which she has executed her very difficult undertaking; and has vindicated for the illustrious subject of her narrative that high rank in the scale of intellectual excellence, and as a great master of his art, which the malice and envy of his professional and political enemies so long denied him. He was equally a sufferer from his poetical detractors, who even asserted that his Satires were not his own; and that this tribe is not yet extinct, we learn from the biographer's closing words:

‘ While the professed *Trecentisti* and Della Crusicans of the present day place Salvator Rosa in the second class of poets, — while his works are anathematized by the “*Parnasso Italiano*,” and “damned with faint praise” by those cold dry literary annalists, Tiraboschi and Crescimbeni, — there are even among those of the modern Italians, whose own principles are in full coincidence with the political opinions and philosophical views of Salvator Rosa, many who shrink from opposing their own private judgment in favour of the poet of liberty, to the decision of those authorized and “time-honoured” tribunals which condemned Torquato Tasso. But Italy is daily becoming more worthy of appreciating the genius of one whom England has always cherished; nor can it be supposed, that they who now dare to admire the nervous strength and free breathings of an Alfieri, — who dwell with enthusiasm on the bold, imaginative, and philosophical poetry of a Byron (of all modern English poets the one most read in Italy), — could remain insensible to the same quality of genius in a native poet, though marked by less polished forms, and draped in less modern modes. The fact is so much the contrary, that the Satires of Salvator Rosa are daily becoming more read and admired throughout Italy. His political opinions, his philosophy, his taste, all belong to the present times, as they were splendid exceptions to the tameness, ignorance, and literary degradation of those in which he flourished; and did he now live to illustrate Italy and her troubled dawn of regeneration with his powerful and brilliant talents, it may be presumed that the cause which led him to abandon the painted galleries of Rome for the murky tower of Masaniello, would still have directed his pencil and guided his pen in favour of that liberty, which, like a pure and persecuted religion, has been miraculously preserved by some few warm and zealous worshippers, even in a region, where every institute has long been, and still is, armed against its existence.’

The correspondence of Salvator Rosa is given in the appendix, and a fine portrait of him is prefixed to the first volume.

ART. II. *A Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822. In Two Volumes: 12mo. 16s. Boards. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co. 1824.*

*Review?* IN this *tourifying* age, as it may be called with respect to Englishmen at least, tours in Germany are becoming much more frequent than they were; although they are still, perhaps, below the average number, compared with travels in other parts of Europe. For the volumes before us, which form an interesting and valuable addition to our stock, we are evidently indebted to a Scottish gentleman, though he is said to bear the un-Scottish name of Griffiths. He gives no account of himself, or of his motives for travelling: but, without any introductory ceremony, notifies his departure from Paris, and begins his descriptions with the semi-German province of Alsace. To Strasburg, and the plain of the Rhine, extensive observation is allotted: Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Darmstadt, succeed; and then Frankfurt, which is investigated with much detail of attention. Through Seligenstadt and the Thuringian forest, the author proceeds to Weimar.

Here a long halt takes place, and at the German Athens a survey is taken of the national literature. The immortal names of Wieland, Schiller, and Göthe, pass in review; and the Grand Duke is thus characterized:

‘The Grand Duke is the most popular prince in Europe, and no prince could better deserve the attachment which his people lavish upon him. We have long been accustomed to laugh at the pride and poverty of petty German princes; but nothing can give a higher idea of the respectability which so small a people may assume, and the quantity of happiness which one of these insignificant monarchs may diffuse around him, than the example of this little state, with a prince like the present Grand Duke at its head. The mere pride of sovereignty, frequently most prominent where there is only the title to justify it, is unknown to him; he is the most affable man in his dominions, not simply with the condescension which any prince can learn to practise as a useful quality, but from goodness of heart. His talents are far above mediocrity; no prince could be less attached to the practices of arbitrary power, while his activity, and the conscientiousness with which he holds himself bound to watch over the welfare of his handful of subjects, have never allowed him to be blindly guided by ministers. Much of his reign has fallen in evil times. He saw his principality overrun with greater devastation than had visited it since the Thirty Years’ War; but in every vicissitude he knew how to command the respect even of the conqueror, and to strengthen himself more firmly in the affections of his subjects. During the whole

whole of his long reign, the conscientious administration of the public money, anxiety for the impartiality of justice, the instant and sincere attention given to every measure of public benefit, the ear and hand always open to relieve individual misfortune, the efforts which he has made to elevate the political character of his people, crowned by the voluntary introduction of a representative government, have rendered the Grand Duke of Weimar the most popular prince in Germany among his own subjects, and ought to make him rank among the most respectable in the eyes of foreigners, so far as respectability is to be measured by personal merit, not by square miles of territory, or millions of revenue.

His people likewise justly regard him as having raised their small state to an eminence from which its geographical and political insignificance seemed to have excluded it. Educated by Wieland, he grew up for the arts, just as the literature of Germany was beginning to triumph over the obstacles which the indifference of the people, and the naturalization of French literature, favoured by such prejudices as those of Frederick the Great, had thrown in its way. He drew to his court the most distinguished among the rising geniuses of the country; he loved their arts, he could estimate their talents, and he lived among them as friends. In the middle of the last century, Germany could scarcely boast of possessing a national literature; her very language, reckoned unfit for the higher productions of genius, was banished from cultivated society and elegant literature: at the beginning of the present, there were few departments in which Germany could not vie with her most polished neighbours. It was Weimar that took the lead in working out this great change. To say nothing of lesser worthies, Wieland and Schiller, Göthe and Herder, are names which have gained immortality for themselves, and founded the reputation of their country among foreigners. While they were still all alive, and celebrated in Weimar their *noctes cœnasque deorum*, the court was a revival of that of Ferrara under Alphonso; and here, too, as there, a princely female was the centre round which the lights of literature revolved. The Duchess Amalia, the mother of the present Grand Duke, found herself a widow almost at the opening of her youth. She devoted herself to the education of her two infant sons; she had sufficient taste and strength of mind to throw off the prejudices which were weighing down the native genius of the country, and she sought the consolation of her long widowhood in the intercourse of men of talent, and the cultivation of the arts. Wieland was invited to Weimar to conduct the education of her eldest son, who, trained under such a tutor, and by the example of such a mother, early imbibed the same attachment to genius, and the enjoyments which it affords. If he could not render Weimar the seat of German politics or Germany industry, he could render it the abode of German genius. While the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessity of their political relations, his confined revenues could give independence and careless leisure to the men who were gaining for Germany its intellectual reputation.

The

The cultivated understanding and natural goodness of their protector secured them against the mortifications to which genius is so often exposed by the pride of patronage. They were his friends and companions. Schiller would not have endured the caprices of Frederick for a day; Göthe would have pined at the court of an emperor who could publicly tell the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men, I need no learned men." Napoleon conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour on Göthe and Wieland. He certainly had never read a syllable which either of them has written, but it was, at least, an honour paid to men of splendid and acknowledged genius.'

A separate chapter is devoted to the German Universities; and many curious traits are related of the students, (or *Burschen*, as they call themselves,) their songs, and their associations. We quote a part of the delineation :

' If the students ever give vent in song to the democratic and sanguinary resolves which are averred to render them so dangerous, it must be in their more secret conclaves ; for, in the strains which enliven their ordinary potations, there is nothing more definite than in the Hymn, or Burschen Song of Jena. There are many vague declamations about freedom and country, but no allusions to particular persons, particular governments, or particular plans. The only change of government I ever knew proposed in their cantilenes, is one to which despotism itself could not object.

' Let times to come come as they may,  
And empires rise and fall ;  
Let Fortune rule as Fortune will,  
And wheel upon her ball :  
High upon Bacchus' lordly brow  
Our diadem shall shine ;  
And Joy, we'll crown her for his queen,  
Their capital the Rhine.

' In Heidelberg's huge tun shall sit  
The Council of our State,  
And on our own Johannisberg  
The Senate shall debate.  
Amid the vines of Burgundy  
Our Cabinet shall reign ;  
Our Lords and faithful Commons' House  
Assemble in Champagne.

Only the cabinet of Constantinople could set itself, with any good grace, against such a reform.

' But, worse than idly as no small portion of time is spent by the great body of the academic youth in their nightly debauches, this is only one, and by no means the most distinguishing or troublesome, of their peculiarities ; it is the unconquerable spirit of clanship, prevalent among them, which has given birth to their violence and insubordination ; for it at once cherishes the spirit of oppo-

opposition to all regular discipline, and constitutes an united body to give that opposition effect. The house of Hanover did not find more difficulty in reducing to tranquillity the clans of the Highlands of Scotland than the Grand Duke of Weimar would encounter in cradivating the *Landsmannschaften* from among the 400 students of Jena, and inducing them to conduct themselves like orderly well-bred young men. The *Landsmannschaften* themselves are by no means a modern invention, though it is believed that the secret organization which they give to the students all over Germany has, of late years, been used to new purposes. The name is entirely descriptive of the thing, a *Countrysmanship*, an association of persons from the same country, or the same province of a country. They do not arise from the constitution of the University, nor are they acknowledged by it; on the contrary, they are proscribed both by the laws of the University and the government of the country. They do not exist for any academical purpose, for the young men have no voice in any thing connected with the University; to be a member of one is an academical misdemeanour, yet there are few students who do not belong to one or another. They are associations of students belonging to the same province, for the purpose of enabling each, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, let it be what it may, and, of late years, it is averred, to propagate wild political reveries, if not to foment political cabals. They are regularly organized; each has its president, clerk, and councillors, who form what is called the convent of the *Landsmannschaft*. This body manages its funds, and has the direction of its affairs, if it have affairs. It likewise enjoys the honour of fighting all duels *pro patria*, for so they are named when the interest or honour, not of an individual, but of the whole fraternity, has been attacked. The assembled presidents of the different *Landsmannschaften* in a university constitute the *senior convent*. This supreme tribunal does not interfere in the private affairs of the particular bodies, but decides in all matters that concern the whole mass of *Burschen*, and watches over the strict observance of the general academic code which they have enacted for themselves. The meetings of both tribunals are held frequently and regularly, but with so much secrecy, that the most vigilant police has been unable to reach them. They have cost many a professor many a sleepless night. The governments scold the senates, as if they trifled with, or even connived at, the evil; the senates lose all patience with the governments for thinking it so easy a matter to discover what *Burschen* are resolved to keep concealed. The exertions of both have only sufficed to drive the *Landsmannschaften* into deeper concealment. From the incessant quarrels and uproars, and the instantaneous union of all to oppose any measure of general discipline about to be enforced, the whole senate often sees plainly, that these bodies are in active operation, without being able either to ascertain who are their members, or to pounce upon their secret conclaves.

Since open war was thus declared against them by the government, secrecy has become indispensable to their existence, and

the Bursche scruples at nothing by which this secrecy may be insured. The most melancholy consequence of this is, that, as every man is bound by the code to esteem the preservation of the Landsmannschaft his first duty, every principle of honour is often trampled under foot to maintain it. In some universities it was provided by the code that a student, when called before the senate to be examined about a suspected Landsmannschaft, ceased to be a member, and thus he could safely say that he belonged to no such institution. In others, it was provided, that such an inquiry should operate as an *ipso facto* dissolution of the body itself, till the investigation should be over; and thus every member could safely swear that no such association was in existence. There are cases where the student, at his admission into the fraternity, gives his word of honour to do every thing in his power to spread a belief that no such association exists, and, if he shall be questioned either by the senate or the police, steadfastly to deny it. Here and there the professors fell on the expedient of gradually extirpating them, by taking from every new student, at his matriculation, a solemn promise that he would not join any of these bodies: but where such principles are abroad, promises are useless, for deceit is reckoned a duty. The more moderate convents left it to the conscience of the party himself to decide, whether he was bound in honour by such a promise; but the code of Leipzig, as it has been printed, boldly declares every promise of this kind void, and those who have exacted it punishable. Moreover, it invests the senior convent, in general terms, with the power of giving any man a dispensation from his word of honour, if it shall see cause, but confines this privilege, in money matters, to cases where he has been enormously cheated. Thus the code of university Landsmannschaften, while it prates of nothing but the point of honour, and directs to that centre all its fantastic regulations, sets out with a violation of every thing honourable. Such are the tenets of men who chatter unceasingly about liberty and patriotism, and have perpetually in their mouths such phrases as "the Burschen lead a free, honourable, and independent life, in the cultivation of every social and patriotic virtue."

From Weimar, the route is continued through Weissenfels, Lutzen, and Leipzig, to Dresden; where another long pause is made, and the celebrated galleries are criticized. The scenery on the banks of the Elbe is highly praised; and the Saxon Switzerland. Erfurth, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel, are visited in unexpected retrogression. The kingdom of Hanover, and its excellent University of Göttingen, are also examined with an interest excited by political alliance, and with an instructive sagacity. — A king of Hanover might render important services not to his own country only, but to Germany collectively. He might concert with his Land-states (*Land-stände*) the abolition of any censorship over the press, and thus attract to Hanover or Göttingen a vast printing-trade,

trade, which the *censure* now displaces or suppresses. If any interference of foreign imperial powers (although the Archduke of Austria may not be a foreign power, the Emperor is,) attempted to coerce this liberty of the press, the King of Hanover could make such weighty representations to the Diet, and invoke such interminable chancery-formalities for his justification, that the cause of irritation would be forgotten before any remedy could be legally applied. He might also encourage the foundation of debating societies among the Göttingen students, as well as the reporting of those debates; and thus prepare an oratorical class, and a body of short-hand writers, able to illustrate the municipal and senatorial assemblages of the country. He might concert a better representation of his three un-amalgamated provinces, and, by multiplying the rewards of talent, increase the popularity and splendor of their allegiance. He might sell off his domains, commute the forest-laws, abolish by indemnification the hereditary tenantry, or *Erbunterthänigkeit*, (which has been done in Prussia,) multiply freehold tenures, and confer on the people an elective magistracy, — that best security for pervasive inspection and mild administration. He might increase the pay of his small army, abolish the odious privilege of the military to enter the theatres at an under-price, and make his service the genteeldest in Germany; and by thus exciting the envy of the armies of the *poor* sovereigns, among whom may, be reckoned the Prussians and Austrians, he would give a complete command of accomplished officers to a *generous* government. He might improve the roads and water-courses in his district; uniting, for instance, by means of the river Aller, the Weser and the Elbe with a navigable canal, and bringing much stray capital to cast anchor, or take root, in the soil. He might renew in a better form the *Fürsten-bund*, or concert of princes, imagined by Frederic the Great; which transferred the leadership, or hegemony, of Germany from the house of Saxony to the house of Brandenburg; and which might again transfer it to the house of Hanover, if the *free cities* were included in the league, and encouraged to maintain resident deputies at the court of Hanover.

In the second volume, this intelligent and observing traveller passes from Hanover to Brunswick, and to Magdeburg, which is the natural metropolis of Germany; being situated on the central river of the country, and enjoying navigable access from Hamburg, the seat of the chief foreign trade. He next visits Potsdam and Berlin, instructively describing both this latter city and its government. The transfer of the University from Halle to the metropolis is likely to

produce an advantageous change in the manners of the German students, which were too independent and consequential : but in a capital they are relatively unimportant, and have higher objects of imitation than one another. The excellent administration of Prince Hardenberg, the Turgot of Germany, is thus characterized. After the dismissal of the minister Stein, in 1810,

‘ From necessity, Hardenberg was recalled ; and whoever will take the trouble of going over the principal acts of his administration will acknowledge, not only that he was the ablest minister Prussia has ever possessed, but likewise, that few statesmen, in the unostentatious path of internal improvement, have effected, in so brief an interval, so many weighty and beneficial changes, — interrupted as he was by a war of unexampled importance, which he began with caution, prosecuted with energy, and terminated in triumph. He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his king, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame ; with a well ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary ; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its industry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten that, while Hardenberg had often to contend, in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed unsupported by family-descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the King in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people, who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

‘ It was on agriculture that Prussia had chiefly to rely ; and the relations between the peasantry who laboured and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned it, were of a most depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg’s measures was, that by which he entirely new modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been already abolished by Stein : next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and  
one



one on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed proportion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property; he had not his choice of a tenant; the lease was likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital. His right, however, was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the endurance of his lease. That such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, but seems to be no reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, but that of possession, under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up *one-half* of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of the other; — as if the government had said to them, Give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled: he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive; and though it may be doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, in-

stead of stripping the former to create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly against Hardenberg's reforms, allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. "It must be confessed," says one of them, "that, in ten years, it has carried us forward a whole century;" — the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and the labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.'

From Berlin the author proceeds to Frankfort on the Oder, to Crossen, and into Silesia. He then visits Cracow, and the monuments of Polish kings, which, like the fossil-remains of the Mammoth, attest but an extinct family of beings; and, passing on through Moravia, he arrives at Vienna, a city with three hundred thousand inhabitants.

'They are more devoted friends of 'joviality,' he says, 'pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies of every thing like care or thinking, a more eating, drinking, good natured, ill educated, hospitable and laughing people, than any other of Germany, or, perhaps, of Europe. Their climate and soil, the corn and wine with which Heaven has blessed them, exempt them from any very anxious degree of thought about their own wants; and the government, with its spies and police, takes most effectual care that their gaiety shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal. In regard to themselves, they are distinguished by a love of pleasure; in regard to strangers, by great kindness and hospitality. It is difficult to bring an Austrian to a downright quarrel with you, and it is almost equally difficult to prevent him from injuring your health by good living.' —

'The Emperor himself, though without any reach of political talent, is very far indeed from being a stupid man; no one who knows him ever thinks of calling him so. He is about fifty-six years of age, but appears much older. His countenance betokens strongly that simplicity of character, and good nature, which are the most prominent features of his disposition, but it does not announce even that quantity of penetration which he is allowed on all hands to possess. His manners are simple and popular in the extremes; he is the enemy of all parade. Except on particular occasions, he comes abroad in an ordinary coloured dress, without decorations of any kind; and not unfrequently you may light upon him in a black or brown coat which hundreds of his subjects would disdain to wear. In some part of the long line of light and splendid equipages that move down to the Prater, in the evening, the Emperor may often be discovered driving the Empress himself in an unostentatious caleche, with a pair of small, quiet horses, that will neither prance nor run away. Here, however, driving is easy; once into the line, there is no getting out of it. —

'Twice

‘ Twice a week, and at an early hour in the morning, he gives audiences, to which all classes are not only admitted, but which are expressly intended for the middling and lower ranks, that they may tell him what they want, and who has injured them. Not one of his subjects is afraid of presenting himself before Franzel, the affectionate diminutive by which they love to speak of him. He listens patiently to their petitions and complaints; he gives relief, and good natured, fatherly advice, and promises of justice; and all the world allows him the determination to do justice so far as he can see it. The results of this must not be sought in the foreign policy or general administration of his empire; on these he holds the opinions which his house has held, and his people has admitted, for centuries; these are irrevocably in the hands of his ministers. But complaints of individual oppression or injustice always find in him an open and honest ear; and the venal authorities have often trembled before the plain sense and downright love of justice of the Emperor. But any personal efficacy of this sort in the monarch of an extensive empire can never go far; the very interference is a proof of bad government,—of a government in which no private rights are recognized,\* or, as most frequently happens, in which there are no public institutions operating impartially to secure these rights. Wherever a monarch must interfere personally to do justice, it is a proof either that the laws are at variance with justice, or that those who administer them are scoundrels.’ —

‘ The Hungarian nobles (and every man calls himself noble who is not an absolute slave, a mere *adscriptitius glebæ*,) place their pride in the political constitution of their country, which they call a free one, and which I have heard them often set above that of Britain. The Emperor, say they, cannot exact a farthing or a man from us, or impose a single law upon us, without our own permission. This is a most ignorant boast. The constitution of Hungary is, till this day, one of the most oppressive oligarchies that Europe has seen, much more mischievous, because much less enlightened, than the destroyed oligarchy of Venice. It is perfectly true that the aristocracy can controul the monarch in every thing; but then, it is equally true, that nobody can controul them, and that all beneath them have only to obey. The King of Hungary is, indeed, only its first magistrate; but its nobility are despots, and its people have neither rights nor voice. This is peculiarly true of the rural population, who are still the most degraded and maltreated in Europe, and just \* in consequence of the boasted Hungarian constitution. If Hungary had been without this constitution, Maria Theresa, Joseph, and Leopold, could have done much more good than they actually succeeded in effecting. There have been many liberal and enlightened despots, but the world has not yet seen a *body* of enlightened and liberal despots. A learned person of Vienna related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness. He had gone down into Hun-

\* A Scoticism, for *precisely*, or *solely*.

gary to spend a few days with one of its most respectable noble-men. Taking a walk with the Count, one afternoon, over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The Count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility; he immediately sent a boy to his house for some servants, and, so soon as they appeared, ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. W——, thunderstruck at the causeless barbarity, entreated the Count to put an end to such a punishment for so trivial an offence, if it was one at all. The answer was; "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares about them, give him twenty more, my lads, in honour of W——," and they were administered.'

Music, which teaches the art of thinking slowly, and which, according to Adam Smith, is unfavorable to courage, is much cultivated at Vienna, and in other Austrian dominions: but a people so far behind their contemporaries in the higher departments of civilization hardly deserve to arrest attention. In a concluding chapter, the author visits the mineral springs at Baden, passes through Styria and Carniola, where he inspects some remarkable caverns, and concludes his journal at Laybach.—The work is exemplary for condensation of instruction; and, if we regret any deficiency, it is the omission of all accounts of the recent ecclesiastical reforms in Protestant Germany.

ART. III. *Rodolfo*; a Poem: and Forty Sonnets. Crown 8vo. pp. 152. Whittaker. 1824.

WE have perused with much pleasure the Forty Sonnets of this elegant writer; and the poem which he intitles *Rodolfo* has also beauties of a high order, though they are outshone by the rich and attractive graces scattered over his minor productions.

The Petrarchan sonnet is by no means easy of execution. The frequent recurrence of the same rhymes, the narrow compass into which they must be compressed, and above all that condensed unity of thought which is essential to the character of a sonnet, are difficulties insuperable to the common herd of rhyming gentlemen, whose "thick-coming fancies" assume so many irregular and disjointed forms of poetic composition in the present day. The structure of it must be firm and compact: all laxity and diffuseness of thinking or writing are fatal to it; and it will never succeed but in the hands of those who have feelings allied with its sorrows, and whose minds are in unison with the melancholy but melodious chord of its complainings. Love, though in its more subdued and

and softer attitudes, is the parent of the sonnet: but not the love that is sunken into a frozen despair, — for a shadowy hope must flit across the gloom, and the sweet remembrance of former hours shed a pleasing ray to relieve the dark and overpowering heaviness of the present. It is woe, but to indulge it is luxury; and the harmonious tears of poesy assuage the anguish which calls it forth. The superstition of grief discerns images accordant to its own sufferings in the varying moods of the external world; and, when the wind scatters the foliage, or sighs mournfully along the forest, nature herself seems to hold communion with the sorrow of the poet, and to mourn with him over the wreck of his happiness.

These are, we think, some of the leading characteristics of the sonnet, and form no slight part of the imagery and sentiments of Petrarch; and in these the Italian poet has been successfully copied by the present anonymous author. Perhaps a more beautiful sonnet was never penned, and in more severe compliance with the style and spirit of that elegant species of composition, than the following:

‘ Is there upon the spreading Ocean’s face  
A luckless bird, bewildered in it’s flight,  
Far from the shore, no friendly mast in sight  
To rest his weary wing a moment’s space; —  
Is there a hart whom savage hunters chase  
O’er hill and vale, from morn till fading light,  
Then, wounded, leave in solitary plight  
To droop and die, in some lone desert place?  
That luckless bird, that wounded hart am I,  
Like them bewildered, faint and sad as they,  
Sighing in pain my last of life away  
On foreign shores, beneath a stranger sky;  
Haply like theirs, in death my dust shall lie  
Where waters weep, or cheerless forests sigh.’

The ninth sonnet is also charming:

‘ Hills! where in childhood’s day of cloudless joy,  
Free as the breeze that fans your flowery side  
I roved, in heedless joyance, far and wide;  
Groves! in whose well known shades, retired and coy  
The Spring’s first daisies grew — my treasured toy:  
And thou, sweet stream! whose gently gushing tide  
With buoyant limbs I stemmed, and childish pride; —  
O all ye smiling scenes! where once a boy  
I lived entranced; — while thus, grown old in grief,  
I gaze upon your charms by Memory’s beam,  
And think upon your joys — so pure, serene,  
Ye seem to Fancy’s eye, thus bright and brief,  
Like the faint fragments of a morning dream;  
And with a sigh I ask, “ Have such things been?” ’

We should still do the poet injustice, if we did not insert the 18th of these compositions.

‘ O by some stern, inscrutable decree,  
From clime to clime predestined still to roam,  
Chaced round the world without a hope or home,  
When shall thy wanderings cease — thy soul be free?  
Earth’s transient joys, — oh; what are they to thee?  
False fires, that feebly light the watery gloom,  
Then, shifting, leave thee to a darker doom,  
Tost like a wreck, upon a shoreless sea.  
Hush thy vain sighs; — though Danger’s haggard form  
Hang on thy steps, this proud resolve may cheer  
To lift thy dauntless spirit to the storm;  
And smile in scorn, while others shake with fear;  
To bid, unbleached, the tempest take its will,  
And rise above the storm unconquered still!’

Of ‘Rodolfo’ the author himself observes;

‘ The story of the following poem, such as it is, was suggested by the fable of the Murderer and the Moon. The author wishes he could say this was his only obligation: but he fears there are many passages in the course of the poem that betray, too evidently, their want of originality: Such passages he might have pointed out in notes; but in so slight a work as the present there seemed, perhaps, more vanity in displaying his obligations than dishonesty in concealing them. Every reader of modern poetry will detect them immediately; and if he be really a “courteous reader,” he will remember this is a first and inaugural effort. Should this apology be insufficient, the author has certainly no better to offer.’

We repeat that this poem contains many fine passages, and recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

ART. IV. *The Czar*, an Historical Tragedy. By Joseph Cradock, Esq., M.A. F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 75. Payne and Foss, &c. 1824.

THE veteran author of this play, the truly respectable Mr. Cradock of Leicestershire, produced above fifty years ago a tragedy called *Zobeide*, in which Garrick took the first part, and of which we spoke with limited commendation in vol. xlv. p. 491.; he is also the same gentleman, we believe, to whom Dr. Farmer addressed his excellent Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare. ‘The Czar’ was likewise written many years since; and Ottokess, the repudiated queen, was intended to be personified by Mrs. Yates, who, in the true spirit of green-room ambition, claimed the part of the more youthful Catherine. As this drama, however, was only presented on the very night when Mr. Garrick was in treaty for the

the sale of the theatre, it was afterward laid aside, and from that time has never been offered to any other. Mr. Cradock composed each of these tragedies at a period when striking incidents, highly-wrought passions, and refined poetic diction, had ceased to be considered as the indispensable requisites of a successful play. Both Zobeide and the Czar are therefore tame in action and subdued in tone, seldom rising above a prosaic and pedestrian diction: but good performers then supplied every deficiency, and the public were satisfied with mediocrity in the poet if they had the fine acting of their favorite players.

'The Czar' mainly turns on a conspiracy that actually broke out in the Muscovite court, in which the Prince Alexis and the Queen are supposed to have participated. How a contemporaneous event, which happened in Queen Anne's reign, viz. the arrest of M. de Matueof, the Russian minister in England, at a private suit for debt, with the remonstrance of the Russian and the counter-remonstrance of the English court, could have been deemed incidents worthy of forming part of a tragedy, to the catastrophe of which they could not in the slightest degree contribute, we are at a loss to imagine. The whole scene is an unmeaning and useless excrescence, worthy of a mock tragedy, and must surely have excited laughter. The Czar is seated on his throne, giving public audience.

*'Enter the Ambassadors.*

*Czar.* Well, my masters,  
Say, are you come to threaten us with war?  
To lay our towers and palaces in dust?  
Or more to gratify your stubborn hearts,  
Would you again behold our second-self  
Imprison'd, and in chains?

*Ambas.* Letters, dread Sir,  
We bring from royal Anne, our gracious mistress,  
Who bids us, with all due respect, present  
Her kindest wishes to the Emperor.

*Czar.* Wishes, ill-timed, are but repeated insults;  
Deep-sunk resentment fills our clouded brow.  
Say — have her officers as yet receiv'd  
The deaths they merited? — such stern order  
Admitted no delay.

*Ambas.* 'Tis not her's to give, —  
She, mighty Sir, is not despotic there;  
Her monarch is the law.

*Czar.* Law! — law is our will;  
If the supreme has not a right to enforce  
The principles he forms, — where is his power?

Is he not merely then a splendid gem,  
Set for a crowd to gaze at?

' *Ambas.* 'Tis your's to guard  
That bulwark you have rais'd; — our gracious Queen  
Receives her crown in trust, and tho' supreme,  
Makes but a part, tho' most important part,  
In our time-temper'd, free-born constitution.

[*Czar reads the letter.*  
' *Czar.* She mentions here "imprisonment for debt;"  
Were not the fame and glory of our state  
Pledges of weightiest trust?

' *Ambas.* All she could do  
She has complied with, — gain'd a ready act,  
That no ambassador from any court  
Shall for the future, whatso'er his fault,  
Meet the like insult. — Weigh, then, dread Sir,  
The important reasons, that the Queen enforces,  
And once again with cordial love receive  
The friendship that she offers.

' *Czar.* 'Tis somewhat strange,  
But I remember, when in a former reign  
I view'd your shipping and admir'd your arts,  
I wonder'd at your state, where I perceiv'd  
Your Heav'n-directed king, in making laws,  
Held conference with his people.

' *Ambas.* And then he ruled  
Full sovereign in their hearts. — 'Tis Britain's boast,  
No power despotic can destroy the work  
Her generous sons have wrought; — the people there  
Must join to crush the fabric that was rais'd  
By their renown'd forefathers. — Sacred trust!  
Their warlike force is clad in "righteous" armour;  
Their laws are founded on the rock of justice;  
Their throne and altars bid the world defiance;  
Britain — by Britain only can be conquer'd.

' *Czar.* Your language is too bold; — howe'er, in pity,  
I will not pass my sentence on your laws;  
In pity to your Queen I'll meet her embassy  
With all free kindness, and return an answer  
That may renew all former ties. — Meanwhile  
We give you friendly welcome. [*Exit Ambas.*]

As Mr. Cradock has annexed the lively and agreeable narration of this incident by Horace Walpole, we gladly insert it, as an instance of the happy manner of that fascinating writer.

' "Charles Whitworth (afterwards Lord Whitworth), eldest son of Richard Whitworth, Esq., of Staffordshire, was bred under that accomplished minister Mr. Stepney, and having attended him through several courts of Germany, was in the year 1702 appointed Resident at the Diet of Ratisbon. In 1704 he was named



Envoy Extraordinary to the court of St. Petersburg, being sent Ambassador Extraordinary thither on a more solemn and important occasion in 1710. M. de Matueof, the Czar's minister at London, had been arrested in the public street by two bailiffs, at the suit of some tradesmen to whom he was in debt. This affront had like to have been attended with very serious consequences. The Czar, who had been absolute enough to civilize savages, had no idea, could conceive none; of the privileges of a nation civilized in the only rational manner, by laws and liberties. He demanded immediate and severe punishment of the offenders; he demanded it of a princess whom he thought interested to assert the sacredness of the persons of monarchs, even in their representatives; and he demanded it with threats of wreaking his vengeance on all English merchants and subjects established in his dominions. In this light the menace was formidable; — otherwise, happily the rights of a whole people were more sacred *here* than the persons of foreign ministers. The Czar's memorials urged the Queen with the satisfaction which she had extorted herself, when only the boat and servants of the Earl of Manchester had been insulted at Venice. That state had broken through their fundamental laws to content the Queen of Great Britain. How noble a picture of government, when a monarch that can force another nation to infringe its constitution dare not violate his own! One may imagine with what difficulties our Secretaries of State must have laboured through all the ambages of phrase in English, French, German, and Russ, to explain to Muscovite ears and Muscovite understandings the meaning of indictments, pleadings, precedents, juries, and verdicts\*; and how impatiently Peter must have listened to promises of a hearing next term! With what astonishment must he have beheld a great queen, engaging to endeavour to prevail on her Parliament to pass an act to prevent any such outrage for the future! What honour does it reflect on the memory of that princess to see her not blush to own to an arbitrary emperor, that even to appease *him* she dared not put the meanest of her subjects to death uncondemned by law! — “There are,” says she, in one of her dispatches to him, “insuperable difficulties with respect to the ancient and fundamental laws of the government of our people, which do not permit so severe and rigorous a sentence to be given, as your Imperial Majesty at first seemed to expect in this case; and we persuade ourself, that your Imperial Majesty, who are a prince famous for clemency and for exact justice, will not require us, *who are the guardian and protectress of the laws*, to inflict a punishment upon our subjects which the law does not empower us to do.” Words so venerable and heroic, that this broil ought to become history, and be exempted from the oblivion due to the squabbles of ambassadors and their privileges. If Anne deserved praise for her

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\* Mr. Dayrolles in his letter to the Russian ambassador, March 10. 1705, gives him a particular account of the trial before the Lord Chief Justice Holt.

conduct on this occasion, it reflects still greater glory on Peter, that this ferocious man *had* patience to listen to these details, and had moderation and justice enough to be persuaded by the reason of them. Mr. Whitworth had the honour of terminating this quarrel.'

Enchained by the more youthful and powerful charms of Catherine, the Czar repudiates his queen, and imprisons her. We insert a part of the prison-scene, as a fair specimen of the tragedy.

*' A Prison.*

*' Ottokesa.* 'Tis well, — this deep-felt gloom, — this awful silence, —

This is sunk Melancholy's last abode,  
Here let my fancy rove!  
And here I'll picture unsubstantial forms  
To visit my sick dreams;  
There is a vault, where piteous infants oft  
Have smil'd in vain, and kiss'd the hands that bound them;  
There too their frantic mothers tore their hair,  
And wore their limbs along the flinty pavement,  
While some stern ruffians, by the place inspir'd,  
Murder'd their babes in luxury of guilt.  
Hail, dreadful mansion, hail! — here let me fix;  
While frequent list'ning to yon doleful bell,  
I lose myself in horrors, — till some lone owl,  
Waked by a groan more hideous than the rest,  
Echoes aloud the woes it cannot feel.

*Enter Fedrowitz, speaking to the guard.*

*' Fedrowitz.* Lo! where she stands! — oh! what a sight is there?

How can I bear to view that suff'ring virtue!

*' Ottokesa.* Who art thou? — speak! — Ah! — my brother here!

*' Fedrowitz.* Yes, —

Thy kind brother, whose every sense is struck  
With grief at thy distress.

*' Ottokesa.* You'll pity me;  
You'll not forsake me then, tho' all the world,  
That flutters only in the noontide beam,  
Declines my setting fate!

*' Fedrowitz.* Forsake thee! — No!  
If yet there lives or power, or truth, or justice,  
I will redress thy wrongs.

*' Ottokesa.* Never, — oh! never;  
I'm but a speck on the expanse of empire,  
Made by a breath, and blighted.

*' Fedrowitz.* Wrongs like your's  
Avenge themselves, — make red the front of war;  
Melt e'en the flinty frosts of Russian breasts,  
And make them pour their force.

*' Ottokesa.*

*Ottokesa.* No, — tho' my woes  
Be past endurance, — yet my all-powerful love  
Protects and shields the Czar; — tho' here forsaken,  
Deserted as I stand, yet still I feel  
The hands that first entwined us; — time may do much;  
There yet may come an hour, when he shall hear  
How deep my wrongs! — He'll hear, and may redress them.

*Fedromitz.* Were you alone to suffer, you might plead,  
To save his falsehood from the storm that gathers;  
You for yourself content might linger here,  
And live up to the summit of despair;  
But you have other claims; — a banish'd son,  
Whose very life even now —

*Ottokesa.* Aye — there I bleed,  
There you awaken all a mother's fondness;  
Let's see for speedy means, — a stricter guard  
May soon deprive me of a brother's counsel: —  
And yet there are no means, — the troops in arms  
Are ever guarded to the front of danger;  
My son might forfeit every darling hope,  
Nor we have power to save him.

*Fedromitz.* What could he lose?  
The Czar already makes him sign his death,  
Or worse than death, — a bar to his succession;  
This was enforced before I left the camp,  
And banishment for him was doom'd eternal.

*Ottokesa.* You kindle all my rage; — an act like this  
Nerves me with manly strength, and I methinks  
Could brave a field of foes; — this instant say  
Whence all our ills began.

An advertisement announces that 'this tragedy forms the commencement of a publication that may extend to four octavo volumes;' but, in consequence of the author's advanced age, he adds that 'all original papers and letters are consigned to executors.' We hope, as we should hope in all such cases, that these executors are allowed discretionary power, and will have discretion in exercising it.

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ART. V. ANABASIS KYPOT MENOGBNTOZ: or, the Expedition of Cyrus into Persia, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, by Xenophon; translated into English from the Editions of Hutchinson and Zeune, with copious Critical and Historical Illustrations selected from the best Authorities. By N. S. Smith, Translator of Tacitus. 8vo. pp. 560. 17. 1s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

**X**ENOPHON's account of the Greek expedition into Persia, and of the masterly retreat under his conduct of the 10,000 men whom he was appointed after the revolt of Tissaphernes

phernes to command, is a simple and beautiful specimen of Attic diction;—and its beauty consists in its simplicity. It is totally devoid of all rhetorical artifice, and the antient critics gave him the highest place among historical writers. Cicero thus speaks of him: “*Scriptit historiam leniore quodam sono usus, et qui illum impetum oratoris non habeat. Xenophontis sermo est ille quidem melle dulcior, sed a forensi strepitu remotissimus.*” \* The expedition of Cyrus is indeed a faithful and minute testimony to specific facts, by an eye-witness and a fellow-soldier; and it therefore belongs to a class of historical writing widely different from the Cyropædia, which has not been unjustly deemed by the same eloquent orator and philosopher a sort of romance, portraying under the name of Cyrus the reign of justice. † The general events of that reign, nevertheless, are faithfully stated; and it is in the philosophical spirit which pervades the Cyropædia, that it is strongly discriminated from the plain relation of the Anabasis: for, when a history is written, the variations of which give a wide scope to criticism and conjecture, a philosophical historian will select amid disputed facts those that are most congenial to his own views or pursuits. The life of Cyrus had been delineated by various hands; and, as there was no direct evidence, Xenophon adopted those facts which were most conformable to the plan that he had proposed to himself when he began it. Of personal history or biography the materials are generally scanty; and, when facts are described, the reader is naturally anxious to penetrate the secret councils and the hidden causes which produced them, the ends to which great designs were directed, the obstacles which impeded them, and the means by which they were vanquished. These materials, so requisite to make the life of a great man an interesting narration, are supplied by the philosophy of his historian: probabilities, therefore, will frequently take place of truths; hypothesis becomes fact; and an historical shape is imparted to that which is merely conjectural.

On the other hand, in the testimony of an eye-witness, all reasoning on what is not seen is superfluous; for any reasoning on what is actually witnessed might impeach the impartiality of the narrator. The Anabasis, therefore, is a simple and perspicuous statement of a military expedition; in which the historian, who himself also conducted it, for that very reason confines himself to an accurate recital of events, from which every thing vain-glorious or egotistical is excluded;—

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\* Cic. *De Orat.* l. ii.

† Cic. *Epist.*

and this is the spirit in which Xenophon, who always speaks of himself in the third person, composed the Anabasis. It is something more, however, than a dry narrative. In the course of that memorable expedition, from which he brought back the 10,000 victorious troops to the bosom of their country, he had traversed nearly the whole Persian empire; and he had studied the laws, the manners, and the history of a nation, of whose mighty power little more than the name remained. His relation consequently abounds with interesting and instructive matter in every page. He does justice also to the speeches of the commanders in their military deliberations: but his style is too cold for sudden and unpremeditated discourses; and we think that we discern the causes of it. Xenophon passed from the school of Socrates into the army; and in perusing these speeches attentively, surely we may perceive how much the spirit of Xenophon follows the impulse which it had received from the founder of the academy. Their reasonings proceed in the artificial series of questions, by which that great philosopher ensnared his auditors into the conclusions which he sought to establish. We see indeed in them all the severe beauties of his logic, its simplicity, its elegance, and its triumphant modesty: — but the progress of the argument is tardy and timid, little calculated for those sudden emotions which are the soul and aliment of eloquence, and adapted rather to refute sophists than to encourage soldiers.

Of a new translation of the Anabasis, we do not quite perceive the necessity. We might extend the remark still farther; for Xenophon is too easy an author to require a translation for the aid even of school-boys; and mere English readers were already furnished with the version of Spelman. If, however, such a work was a *desideratum*, we do not think that Mr. Smith has supplied it. A diffuse translation of a writer who is not diffuse can scarcely be said to be a translation of him. Mr. Smith's apology for not having rendered Xenophon literally is that his work would have been the clandestine refuge of indolent school-boys, and that he has only given them the sense and spirit of the author as a cue. We deny, however, that a wide departure from the manner and peculiar character of an antient writer, in transferring him into a new language, will enable any person to form an idea of his sense and spirit. — A literal translation, Mr. S. adds, would ill suit an English ear. Are not the inspired writings, as they are read in our churches and our closets, literal translations; and do we on that account less feel the easy and beautiful simplicity, and the irresistible truth, which are their leading characters? We should say that Xenophon would suit an English ear much

better in a plain and almost literal version. The Greek language, also, is more translatable into English than we are generally aware: for many Greek idioms correspond almost miraculously with our own. To be convinced of this, we have only to translate a passage from a Greek author into Latin, and then into English: for the Greek being a language highly elliptical, a much greater number of Latin words will be required to supply the sense of the Greek than would be wanted in English. Such phrases as these, also, will prove the resemblance of the Greek and English idioms: Πανομαι θαυμαζων, *I will cease wondering*; — παυε ορχημενος, *cease dancing*. The præmium to the characters of Theophrastus has a remarkable Anglicism: Ἡδη μεν και προταρον πολλακις επιησας την διανοιαν, *Having on this occasion, and often before, set my mind on the subject, &c.* So in the same author, Δοκω μοι σε ευωχησειν καινων, *I think I shall feast you with news*. Many of those idioms, also, which at first sight would seem to be peculiar to our own national humor, have a close resemblance in both languages. For instance, the humor of calling a crooked man *my lord* is derived from the Greek λορδος, *crooked*; and Sophocles, in his *Ajax*, makes Menelaus say of Teucer, Ὁ τοξότης ἔοικεν ου μικρὰ φρόνειν, *This bowman does not seem to think small of himself*. We might multiply such illustrations *ad infinitum*: but enough has been said to shew, at least, that an English translator of a Greek prose-writer is under no very cogent necessity to make a diffuse and paraphrastic version. German critics, likewise, have remarked the same affinities between their own language and the Greek. — It is time, however, to return to Mr. Smith.

As an instance of unnecessary amplification, we quote the following passage in the original and in Mr. Smith's version:

‘ Ἄλλο δὲ στρατοῦμα συνε-  
λέγετο αὐτῷ, ἐν Χαβρόνῃσιν  
τῆς κατωτέρως Ἀβύδου,  
εὐνδα τὸν τρόπον. Κλέαρχος  
ἦν Λακεδαιμόνιος, φύγας τούτῳ  
συνγενέμενος ὁ Κύρος, ἠγάσθη  
τε αὐτὸν καὶ δίδωκεν αὐτῷ μυ-  
ροὺς δαρεικοὺς.

‘ He had another army raised for him  
in the Chersonesus, opposite Abydos,  
in a manner worth recording. There  
was a fugitive named Clearchus, a La-  
cedæmonian, with whom Cyrus contracts  
an acquaintance, *simply on the ground of*  
*his military talents*. To this man he  
makes a present of ten thousand darics,  
&c.

The words marked by Mr. S. in italics are not a necessary amplification of ἠγάσθη τε αὐτὸν, as he would have us believe. A translator, as Hamlet tells the players, “is to say no more than what is set down for him.” Again, in the enumeration of the troops, who joined Cyrus at Celæne, δαταχοσίους Θράκας πελταστας, is translated *five hundred Thracian targeteers*, which

which we humbly propose to rectify by reading *eight hundred*. This is not indeed an amplification, but a careless error, which would mislead the English reader. In the same enumeration of the forces, a trifling but unnecessary mis-translation occurs, which might also deceive him. Mr. Smith's version of the passage runs thus: 'He found them 11,000 heavy-armed, and *nearly* 2000 targeteers.' Now Xenophon says, ἀμφὶ τοὺς δισχιλίους, (another instance of idiomatic correspondence with the English phrase,) *about* 2000, *i. e.* more or less; whereas *nearly* implies that they fell short of that number. We object also to the πελτασταὶ being called *targeteers*, for the word means only soldiers who carried the *πελτή*, a short buckler of a sloping form.

What authority has Mr. Smith for translating the prizes awarded by Cyrus to the victors at the Lupercalian game, which were golden strigils for bathing, (στλεγγίδες χρυσαί,) well-known Grecian instruments when they indulged in that luxury, — what authority, we ask, has he for translating them '*golden curry-combs*?' The reasons avowed in his note are curious.

'I have translated,' he says, 'curry-combs, the aureæ strigiles of the Latins. It might be translated scrapers, or flesh-brushes. The Greeks were in the habit of using gold wire-brushes when in the bath. But, in translating a disputed term, we ought to look to the persons to whom these prizes were awarded: they were military men. Curry-combs for their horses, therefore, appear to the translator the most appropriate prizes.'

We have now to notice an amplification or two, so completely at variance with the simple and modest style of Xenophon as to merit severe animadversion. The text is εἰς Καῦστρου πεδίον, πόλιν οἰκουμένην, which is rendered thus: 'This city (Caÿstrus) is situated on the plains of Caÿstrus, and swarms with inhabitants.' This is an unhappy blunder. Καῦστρου πεδίον (*Caÿstri campus*) is the country near the city of Sardis, the capital of Lydia on the banks of the Caÿstrus: but Mr. Smith evidently took the Caÿstrus for the name of the city; otherwise 'this city' has no relative whatever, for Cyrus had left the last city of Mysia 30 parasangs behind him. The amplification in the same passage, to which we referred, is that of rendering πόλιν οἰκουμένην, a city which 'swarms with inhabitants.' At most, the words amount to 'a populous city,' which is all that Xenophon meant to convey. — The next exaggeration of the Greek author occurs immediately afterward. The soldiers, it must be previously observed, were clamorous for their pay, which was considerably in arrears, and demanded it at his doors. "He gave them hopes, and was

visibly grieved;" ὁ γὰρ ἦν πρὸς τὰ Κύρου τρόπον, ἔχοντα μὴ ἀποδιδόναι. The passage is thus rendered by Mr. Smith: 'He gave them hopes, and was evidently much affected that he could not comply with their wishes: for he possessed too noble a disposition to deny money when he had it.' Xenophon merely says, "For it was not the habit of Cyrus not to pay if he had the means." Has not Mr. S. altered the text in the above passage, when he prints πρὸς τῷ Κύρου τρόπον instead of τρόπου?

The farther we travel with Mr. Smith, the more misinterpretations meet us; and an example not only of loose but positively inaccurate translation occurs a short way onwards. The little army had been dispersed by detachments sent in different directions. We give the Greek, and Mr. Smith's translation, and shall then subjoin our own almost literal version.

Ἐκ δὲ τούτου πᾶν ὄμιον ἐγένετο τὸ Ἑλληνικὸν, καὶ ἰσκήνησαν αὐτοῦ ἐν πολλαῖς καὶ καλαῖς οἰκίαις, καὶ ἐπιτηδεύοις θαυμάσιαι· καὶ γὰρ οἶνος παλὺς ἦν, ὥστε ἐν λάκκοις κορυφαιῶς εἶχον. Ξενοφῶν δὲ καὶ Χειρίσοφος διεωρῶντο, ὥστε λαβόντες τοὺς νεκροὺς ἐπιδοῦναι τὸν ἡγεμόνα· καὶ πάντα ἐποίησαν τοῖς ἀποθανούσιν ἐκ τῶν δυνατῶν, ὥσπερ νομίζεται ἀνδράσιν ἀγαθοῖς. Τῇ δ' ὅτε-ραῖα ἀνεν ἡγεμόνος ἐπορεύοντο· μαχόμενοι δ' οἱ πολέμιοι, καὶ ὅπη εἴη στενὴν χωρίον προκαταλαμβάνοντες, ἐκάλυον τὰς παρόδους. Ὅσπερ μὲν οὖν τοὺς πρώτους κωλύοιεν, Ξενοφῶν ὑπισθεν ἐκβαλὼν πρὸς τὰ ὕψη, ἔλυνε τὴν ἀπόφραξιν τῆς παρόδου τοῖς πρώτοις, ἀνωτέρω πειρώμενος γίγνεσθαι τῶν κωλύντων· ὁπότε δὲ τοῖς ὑπισθεν ἐπωδῶντο, Χειρίσοφος ἐκβαλὼν, καὶ πειρώμενος ἀνωτέρω γίγνεσθαι τῶν κωλύντων, ἔλυνε τὴν ἀπόφραξιν τῆς παρόδου τοῖς ὑπισθεν. Καὶ αἱ οὗτοι θεοφύσουσιν ἀλλήλους, καὶ ἰσχυρῶς ἀλλήλων ἐπεμελοῦντο. Ἦν δὲ ὅτε καὶ αὐτοῖς τοῖς ἀναβάσι πολλὰ πράγματα παρεῖχον οἱ βάρβαροι πάλιν καταβαλόντες· ἐλαφροὶ γὰρ ἦσαν, ἔοικε καὶ ἐγγύθεν φεύγοντες ἀποφεύγειν· οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄλλο εἶχον, ἢ τόξα καὶ σφενδόνας.

'The Greeks being all joined once more, took up their quarters in this neighbourhood, occupying many very elegant houses, where they found all kind of provisions in abundance; and so plenty was wine, that the natives were obliged to keep it in cisterns hewn out in the rock, or in others made artificially for the purpose. It was here that the Greek Generals prevailed on the Barbarians to deliver up their dead in exchange for the guide. These, as far as the army had ability, were buried with all the honours of war, and in a manner becoming the brave. The next day, the soldiers were obliged to march without any guide; and the enemy, by fighting, and by seizing the passes, endeavoured to prevent the Greeks from advancing. There was, therefore, only one mode of marching left; and that was, when the enemy opposed the vanguard, for the rear-guard to ascend some eminence that commanded them, and from hence cause them to desist; and so when the rear was attacked, for the van to relieve them in like manner, which Cheirisophus and Xenophon were very careful in performing. Sometimes, however, the natives gave the Greeks great annoyance, when about to descend those eminences they had ascended for their mutual relief — by pouring in volleys of darts and arrows; for those mountaineers



ἄριστοι δὲ τοξεύται ἦσαν εἶχον  
 δὲ τόξα ἐγγὺς τριπλήχει, τὰ δὲ  
 τοξεύματα πλεον ἢ διωήχει  
 ὄκον δὲ τὰς πτεράς, ὅπότε  
 τοξεύουεν, πρὸς τὸ κάτω τοῦ  
 τήξου, τῷ ἁριστερῷ ποδί προ-  
 βαίνοντες. Τὰ δὲ τοξεύματα  
 ἐσχάρι διὰ τῶν ἀσπίδων καὶ  
 διὰ τῶν θυράκων ἐχρῶντο δὲ  
 αὐτοῖς οἱ Ἕλληνες ἐπιλαβόμενοι  
 ἀκοντίοις, ἀνακυλῶντες. Ἐν  
 τέτοις τοῖς χωρίοις οἱ Κρήτες  
 χρησιμώτατοι ἐγένοντο· ἦρχε  
 δὲ αὐτῶν Στρατοκλῆς Κρήης.

taineers were naturally very active; added to which, their armour, consisting only of a bow and arrows, offered little impediment. Moreover, they were extremely skilful archers, and their bows nearly three cubits in length, and their arrows more than two. Their manner of discharging the arrow was peculiar; for they drew their string with an extraordinary force, by pressing on the lower part of the bow with their left foot. These arrows would frequently pierce the shield and corselet of our soldiers, who, after they had plucked them out, would use them instead of darts, by fixing a thong to them. It was during these trying seasons, that we found the value of our Cretan archers, who were commanded by Stratocles, a Cretan.

After this, the Greek army, being concentrated, took up its quarters in many very elegant houses, in which was abundance of provision; and wine so plentiful, that it was kept in cisterns, plastered with lime. Xenophon and Cheirisophus agreed with them to exchange the guide for the Greeks who had been slain, whose funeral rites they performed as well as they could, and in such a manner as was due to brave men. On the next day, they marched without a guide; and the enemy, skirmishing, and wherever the pass was narrow pre-occupying it, impeded their advance. Xenophon, then, marching from the rear to the rising ground, removed the obstruction of the passage for those who had advanced, in order by that means to have the advantage of those who obstructed it: but, when the enemy pressed on the rear, Cheirisophus, marching on with the intention of gaining an equal advantage over those who stopped the pass, cleared the obstruction for the rear. Thus they reciprocally and strenuously relieved each other. But the Barbarians gave them much trouble, when they came down; for they were so active as to be able to retreat instantly, inasmuch as they had nothing about them but their bows and slings. They were also excellent archers; their bows were nearly three cubits long, and they pulled the strings by pressing the under-part of the bow with their left foot. Their arrows pierced through our shields and corselets, which the Greeks plucked out, and then used as darts with leather affixed to them. In these passes, the Cretans were of great service. Stratocles the Cretan commanded them.

Mr. Smith was wholly unauthorized in translating *λάκκοις κονιαιοῖς*, 'cisterns hewn out in the rock, or in others made artificially for the purpose.' Those two words signify *calce illitis*, smeared over with lime, a mode of preserving wine very frequently observed by travellers. — These specimens of in-

correct and licentious version have not been carefully selected, for the purpose of weighing down the general merit of the work by a few partial instances of failure; for we are sorry to say that it abounds with similar errors and infelicities.

With the style and spirit of many of the notes, we have also very strong grounds of quarrel. Who could have expected from a translator of Xenophon, or from the pen of a scholar, such an annotation as the following? Xenophon says in the text that there were many women of a certain description in the army, which remark calls forth these reflections from his translator:

“Where will not a woman go after a man?” is an exclamation we so often hear, that it would appear trite to remark on it, did not such striking exhibitions, illustrative of the fact, so frequently present themselves on the face of history; and how benevolent it was in the Author of nature to have planted the propensity *thus strongly*, has as often been celebrated by the poet as the philosopher. *The manner of shewing itself sometimes displeases us*; but this frequently happens, we are told, for the want of enlarged views, or a philanthropic feeling; — for,

“All women would be of one piece,  
The virtuous matron and the miss,  
The nymphs of chaste *Diana's* train,  
The same with those in *Lukenor's* lane,  
But for the difference marriage makes  
‘Twixt wives and *Ladies of the Lake.*” HUDIBRAS.

Notwithstanding, I am a decided enemy to the doctrine of Sir Walter Raleigh, — a *promiscuous intercourse*, from a certain knowledge of its destructive consequences; though I am not sanguine enough to expect to see the evil speedily removed. Legislation cannot effect it, and 'tis certain that nothing but the prevalence of a pure morality can.

At one of the deliberations of the camp, Clearchus makes an harangue, and suggests, under circumstances of great difficulty, the course which it would be expedient to pursue. On this speech we are indulged with a profound commentary, with which we shall take our leave of Mr. Smith and his translation.

‘This may be considered as a fair specimen of all meetings of this nature. In *them* there is generally one man, like Clearchus, that wants to carry his *point*. The better to effect his purpose, he employs emissaries of various qualifications. The minor fry are instructed to oppose their principal in *trivials*, but to *recommend nothing themselves*. Then, out brays the ass (*the soldier in haste to return*), and thinks his auditors much obliged to him for recommending impossibilities. Now is the time for the *talented hireling* (like the last speaker); he drives immediately at the same goal with

with his employer, but, taking another road, is not discovered. The purse is then unstrung, and the malcontents are appeased, and thereby "hangs a tale;" but it is a *tail* that all those persons likely to be called into such situations may study to advantage; 'tis an exhibition of human nature in her ignorance and cunning: — but I only throw out hints, that men of reflection may multiply them into volumes, and make their *fixis* with a tear or a smile, according to the rules of their respective schools of philosophy.

We are the more inclined to regret the coarseness and familiarity which so frequently disfigure these notes, because in other respects they often convey useful illustration and information.

ART. VI. *Meteorological Essays and Observations*. By J. Frederic Daniell, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 500. Underwoods.

THE science of Meteorology, especially in this island of perpetual variableness, only now begins to wear the aspect of systematic principles; and for this desirable state of improvement it is more indebted to the exertions of ingenious individuals, than to the combined efforts of learned bodies. Among the names of those British writers who have essentially contributed to reform and generalize the study of atmospheric phenomena, the most conspicuous are, Dalton, Leslie, Howard, and the author of the *Essays* now before us.

Mr. Daniell's attention, he acquaints us, was first drawn to the subject by his invention of an instrument which he conceived to be at once simple and accurate, for the measurement of atmospheric vapor.

'I was naturally led,' he says in his preface, 'in consequence, to commence a series of observations; more with a view of trying the powers of the instrument than of entering fully upon the general subject. The further, however, I proceeded, the more I became interested; till, at last, I was induced to devote nearly the whole of my leisure time to a pursuit which promised so much of novelty and instruction. After completing three years' observations, at regular periods of the day, besides making numberless other experiments, I thought it time to pause, to see what useful conclusions might be drawn from the previous labour, and what promise there might be of advantage in prosecuting the inquiry. I had no wish to continue all my life a mere registrar of the changes of the weather; and I therefore gave up, for a time, the regular observations, and imposed upon myself the more irksome task of calculating and arranging the results which I had already obtained. Having about this period happily become acquainted with Captain Sabine, my ardour was excited by his undertaking to try experiments in meteorology, during the

voyage which he was then about to undertake in tropical latitudes. To his friendship I owe the most interesting illustrations of the following pages; and to his conversation, that excitement which has enabled me to complete the work.

'The science of meteorology is one of such extent, that its phenomena are probably best studied in detached parts, or monographs; and I have, accordingly, divided my work into separate essays. In the first, I have endeavoured to give a sketch of the general constitution of the atmosphere; and by the developement of a simple idea to unravel the perplexed changes of atmospheric pressure, and to refer to their right cause the oscillations of the barometer. The minor periodical movements of the same instrument form a separate subject of inquiry, as also the radiation of heat in the atmosphere; and such particulars as my own experience has been able to collect of the climate of London are included in a fourth essay. The instruments of meteorological research have also occupied much of my attention, and I have given, in a separate form, full directions for the construction and use of my new hygrometer, together with the necessary tables. I have also thrown together, in another paper, a few remarks upon the barometer and thermometer. It was my intention to have enlarged more upon the proper method of making meteorological observations in general, but it is with the utmost pleasure I find that the subject has been taken up by the most competent authority of the scientific world.'

The concluding sentence alludes to a Committee of the Royal Society, which had been appointed to report on the instruments and register kept at the Society's apartments, by order of the President and Council. Mr. D. then exposes, in very pointed language, the careless manner in which this department has been hitherto conducted; and we are led to infer, from his statements, that the Committee had been "backwards to come forwards" with the announcement of their labors. Early in their session, however, they requested him to superintend the construction of a new barometer; and, after much trouble, and with the assistance of Mr. Newman, he had the satisfaction of completing an instrument which, he flatters himself, will bear comparison with any extant.

'During its progress,' he adds, 'I was led to the adoption of a new process for filling the tube, and made some general remarks which I conceived to be not without interest. I was consequently induced to draw up a paper upon the subject, which the press of more important matter has, I presume, prevented being read, much less published; and, as I conceive, (too partially, perhaps,) that some of the suggestions contained in it may be of practical use, I have taken this opportunity of making them known. In so doing, I cannot be charged with any disrespect to the Royal Society, for I have patiently waited their leisure for one whole session.'

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'The valuable observations of my friends, Captain Sabine and Mr. Caldcleugh, in tropical climates, I have given in a separate form, as nearly as possible, in the words of their own memoranda, so obligingly communicated to me; and the details of my own observations conclude the volume. These are the substrata upon which I have founded my theoretical reasoning, and whether I shall be considered to have succeeded in the superstructure or not, they cannot, I conceive, but be deemed valuable accessions of facts and experiments.

'In the Essay upon the Construction and Uses of the Hygrometer, I have gone at great length into the subject of its application to the correction of barometrical mensurations, and I trust that it will be found that I have freed these important operations from the errors and ambiguity arising from atmospheric vapour: in the observations at the end of the volume, I have indicated the probability of other disturbing causes, which are well worthy of further investigation. But such an investigation, as well as the whole subject of meteorology, now requires extensive and careful co-operation, and the detached labours of individuals are utterly incompetent to effect that advancement of the science, which would surely and speedily result from a well-combined plan of observation. In such a general and well-digested scheme, I am acquainted with many who are able and willing to act, and I need scarcely say that my own imperfect but zealous exertions should not be wanting. I shall, hereafter, be proud indeed to consider that any hints derived from the following pages have been found available to so important a purpose. I have endeavoured to obviate some of the objections to which the separation of the subject into essays is liable, by bestowing much care upon the index, which, I trust, will be found to comprise a complete analysis of the book, and to afford the ready means of connexion and reference.'

We have been induced to make these extracts from the author's preface, because we cannot more appropriately express the nature and design of his volume. With regard to our report of the particular essays, considerable portions of them, and those which must have cost the author no ordinary trouble, are purely tabular, and must be passed with a general testimony to their accuracy and utility; while others, which detail descriptions of delicate instruments, we should despair of rendering intelligible in the form of abridged analysis, and without the assistance of the plates. We could have wished, indeed, that the complexion of the papers had been a little less abstract, and somewhat more familiar to the apprehensions of the many; yet, if their practical results shall abide the test of examination and experiment, their import may be easily reduced to the tone of popular instruction.

The first essay treats of the *Constitution of the Atmosphere*; and it forms an important part of the synthetical processes to which

which the author ingeniously resolved to have recourse, with a view to the elucidation of meteorology, as grounded on philosophical principles. As it occurred to him that this science, although in its present state beset with obscurity and difficulties, is constituted of elements which have been separately reduced to satisfactory data, he proposes to examine them first in detail, and then to estimate the consequences of their combination. Previously, however, to this inquiry, he points out in what respects some of the most eminent of his precursors have failed in their attempts to solve the leading problems involved in the investigation. Even Professor Leslie's recent theory of the fluctuations of the mercurial column, included in the article *Meteorology* in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, is proved to originate in misconception, and in the perversion of language; for it confounds the terms *horizontal* and *rectilinear*, and pre-supposes that the tendency of a current of wind, generated we know not how, will be tangential to the earth's surface; that this tendency, after having been deflected by gravity, is again renewed, &c. Besides, in point of fact, the phenomenon by no means uniformly coincides with the theory; for wind does not always precede a fall of the mercury: the greatest depressions, on the contrary, generally precede wind; and the mercury has been depressed to leeward of a storm. M. Biot is contented to refer the changes of the barometer to the modifications of the atmosphere, generally; admitting our ignorance of the particular causes.

In order to simplify the conditions of the problem, Mr. Daniell keeps out of view the chemical composition of the atmosphere, as well as its relations to light and electricity; and he considers it as essentially composed of a homogeneous and perfectly elastic fluid, mixed with varying proportions of condensible elastic vapor, and permeable to radiating heat. He then considers, first, the habitudes of an atmosphere of a perfectly dry and permanently elastic fluid; secondly, those of one of pure aqueous vapor; thirdly, the compound relations of a mixture of the two; and, fourthly, the application of some of the deductions to the phenomena of the atmosphere of the earth. We cannot, however, accompany him, step by step, through the logical track of his researches, without the command of much more space than we can devote to such a performance; conducted though it be with much ability, and much force of reasoning: — but we may glance at some of the principal statements and results.

An atmosphere constituted in the manner first supposed would, according to the acknowledged principles of hydro-

statics, be in a state of perfect equilibrium, or rest; its density would, in ascending by regular stages to the highest regions, decrease in geometrical progression; and its sensible heat would also decrease, progressively, from below upwards. If we next suppose that the temperature of the sphere, around which the atmosphere is diffused, increases by equal degrees from the poles to the equator, the heavier fluid will press on and displace the lighter, and thus establish a current from the poles to the equator. 'Our second remark is, that this difference of gravity becomes less as we ascend from the surface, and at a certain point is neutralized: while, on the other hand, the elasticity, which is equal at the surface, varies with the height; and the barometer stands higher, at equal elevations, in the equatorial than in the polar column. This disproportion increases with the elevation; and at some definite height must more than compensate the unequal density of the lower strata, and occasion a counter-flux from the equator to the poles.' If the sphere be supposed to increase in heat, *unequally*, from the poles to the equator, other consequences, alike capable of appreciation, will ensue. — Cases are next put of the augmentation of temperature in the upper strata of the atmosphere, with the corresponding alterations in the barometer, &c.; and of the accession of heat, commencing at some definite point, and gradually propagated in depth. Circumstances which limit the range of atmospheric temperature, and consequences of the currents, are likewise generally stated; and their effects are reduced to calculation, without regard to those infinite modifications which render the varying state of the atmosphere a subject of such apparent intricacy. Again, the mechanical impulse of the rotatory motion of the sphere, from west to east, may be conceived to have no trivial influence on the passage of the air from the poles, imparting to it a relative motion westward; 'and hence, the combined motion of the wind will be directed in the northern hemisphere from north-east to south-west; and in the southern, from south-east to north-west.'

'We have thus, by gradual stages, obtained some insight into the properties of an atmosphere of permanently-elastic fluid, surrounding and gravitating towards a sphere of unequal temperature, increasing from the poles to the equator, and revolving upon its axis with equal and definite velocity. Its state of equilibrium, which it must always be striving to attain, by whatever obstacles opposed, is maintained by two grand systems of currents, equally balanced, varying in force and direction, and originating partly from differences of density, and partly from relations to the rotatory movement. The principal circulations are in a horizontal direction

direction from the poles to the equator, in the lower system; and from the equator to the poles, in the upper: and in a vertical direction, a constant interchange of particles between the superior and inferior strata. These motions are effected by means of differences of temperature and consequent differences of density. Subordinate to them, are two partial and local currents, which, as they arise from the rotation of the axis of the sphere, are in a direction at right angles to the former, and opposed to each other. The conjunction of these forces produces certain deflections from the primary directions; but, as the upper and lower systems are oppositely affected throughout, they compensate each other's motions, and their combined pressure is the same in every part. In this nicely-balanced order of things, we have seen how slight irregularities of temperature might produce great disturbances, and we have traced various expansions and contractions, which, acting unequally upon the antagonist currents, would destroy the adjustment of their several velocities. Accumulations in some parts, and corresponding deficiencies in others, would hence arise, the amount of which would be weighed by the barometer. These, in seeking to regain their proper level, and struggling to restore the equilibrium, would give rise to temporary and variable winds, which would modify the regular currents, and often reverse their courses.'

The essayist next proceeds to contemplate an atmosphere of pure aqueous vapor, surrounding in the first instance a sphere of uniform temperature throughout, and which is supposed to be covered with water; and he represents in tables the elastic force of vapor for every degree of temperature, from zero to 90: as also of the elasticity, density, and temperature of such an atmosphere at different heights. In the case of a gradual and equal rise of temperature over all the surface of the sphere, the elasticity of the steam will increase along with it, without disturbance; and, following the law of decrement for the different elevations, it will remain perfectly transparent. If, however, the temperature be increased from the poles to the equator, the equatorial will press on the polar columns, throughout their length. From various other supposed cases, proceeding from the more simple to the more complex, the necessary physical consequences are respectively deduced and illustrated.

In considering the properties of a twofold atmosphere, namely, of one consisting of permanently elastic fluid mixed with aqueous vapor, it will be found that the two fluids exercise no farther action on each other than a mechanical opposition when in motion.

'The particles of steam, in penetrating the interstices of the permanently-elastic fluid, experience the same species of retardation as exists in their flowing through the pores of sand or cotton.



ton. When a state of equilibrium is attained, this mutual action ceases, and the particles of each press only upon those of their own kind. There are, therefore, two principal points of view, under which such a mixture may be regarded, — one, in which the particles are in a state of equipoise amongst themselves; and the other, where they are seeking an equilibrium by means of intestine motion. With respect to the first, there is no distinction between such a complete mixture and that of two or more permanently-elastic fluids; and it may be regarded like a mixture of gases, as an homogeneous fluid.'

Mr. D. then goes on to examine the state of such an atmosphere, surrounding a sphere of uniform temperature: but his suppositions and cyphers are here so crowded and dense, that we must refrain from specifying them. — Thirty-six propositions, or corollaries, arising from his synthetical reasonings, and accompanied by their respective commentaries, form the most useful portion of the fourth part of this elaborate essay.

'Both the *synthetical* and *analytical* processes agree in the same grand conclusions, which may thus briefly be recapitulated:—

'There are two distinct atmospheres, mechanically mixed, surrounding the earth; whose relations to heat are different, and whose states of equilibrium, considering them as enveloping a sphere of unequal temperature, are incompatible with each other. The first is a permanently-elastic fluid, expansible in an arithmetical progression by equal increments of heat, decreasing in density and temperature according to fixed ratios, as it recedes from the surface, and whose equipoise, under such circumstances, would be maintained by a regular system of antagonist currents. The second is an elastic fluid, condensable by cold with evolution of caloric; increasing in force in geometrical progression with equal augmentations of temperature; permeating the former and moving in its interstices, as a spring of water flows through a sand-rock. When in a state of motion, this intestine filtration is retarded by the *inertia* of the gaseous medium, but in a state of rest the particles press only upon those of their own kind. The density and temperature of this fluid have a tendency likewise to decrease, as its distance from the surface augments; but by a less rapid rate than that of the former. Its equipoise would be maintained by the adaptation of the upper parts of the medium, in which it moves, to the progression of its temperature, and by a current flowing from the hotter parts of the globe to the colder. Constant evaporation on the line of greatest heat and unceasing precipitation, at every other situation, would be the necessary accompaniments of this balance. Now the conditions of these two states of equilibrium, to which, by the laws of hydrostatics, each fluid must be perpetually pressing, are essentially opposed to each other. The vapour or condensable elastic fluid is forced to ascend in a medium, whose heat decreases much more rapidly

rapidly than its own natural rate; and it is therefore condensed and precipitated in the upper regions. Its latent caloric is evolved by the condensation, and communicated to the air; and it thus tends to equalize the temperature of the medium in which it moves, and to constrain it to its own law. This process must evidently disturb the equilibrium of the permanently-elastic fluid, by interfering with that definite state of temperature and density which is essential to its maintenance. The system of currents is unequally affected by the unequal expansion; and the irregularity is extended, by their influence, much beyond the sphere of the primary disturbance. The decrease of this elasticity above is accompanied by an extremely important re-action upon the body of vapour itself: being forced to accommodate itself to the circumstances of the medium in which it moves, its own law of density can only be maintained by a corresponding decrease of force below the point of condensation; so, that the temperature of the air, at the surface of the globe, is far from the term of saturation; and the current of vapour, which moves from the hottest to the coldest points, penetrates from the equator to the poles, without producing that condensation in mass, which would otherwise cloud the whole depth of the atmosphere with precipitating moisture. The clouds are thereby confined to parallel horizontal planes, with intermediate clear spaces, and thus arranged are offered to the influence of the sun, which dissipates their accumulations and greatly extends the expansive power of the elastic vapour. The power of each fluid being in proportion to its elasticity, that of the vapour compared with the air can never, at most, exceed 1:30: so that the general character of the mixed atmosphere is derived from the latter; which, in its irresistible motions, must hurry the former along with it. The influence, however, of the vapour upon the air, though slower in its action, is sure in its effects, and the gradual and silent processes of evaporation and precipitation govern the boisterous power of the winds. By the irresistible force of expansion unequally applied, they give rise to undulations in the elastic fluid; the returning waves dissipate the local influence, and the accumulated effect is annihilated, again to be reproduced.

‘ In tracing the harmonious results of such discordant operations, it is impossible not to pause, to offer up a humble tribute of admiration of the designs of a beneficent Providence, thus imperfectly developed in a department of creation where they have been supposed to be the most obscure. By an invisible, but ever-active, agency, the waters of the deep are raised into the air, whence their distribution follows, as it were, by measure and weight, in proportion to the beneficial effects which they are calculated to produce. By gradual, but almost insensible, expansions, the equiposed currents of the atmosphere are disturbed, the stormy winds arise, and the waves of the sea are lifted up; and that stagnation of air and water is prevented, which would be fatal to animal existence. But the force which operates is calculated and proportioned: the very agent which causes

causes the disturbance bears with it its own check; and the storm, as it vents its force, is itself setting the bounds of its own fury.'

The influence of electricity and of lunar attraction on atmospheric phenomena are deemed as yet too obscure to be formally taken into account.

*Upon the Construction and Uses of a new Hygrometer.* — The construction of this instrument will be best understood by the description and plate. In Mr. Daniell's account of its application and uses, he shews, on scientific data, how it may be employed as a weather-glass, — as a measurer not only of the quantity and force of vapor existing at any time in the air, but also of the force and quantity of evaporation, — and as corrective of barometrical measurements. It may, moreover, be applied to artificial atmospheres, and to experiments on confined air.

*Upon the Radiation of Heat in the Atmosphere.* — We are here presented with a valuable series of observations and experiments by the author, Captain Sabine, and others, on the intensity, *maximum*, *minimum*, and average, of the solar rays, in different seasons and latitudes, and at different degrees of elevation; with some ingenious attempts to explain the results, and to connect them with the process of vegetation and other departments in the economy of nature. An account is also given of experiments instituted with a view to ascertain the radiation of the earth's surface.

' Whilst engaged in this course of experiment, it occurred to me that a favourable opportunity presented itself of determining a question which has at different times occasioned considerable controversy, and concerning which, many discordant statements have often been made: I mean, the radiation of heat from the body of the moon. Dr. Howard has lately published the following result of an experiment by means of a delicate differential thermometer, which seems to establish the reality of such an effect: —

" Having blackened the upper ball of my differential thermometer, I placed it in the focus of a thirteen-inch reflecting mirror, which was opposed to the light of a bright full moon. The liquid began immediately to sink, and in half a minute was depressed 8°, where it became stationary. On placing a screen between the mirror and the moon, it rose again to the same level, and was again depressed on removing this obstacle." — *Silliman's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 329.

' Upon reading the above extract, it struck me that it did not clearly explain in which leg of the instrument the depression of the liquid took place; and that the effect, *as described*, might just as well be attributed to the radiation of heat from the blackened ball of the thermometer, as to radiation to it from the moon. To determine this doubt, I tried the following experiments: —

' I selected

' I selected an unexceptionable opportunity, 26th of December, 1822. The moon was in that part of her orbit when she is nearest to the earth, and was approaching to the full. The atmosphere was cloudless, and perfectly calm. The smallest writing was distinctly legible in the moon-light. At 9 P.M. the temperature of the air was  $28^{\circ}$ . I placed the black thermometer in the focus of the reflector, and directed it to a part of the sky at a distance from the moon. In a few minutes it fell to  $20^{\circ}$ , and was stationary. I then turned it immediately towards the moon, and caused the focus of light to fall upon the ball of the thermometer. It still remained stationary at  $20^{\circ}$ , and for half an hour, during which the rays were concentrated upon it, the mercury never moved.

' At 11 P.M. the temperature of the air - -  $27^{\circ}$   
 reflector turned from the moon - -  $19^{\circ}$   
 ——— in the moon-beams - -  $19^{\circ}$

' Dec. 28th, 7 P.M.

' Moon full; — atmosphere perfectly calm and clear.

Temperature of the air - - - -  $24^{\circ}$   
 Reflector turned from the moon - - -  $15^{\circ}$   
 ——— in the moon-beams - - -  $15^{\circ}$

' At 11 P.M. the sky became lightly clouded, and the amount of radiation was only  $2^{\circ}$ .

Temperature of air - - - -  $22^{\circ}$   
 Radiating thermometer - - - -  $20^{\circ}$

' Thus it appears that, so far from possessing the power of radiating heat to the surface of the earth, the moon does not even diminish the amount of radiation from the earth; and the lightest vapour is more efficacious in this respect than the concentrated influence of the lunar light.'

*Upon the Horary Oscillations of the Atmosphere.* — The semi-diurnal motions of the mercurial column are most distinctly marked in the equatorial regions of the globe, but they have also been traced, though in a much less sensible manner, in the northern latitudes: Captain Sabine having ascertained that the amount of the atmospheric tides diminishes progressively from the equator to the tropics; and their continuation, at a diminishing rate, having been observed at least as far as the 52d degree of latitude. The regularity of the horary recurrence of this phenomenon is incompatible with the theory which would deduce it from lunar influence; while observations made in the middle of the ocean disprove its connection with the alternations of land and sea breezes. Mr. Daniell ingeniously refers it to the alternations of temperature of day and night, and the two grand aërial currents proceeding from the equator to the poles, and *vice versâ*.

*Upon the Climate of London.* — Mr. Howard's extensive and accurate labors on this subject cannot be unknown to

our meteorological readers; yet they do not supersede the results which Mr. Daniell has collected from his own observations, during a period of three years: especially as the latter include the varying states of the aqueous vapor, a department hitherto much neglected, with remarks on the influence of temperature, evaporation, &c. on vegetation, and on the health of the inhabitants.

*Meteorological Observations made at Madeira, Sierra Leone, Jamaica, and other Stations, between the Tropics.* By Captain Edward Sabine, R. A. F. R. S. — These extracts from Captain Sabine's journal are so replete with numerical statements and tables, as to be quite insusceptible of curtailed analysis: but the numerous data, which they furnish to the meteorologist, and to the votary of physical science in general, stamp them with a peculiar value. Captain S. bears ample testimony to the superior merits of the new hygrometer, of which he appears to have frequently availed himself in the course of his observations.

*Meteorological Observations in Brazil, and on the Equator.* By Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq. — Mr. Caldcleugh's experiments and observations, although conducted on a less extensive scale than those of Captain Sabine, may be regarded as a real accession to our stock of meteorological knowledge. His favorable opinion of the new hygrometer is not less explicit. 'When I commenced using the instrument,' says he, 'I was almost afraid to touch it, from its apparent delicacy, but was soon convinced, from the many rude shocks it underwent, that it was stronger than I had imagined; more than common carelessness, indeed, is required to break it. I may be permitted to add, that I think no traveller will find any inconvenience from carrying this hygrometer, or its accompaniment, a small stock of ether; the latter I usually placed among my linen.'

*Remarks upon the Barometer and Thermometer, and the Mode of using Meteorological Instruments in general.* — This essay supplies us with some excellent instructions for filling the barometrical tube *in vacuo*, and fitting up the instrument for the purposes of accurate observation. Extreme precaution in these particulars is by no means unnecessary.

The common instruments are mere play-things, and are by no means applicable to observations in the present state of natural philosophy. The height of the mercury is never actually measured in them, but they are graduated one from another, and their errors are thus unavoidably perpetuated. Few of them have any adjustment for the change of level in the mercury of the cistern,

and in still fewer is the adjustment perfect: no neutral point is marked upon them, nor is the diameter of the bore of the tube ascertained; and in some the capacity of the cisterns is perpetually changing from the stretching of a leathern bag, or from its hygrometric properties. Nor would I quarrel with the manufacture of such play-things; they are calculated to afford much amusement and instruction; but all I contend for is, that a person, who is disposed to devote his time, his fortune, and oftentimes his health, to the enlargement of the bounds of science, should not be liable to the disappointment of finding that he has wasted all, from the imperfection of those instruments, upon the goodness of which he conceived that he had good grounds to rely. The questions, now of interest to the science of meteorology, require the measurement of the five-hundredth part of an inch in the mercurial column; and, notwithstanding the number of meteorological journals, which monthly and weekly contribute their expletive powers to the numerous Magazines, Journals, and Gazettes, there are few places, indeed, of which it can be said that the mean height of the barometer for the year has been ascertained to the tenth part of an inch. The answer of the manufacturer to these observations is, that he cannot afford the time to perfect such instruments. Nor can he, at the price which is commonly given; for few people are aware of the requisite labour and anxiety. But who would grudge the extra remuneration for such pains? Not the man who is competent to avail himself of its application. Let the manufacture of play-things continue, but let there be also another class of instruments which may rival in accuracy those of the astronomer.

Thermometers are manufactured with equal carelessness, being blown with the mouth, graduated from one another, and so mounted as very slowly to receive the impressions of the atmospheric temperature: — but the most perfect standard instrument will prove of little avail unless it be observed with accuracy, and unless the necessary corrections be made for accidental differences.

*Barometrical Experiments upon Heights.* — From the experiments here recorded, some approximations may be made towards ascertaining the effects of temperature, wind, electricity, and lunar and solar attraction on barometrical measurements.

The volume closes with a tabular meteorological journal, from September, 1819, to August, 1822, inclusive, which may serve as a model of similar records.

**ART. VII. *Extracts from a Journal, written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822, by Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, Author of a "Voyage to Loo Choo."* Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards, Hurst and Co. 1824.**

**T**HE interesting and popular account of Loo Choo, which was supplied by Captain Hall a few years ago, was reviewed in our lxxxvith vol. p. 225.; and to the favorable opinion of that work which the public entertained, we may no doubt ascribe the similar feeling which has caused Captain H.'s present 'Extracts' to reach a third edition, before we have had an opportunity of perusing and reporting them. He modestly speaks of them in his preface as 'literally what the title-page expresses, Extracts from a copious Journal, written at very momentous periods, during short professional visits to the principal ports on the western coasts of South America and Mexico. They have no pretensions whatever to be considered as a detailed account of those countries. But, at the present moment, when every thing connected with the New World engages so great a share of public attention, it was thought that a few characteristic sketches, by an eye-witness, of the progress of the revolutions, and of the state of society, domestic and political, in regions so little known, might be favorably received; as tending to give more correct ideas respecting them than have hitherto prevailed.'

The present work merits attention on these accounts, and combines pleasing narrative with both political and nautical information: the latter so judiciously arranged as not to create any *tedium*, or serious interruption, to the reader who is not of the nautical class. This third edition differs from the two that preceded it by the transplantation of the twelfth chapter, which now forms the seventh; and by some additions to the appendix relative to the mineralogy and meteorology of the districts visited. Great professional skill and personal sagacity are displayed at every station; and a spirit of philanthropy and liberality illuminates the whole. Concise as the narrative is, it contains so much that is both new and good, that it will be read with pleasure by those who seek amusement, and with gratitude by those who look for instruction.

Captain H. sailed from England, in command of his Majesty's ship Conway, in August, 1820, and commences with a description of his passage round Cape Horn; which was so formidable an enterprize to Lord Anson, but which, as it is here justly observed, is now rendered a matter of little more than ordinary difficulty by the improved state of navigation. As the officers were looking out for this formidable

frontier to a vast continent, a singular appearance was observed :

‘ The night had scarcely closed in, when a new and unexpected object engaged our attention : a brilliant light in the north-western quarter, shining at regular intervals. At first of a bright red, it became fainter and fainter, till it disappeared altogether ; when, after the lapse of four or five minutes, its brilliancy was suddenly restored, and it seemed as if a column of burning materials had been projected into the air. This bright appearance lasted from ten to twenty seconds, fading by degrees as the column became lower, till at length only a dull red mass was distinguishable for about a minute, after which it again vanished. Many conjectures were raised as to the cause of this intermitting light. The seamen at once set it down as a revolving light-house, to which, certainly, it bore no inconsiderable resemblance. Others insisted that it must be a forest on fire ; accounting for the changes in brilliancy by flaws of wind fanning the flames. But all who examined the light carefully through a telescope, agreed in considering it a volcano like Stromboli, emitting from time to time jets of flame and of red hot stones, which, falling on the sides of the mountain, retained for a short space a visible redness.

‘ This singular light continued visible until morning, but faded away with the first appearance of dawn ; and although, during the night, it seemed not above eight or ten miles distant, to our surprise, no land was now distinguishable in the direction of the volcano ; and we found, by means of bearings taken with the compass, that it actually was upwards of a hundred miles from the ship, on the main land of Tierra del Fuego. It is not improbable, that a similar volcano may have led Magellan to give the title, Land of Fire, to this desolate region.’

Chapters i. and ii. relate to Chili ; — the iiii. to Peru ; — iv. to Chili again ; — v. and vi. return to Peru ; — the viii. discusses the colonial system of Spain ; — viii. and ix. refer to the southern coast of Chili ; — x.—xii. to Peru ; — xiii. to the Revolution in Mexico ; — xiv. San Blas, and return round Cape Horn. From the great mass and variety of incident and remark, we can only make selections ; and we shall avoid those general descriptions of country and manners, which we have had and shall again have from so many travellers, but which are well given by Captain H.

Is the curious statement of the author, that he was insensible to those earthquakes which the natives perceived with terror, to be ascribed, for its cause, to the habit among sailors of walking on decks which are so often unsteady ?

‘ 18th of Jan. — I went in the evening to visit a family in the Almendral, or great suburb of Valparaiso. The ladies were ranged, as usual, along the wall in a compact line, with their shawls drawn over the head and across the chin, so as nearly to conceal the



the face. One young lady was playing the harp; and one the guitar; while others occasionally joined with their shrill voices, in singing the patriotic songs of the day. Some were chatting, some working, and the evening was passing away pleasantly enough, when, without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in the most frantic manner out of the house, screaming aloud, *Misericordia! misericordia!* beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished, but followed the company into the street, calling out *Misericordia!* as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people; some, only half dressed, having just leaped from their beds; — children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions; — many carried lights in their hands; — in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm I never beheld; all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, or at least without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not a mortal was to be seen.

On returning to the room, I begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learnt that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud.

On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native can at once distinguish. It may be mentioned also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, unlike that caused by other kinds of danger, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing in amount; and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they are.

The author's interview with a celebrated patriot leader is thus recorded:

I had an interview this day with General San Martin, on board a little schooner, a yacht of his own, anchored in Callao Roads for the convenience of communicating with the deputies, who, during the armistice, had held their sittings on board a ship in the anchorage.

There was little, at first sight, in his appearance to engage the attention; but when he rose up and began to speak, his superiority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a large surtout coat, and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along

along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, well-proportioned, handsome man, with a large aquiline nose, thick black hair, and immense bushy dark whiskers, extending from ear to ear under the chin; his complexion is deep olive, and his eye, which is large, prominent, and piercing, is jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is thoroughly well-bred, and unaffectedly simple in his manners; exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindliness of disposition: in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. In conversation he went at once to the strong points of the topic, disdaining, as it were, to trifle with its minor parts; he listened earnestly, and replied with distinctness and fairness, showing wonderful resources in argument, and a most happy fertility of illustration; the effect of which was, to make his audience feel they were understood in the sense they wished. Yet there was nothing showy or ingenious in his discourse; and he certainly seemed, at all times, perfectly in earnest, and deeply possessed with his subject. At times his animation rose to a high pitch; when the flash of his eye, and the whole turn of his expression, became so exceedingly energetic as to rivet the attention of his audience beyond the possibility of evading his arguments. This was most remarkable when the topic was politics; on which subject, I consider myself fortunate in having heard him express himself frequently. But his quiet manner was not less striking, and indicative of a mind of no ordinary stamp: he could even be playful and familiar, when such was the tone of the moment; and whatever effect the subsequent possession of great political power may have had on his mind, I feel confident that his natural disposition is kind and benevolent.

It is afterward added:

‘With respect to the propriety or impropriety of San Martin’s leaving the Peruvians to be governed by the Congress, unaided by him, it is difficult to speak decidedly, without more exact and extensive information on the subject than has yet been published. He never made any secret of his wish for retirement, and lost no opportunity of declaring, both publicly and privately, his intention of gratifying his inclinations as soon as the independence of Peru should be established. The question, therefore, seems to be, not whether he was justified in leaving the Peruvians at all, but if he has seized the proper moment for doing so. It is true, that he undertook to stand by, and protect, Peru, when the sole charge was placed in his hands: but when the inhabitants, after a whole year’s reflection, thought fit to claim from him the privilege of being governed by representatives chosen from amongst themselves, he did not feel justified in refusing their demand. Yet, at the same time, he may not have considered himself at all called upon, as the subject of another state, to serve a country that no longer sought his protection; but which, on the contrary, felt competent to its own defence, and entitled to an uninfluenced government; which, in his opinion, it could never possess as long

as he was present. It was altogether contrary to his usual practice and feelings to use force in advancing his opinions: — and finding that he had lost his influence, and that the whole country, and even Buenos Ayres and Chili, accused him of a wish to make himself king, he was resolved to abandon, for the present, a cause he could no longer benefit.

Viewing matters then as they now stand, or seem to stand, and reflecting on the character of San Martin, it is quite evident that he is a man not only of great abilities, both as a soldier and a statesman, but that he possesses, in a remarkable degree, the great and important quality of winning the regard, and commanding the devoted services, of other men. To these high attributes he is indebted for the celebrity he acquired by the conquest of Chili, and its solid establishment as a free state; and, whatever may be said of his latter conduct in quitting Peru, when he found it impossible to govern it in the manner he wished, he may still safely lay claim to the full honour of having also paved the way for the liberation of that country.

Attention is also paid, and apparently with great fairness, to the character and proceedings of other leaders in the revolutionary proceedings of the southern hemisphere; and the events seem to be related with frankness and a liberal spirit. Lord Cochrane has of course his share — his important share — in this portion of the narrative; and Captain Hall speaks of him with high respect for his military conduct and professional talents, and with the feelings of a brother-officer, though without unnecessarily identifying himself with the transactions themselves.

As the river Biobio is the most important inlet to traffic which Chili possesses, and as a revival of the prosperity which had once ascended its banks ought to be the first care of a paternal government, we shall select the melancholy description given of the present devastation of a district, which is better adapted than any other to become the centre of intercourse and the seat of sovereignty. Ruins are a proof of the capability of a country, and deserve to form a ground of confidence for the future settler.

When we came within half a league of the town of Concepcion, we first saw the great river Biobio, at that place about two miles wide, and flowing past in a majestic manner. From a neighbouring height could be traced the windings of this grand stream for many leagues up the country, till lost sight of amongst the mountains. The town of Concepcion, even at a distance, partook, in its appearance, of the character of the times; for the churches were all in ruins, and the streets in such decay, that we actually found ourselves in the suburbs before knowing that we had reached the town; so complete had been the destruction. Whole quadras, which had been burnt down and reduced to heaps of rubbish, were

now so thickly overgrown with weeds and shrubs, that scarcely any trace of their former character was distinguishable. The grass touched our feet as we rode along the footpaths, marking the places of the old carriage-ways. Here and there parts of the town had escaped the ravage, but these only served to make the surrounding desolation more manifest. A strange incongruity prevailed every where: offices and court-yards were seen, where the houses to which they had belonged were completely gone; and sometimes the houses remained, in ruins indeed, but every thing about them swept away. Near the centre of the town, a magnificent sculptured gateway attracted our attention: upon inquiry, we found it had been the principal entrance to the Bishop's palace, of which there was not a vestige left, although the gateway was in perfect preservation. Many of the houses which did remain were uninhabited; and such is the rapidity with which vegetation advances in this climate, that most of these buildings were completely enveloped in a thick mantle of shrubs, creepers, and wild-flowers, while the streets were every where knee-deep in grass and weeds.

The Plaza, or great square, generally the resort of a busy crowd, was as still as the grave. At one end stood the remains of the cathedral, rapidly crumbling to dust; the whole of the western aisle had already fallen in, and the other parts, built of brick, and formerly covered with polished cement, stood bare, and nodding to their fall. A solitary peasant, wrapped in his poncho, stood at the corner of the square, leaning against the only remaining angle of the cathedral; and in a dark corner, amongst the ruins of the fallen aisle, were seated four or five women round a fire cooking their meat by hanging it in the smoke over the embers.

In some of the smaller streets there were many more people; for the town, though stripped of its wealth and importance, was not altogether depopulated. The few remaining inhabitants had drawn together for mutual support and consolation in these sorrowful times. The children were almost all handsome, and had the appearance of belonging to a fine race: unlike their parents, they were unconscious of the evils by which their country had been overwhelmed, and though doubtless often hungry and cold enough, looked as happy and merry as their elders were despondent and miserable.

A meritorious addition to nautical knowledge has been the survey of the harbour of Copiapó, the northernmost sea-port of Chili. It is thus narrated:

'We had some difficulty in finding the harbour of Copiapó, which was not distinctly laid down in the plans in our possession. On coming near it, a dangerous line of reefs was discovered, of which no books nor charts made any mention. This circumstance determined me to have the whole bay trigonometrically surveyed, and carefully sounded. As soon, therefore, as the ship was anchored, I sent one of the midshipmen, Mr. Henry Foster, an admirable

admirable surveyor, on this service.\* But as it was soon discovered, that two days would be barely sufficient to accomplish this indispensable work, I determined to employ the interval in visiting the town of Copiapó, lying eighteen leagues in the interior.

The first thing which arrested our attention, after anchoring, was a curious pile, or large brown stack on the beach, apparently of hewn stones. After we had in vain examined it through our glasses, our Coquimbo friend explained to us that it was a quantity of copper, which was to form the cargo of a ship he had ordered to call here in a few days. He was well pleased to find his agents had so punctually attended to his directions, especially as he had not given them any idea of his intention to visit the coast. Presently we saw a man riding along the edge of the cliff above the beach on which the copper was placed. On sending a boat for him, he proved to be the person in charge of the copper, who was delighted that his employer had found him at his post. He was instantly dispatched into the country to get horses for our journey next day.

Early on the 23d of November we set off for Copiapó. Besides the never-failing motive of curiosity to see a new place, merely because it was new, we were most anxious to witness the effects of the great earthquake of April, 1819; and also to visit the silver mines in the mountains near the town. Our party consisted of six, three being passengers from Coquimbo, and three officers, including myself, from the Conway. The first part of the road lay along a level hard surface, chiefly rock, at some places covered with a thin soil. We then entered a broad valley, the sides of which were formed entirely of water-worn stones and gravel, covered by a stratum or crust several yards thick, of a rock composed entirely of pieces of broken shells, stretching, as far as we could discover, over the whole country bordering on the sea. The valley was three or four miles across, and bore every appearance of having been, at some former period, the channel of a mighty river, though now shrunk into a scanty rivulet, flowing almost unseen amongst dwarf-willows, stunted shrubs, and long rank grass. The soil was completely covered, at every part of the valley, by a layer of salt, several inches thick, which has since been ascertained, by analysis, to be sulphate of soda, or Glauber salts. It looked like snow on the ground, and even when made into roads, and beat down, still bore the same appearance. The dust thrown up by the horses' feet had almost choked us, and the day being dreadfully hot, made our thirst excessive, when we hailed with delight the sight of a stream; but, alas! the water was as salt as brine.

The country, except where the stream stole along, was quite a desert; but, to our surprise, we felt none of that fatigue and

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\* This officer has since been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and appointed surveyor to the present expedition under Captain Parry. (1824.)

depression of spirits, which, in a peculiar degree, affect every one, when travelling across an utterly barren and level waste. The present agreeable distinction between this and other journeys across sandy countries was remarked by several of the party; and accounted for by the circumstance of having the constant view, though at a great distance, of the towering ridges of the Andes. The horizon, in the east and north, and partially in the south, was bounded by lofty chains of mountains, rising one above another with an endless variety of outline, such as the eye was never tired of contemplating; and, although they too were barren, the different shades of the air-tints, caused by the different heights and distances of the mountains, gave a mixture of softness and sublimity to the landscape which no language can do justice to in the expression.

The visit to Acapulco, so celebrated in Anson's voyage, and so seldom mentioned of late years, may deserve transcription.

On the 8th of March, we anchored in Acapulco harbour, a name familiar to the memory of most people, from its being the port whence the rich Spanish galleons, of former days, took their departure to spread the wealth of the Western over the Eastern world. It is celebrated also in Anson's delightful voyage, and occupies a conspicuous place in the very interesting accounts of the Buccaneers: to a sailor, therefore, it is classic ground in every sense. I cannot express the universal professional admiration excited by a sight of this celebrated port, which is, moreover, the very *beau ideal* of a harbour. It is easy of access; very capacious; the water not too deep; the holding-ground good; quite free from hidden dangers; and as secure as the basin in the centre of Portsmouth dock-yard. From the interior of the harbour the sea cannot be discovered; and a stranger coming to the spot by land would imagine he was looking over a sequestered mountain-lake.

When we had reached about half way up the harbour a boat came off to us, but as soon as the officer discovered who and what we were, he rowed away again, in great haste, to communicate the news. We had scarcely anchored when a barge came alongside with the governor of the town, accompanied by all the officers at the head of the different departments. The Governor, after he and his suite had severally embraced me, made a set speech, in which he said we had long and anxiously been looked for; and that, as the Conway was the first of his Britannic Majesty's ships that had honoured the harbour of Acapulco with her presence, he considered it his duty, no less than his inclination, to wave the usual etiquette, and come on board in person to welcome our arrival. I replied in the best Castilian I could muster to this remarkable compliment; after which he formally communicated a message he had lately received from his Serene Highness Generalissimo Don Augustin Iturbidé, then at the head of the government, inviting me and all my officers to visit the capital,

capital, and placing horses and every means of travelling at our command. This was a most tempting occasion, indeed, to see the country: but it was impossible to avail ourselves of it, and we reluctantly declined the honour. The Governor, after a long and cheerful visit, took his leave, assuring us, that we should be assisted by all the means the local government possessed to complete our supplies, and to render our stay, which he entreated might be long, as agreeable as possible.

*9th of March.*—In the morning, accompanied by all the officers in imitation of the Governor, I returned the visit of last evening. We were received with the greatest attention and kindness; and indeed during our whole stay nothing could exceed the active hospitality of these people, the most civil and obliging of any we met with during the voyage.

After the audience at Government-house was over, I proceeded with the purser to inquire about supplies. On the way we fell in with a young Spaniard whom I had met at Canton, in China, some years before, who at once, with the promptitude of renewed friendship, took charge of us, carried us to his house, and made us at home in a moment. Such meetings with persons one never expects to see again, and in places so remote from each other, are peculiarly interesting; and, perhaps, as much as any thing else, characteristic of a naval life. This gentleman and I had parted in China four years before; he had gone first to Manila, and thence sailed eastward till he reached the shores of Mexico: I had, in the mean time, proceeded round the Cape of Good Hope, and eventually to the westward by Cape Horn, till, on reaching the same spot, we came together again, after having by our united voyages circumnavigated the globe.

The appearance of the country people at Acapulco differs from that of the South Americans. Their features and colour partake somewhat of the Malay character; their foreheads are broad and square; their eyes small and not deep-seated; their cheek-bones prominent; and their heads covered with black straight hair; their stature about the medium standard; their frame compact and well made. These are the country people who come to market with poultry, fruit, and vegetables, and are generally seen seated in the shade under the verandahs of the houses, or in their own ranchas; which are sheds made of mats loosely pinned together.

We took notice of another class, less savage in appearance than that just described, and rather more interesting; they are the labourers and carriers of burdens employed about the town: a tall, bold-looking, strong race of men; they wear a hat, the crown of which is raised not more than three inches above a rim of such unusual width, that it serves as an umbrella to shade the whole body. Round their neck is suspended a large flap of stiff yellow leather, reaching below the middle, and nearly meeting a pair of greaves of the same material which envelope the thigh; the calves of the leg are in like manner wrapped round with pieces of leather tied carelessly on with a thong; over the foot

is drawn a sort of wide unlaced half-boot, which is left to float out like a wing from the ankle. These figures are striking, and highly picturesque. Their colour is a bright copper, and they probably have some intermixture of Spanish blood in their veins.

The negroes form a third class at Acapulco. They were originally imported from Africa; but in the course of time they have become a mixed race with the aborigines, and thus, also, may possibly partake of a slight dash of Spanish blood. The result, however, is a very fine race of men: they retain the sleek glossy skin, the dark tint of the negro, and his thick lip; along with which we now see the smaller form, the higher forehead, prominent cheek-bone, the smaller eye, and the straight hair of the Mexicans; together with many other mingled traits which a closer observation would be able to discriminate, but which a stranger is merely conscious of seeing without his being able to define exactly in what the peculiarities consist. It may be remarked, that, in the Spanish trans-Atlantic possessions, we find a greater variety of intermixtures or crosses of the human species than are met with in Europe, or, perhaps, in any other part of the world. The tribes of Indians, in the first place, are numerous, and distinct from one another; the Spaniards themselves differ in depth of colour, and in figure, according to their several provinces; and, lastly, the African differs from that of the whole. Humboldt, in his usual distinct and satisfactory manner, (*New Spain*, book ii. chap. vi.) has classed the various shades of colour resulting from the admixture of these different people.

We were pleased to observe the manner in which Capt. H. speaks of his interviews, on different occasions, with the Captain and officers of the American frigate *Constitution*, and the interchange of civilities which took place between them. Such liberal conduct and feelings, on both sides, are as much to be desired as they are to be praised.

A chart of the South American coasts is prefixed to the first volume, on which the tracks of the *Conway* are laid down, with instructive hints to the navigator.

Altogether, Captain Hall's observations seem to countenance the opinion that the climate of Chili is better adapted to the European colonist than any other part of South America: but, as the mass of population is there inconsiderable, the extension of commerce is not likely to be so rapid as in Peru, and especially in Mexico. On the other hand, superstition has taken less root, manners are more plastic, ranks are less distinct, and hospitality is more indiscriminate. By piercing the isthmus of Panama with a canal navigable for large shipping, these western coasts of America may best be brought into contact with Europe; and be gradually inured to copy our usages, to consume our manufactures, to import our instruction, and to bestow on us their native and peculiar productions.



ART. VIII. *Rameses; an Egyptian Tale: with Historical Notes, of the Era of the Pharaohs.* Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. 17. 10s. Boards. Whittaker. 1824.

THE ingenious and learned author of this elaborate fiction must surely have had some other object in publishing it than that of being read. The light and versatile admirers of "the last new novel" would yawn over such a work as this for half an hour, and then lay it down in utter despair. In truth, such an attempt to insinuate, under the veil of an amusing story, so much erudition about the mystical mythology, the symbolical rites, and the strange and revolting notions, of the most disgusting and the most singular among the nations of antiquity, could not have been successful, even in the more masterly hands of Barthélémy or Mr. Hope. It may indeed be useful to know that Apis was the calf of a cow incapable of bearing another; — or that the moon sheds a generative light, or, to use the phrase of Rameses, 'sheds from her sparkling crescent the impregnate beam,' with which if a cow be struck she conceives Apis, who bears the sign of that planet: but all this, with a variety of similar lore scattered through these volumes, and piled in great masses through the notes at the end of each, must necessarily become most heavy drag-chains to the progress of a fictitious composition. Admitting the learning to be useful, or curious, a novel is the worst mode of imparting it. To use the simile of Mr. Sheridan, the didactic matter "lies like marl upon a barren soil, encumbering without fertilizing it." To be obliged in the progress of a fiction, the very name of which promises us something like amusement, to halt at every step, in order to be lectured about the emanations of Osiris, the fish of Latopolis, the crocodile of Ombos, the bear of Paphrenus, and the cat Eleurus, or to be perpetually summoned by figures of reference to the notes, which present a confused heap of the most uninviting erudition, — this is an intolerable penance, to which only a self-flagellant would submit. It may be a question of antiquarian research, and even of a liberal and enlightened curiosity, to be familiarly acquainted with the

" *qualia demens  
Ægyptus portenta colat,*"

but, in a novel, it is at best an useless and troublesome excrescence.

Rameses and Sabacon are brothers; the sons of Sosis a great General and powerful statesman; and the former of them

them is devoted to the sacred science of the priesthood, and is the disciple of Phritiphanes. In the subsequent passage, the author intended to develop their respective pursuits and dispositions:

“ How benignly the gods are disposed to this happy country,” said Rameses: “ flourishing in arts, crowned by plenty, her fierce invaders subdued, Mizraim reposes in the lap of enjoyment !”

“ An enjoyment,” replied Sabacon, “ that a few moons may see direfully changed. True; arts, riches, and splendor shine around; so much the worse, when they may become attractions to allure the warlike and the brave. The enemy of our race yet hovers on the frontiers, baffled but not destroyed; but I forget when I speak to such a sage, who needs can teach. What say your friends the priests on public things?”

“ They, Sabacon, happy in choice and practice, trace the book of knowledge, ever open in fair nature; they look to the azure vault, shining in heavenly calmness and repose, to read the stars, and elevate their thoughts above this worldly scene. Such attainments,” sighed Rameses, “ are indeed my envy.”

“ Oh, modest disciple of the great priest Phritiphanes, slander not thus thy master, who reads indeed the stars, but lives for better things than future hopes; and with his altar-rites contrives to move at will the schemes and worldly plans of Mizraim's state: Fie, fie upon thy dulness: recollect the epoch lately past, when the deceased Apis left this mighty land without its god.”

“ Well, Sabacon, and what canst thou infer? — were not anxious cares felt from daily unsuccessful search, prosecuted with the deepest thought and intense ardor? — were not the exhortations of my revered instructor sent day and night throughout the land, to mark the auspicious birth of the renewed and youthful god?”

“ In truth no wonder; for thou knowest nine months and more passed by, and Memphis was still deserted, ere the impatient priests could fix upon the much-wanted and mysterious successor to the sacred animal. Meantime their own rule was suffering; yes, Rameses! getting into jeopardy: for Mizraim, gloomy Mizraim, drooped and trembled: our cities shook with dread, and hollow murmurs, as of storms and change, spread round from town to town, and no one knew their authors; yet, at this instant, in the lowering north are those whose swords could help the guess.”

“ Well, Sabacon, what inference flows from this? Surely,” Rameses quickly demands, “ surely you doubt not? You question not that the ray of the moon, of Isis queen of night, shed from her sparkling crescent the impregnate beam, — these marks divine, which show the embodied god?”

“ Indeed, brother-priest, as thou seemest, I shall merely say, your friends should have looked sharper for a successor, ere they drowned their ancient deity; but, in very truth, become torpid in age, enfeebled in auguries, he seems best disposed of in his pyramidal sanctuary, — embalmed, and shrined in his beauteous tomb.”

"Peace, Sabacon; it is a tomb most fit for the lifeless form once animate with essence so sacred and divine, qualities now marked by sculptors in the hieralphic symbols covering his baria. But why name with taunts a mystic death which issued forth," and as Rameses spoke his eyes sparkled with the liveliest animation; "which led to scenes so bright as shone on grateful Mizraim when the heavenly visitant was owned and was brought to Memphis? Hast thou forgot the accumulated myriads, the air resounding with their shouts, while the multitude bore him onward on the sacred stream; the papyrine vessels, the gilded barges following; ourselves rejoicing, and all with shouts and sounds of joy attesting the mighty rule of Mizraim's god? Beware, Sabacon, beware of entertaining doubts or jealousy of those whose high attendance on the gods draw down their favour, and whose knowledge extracts the enlightening ray which aids our mortal intellect! Ignorantly bound down to this low sphere, what were our race? To the priests, and their mystic books, Mizraim owes every art which makes her shine resplendent among nations, every secret which lifts her sages to the skies!"

"Very true, Rameses, and unquestionable, but rely upon it, the sword must yet be drawn. Whether you are revolving to meet the storm by nerve of arm or priestly supplications, I know not; but Sabacon casts his die at once upon the bloody field; there, neither my father's fame, nor glories of my ancestors, shall dim the triumphs I aspire to win!"

"Sabacon, may the god of armies grant you all you wish! Me not the blood-stained trophy dazzles, or the glare of high ambition! For my country, if in danger, not even yourself should dare the extremes of death more fearless or undaunted; but far rather would I seek in wisdom's book the truths of nature's laws; how these same shining stars perform their course, and shed their beaming influence on unthinking man; how the plants disseminate their germs and offer secret symbols, known only to the good and wise; how nature's animals, the most minute and coarse, yet all partake a ray divine, which in its hue and change often lends a character of sacred import, and illustrates the hieroglyphic store. These would I draw in and graft upon my eager spirit, that when disembodied from its fleshly, mortal partner, when the frame enshrining its livelier associate parts from life, I may commix my being with the bright splendors of Osiris's beams!"

The King, Amenophis, dissolved in luxury, is insensible to the dangers of a powerful invasion, with which his frontiers are threatened. Sabacon and Rameses are ordered to the court, which is held at Thebes, where they are graciously received: but the voyage up the Nile is related somewhat tediously, and we were heartily glad when we arrived at that hundred-gated city. The royal palace of Luxor is described with no parsimony of diction.

The

‘ The palace which they now approached was one of the edifices of Egypt, whereon was displayed all that science and opulence could bestow, and was a favourite residence of the monarch. Around the gigantic gateway were arranged the royal guards, and ushers waiting to announce the guests. Sosis, by his duty, was already at the palace, as were most of the nobles. Finely contrasted with the sounds of mirth and joy around the environs, was the deep respectful silence of the attendant crowds filling the royal palace. Adjoining the vast gateway, and on each side of its entrance, two obelisks towered to the skies, wrought with hieroglyphics. In the quarries these enormous blocks had, by an unfortunate accident, been formed of unequal heights; a fault for which the wretched sculptor forfeited his life: yet in other kingdoms, in Babylon or Persia, they had been prized beyond all valuation. Their shafts, of fifty cubits height, formed of one single stone, stand elevated upon bases, one of which, being rather higher, is made thus to rectify the irregularity of the deficient obelisk, which to the eye is thereby rendered of precisely similar height. These magnificent trophies to the solar god are in front of four statues, which are sculptured in the finest Syenite granite, one statue on each side of two grand portals. These forms of Horus, twenty-one cubits high, are seated on their mystic cubes; and the surface of the granite polished to the highest lustre. Each statue wears the high mitred cap as emblem of the sun: its fine byssus garment beautifully sculptured and radiated on the shining granite, and their colossal size, as if guarding the beauteous obelisks, impress the mind with awe.

‘ Entering this gateway, the brothers saw a magnificent court, with galleries spacious and ample enough to contain the inferior attendants of the Egyptian nobles; whence another gateway, similarly adorned, opened to a peristyle of noble dimensions. Here, arranged in rows which nearly filled its space, stood governors, strategists, royal registrars, and all the dignified officers of trust, awaiting the moment of their summons to the King.’

We have inserted a small part only of this inflated description. Peristyles, architraves, entablatures, porticos, massy pillars, doors of bronze, chambers of red granite, and obelisks wrought with hieroglyphics, articles of which we have an unsparing allowance, occupy the rest; one hall or peristyle for ever leading to another, and their ceilings being always resplendent with azure and gold. Sabacon is promoted to an important command of horse, and Rameses is called to a secret conference with Phritiphanes. The grand avenue from Luxor to Karnac, (the Queen’s palace,) of 1200 sphinxes, the stupendous hall of 134 columns, and the description of its sculptures and its riches, detain us for several pages, while we are anxious to hear the important secret which Phritiphanes has to impart to Rameses. At last we learn it,

but not without having to pass through more chambers of polished granite and doors of bronze, depicted with the same tenacity of diction. He tells Rameses that despatches from the Sirbonic nome declared that the war was begun, (no very profound secret, it might be imagined,) hints to him that he was to be the means of their deliverance, and advises him to avoid his brother, who was stirred up by the most malignant envy against him. Rameses insists on receiving the holy rites of initiation on the next day, and declaring his resolution before the assembled court. The trumpets announce that the princely feast has commenced, Rameses joins the throng, and is presented to the Queen, whose gorgeous habiliments are delineated with much verbal millinery. On this occasion, he contrives to fall in love with her daughter Nitocris, who on her part is equally prepossessed with his blooming and manly features.

The King now determines on the solemnization of the obelisk which he had resolved to erect, and at the same time on assuming his sacred character in the priesthood. Rameses is therefore despatched as a mark of royal favor to Memphis, in order to convey to Thebes, with all due observance, the sacerdotal jewels and robes deposited in the temple of Vulcan at the former city; which he enters after a rapid voyage at midnight, with his faithful friend Athor. They are alarmed at the glare of torches, the sudden noise of warlike music, and the dissonance of distant clamors. Memphis was in arms; and the Palli in concert with their brethren on the frontier had risen in great force. Rameses garrisons his father's palace, unfurls his standard, arranges all the strength that he could collect in different bands, and sends out for reinforcements. After a desperate struggle, in which Rameses performs miracles of valor, the reinforcements having arrived, the temple of Vulcan being saved, and the Palli insurgents duly chastized, he leaves Athor in charge of the city, and returns in triumphal pomp to Thebes, where he is made governor of Memphis.

While these extraordinary events at Memphis were preparing the dangers and alarming changes which called forth and rendered the shining qualities of Rameses so conspicuous, scarcely less advantageous had been the impressions wrought in the monarch and his counsellors by the bold bearing and marked talents of Sabacon. It had been resolved, in the event of a war breaking out, to bestow upon him an important command, under the control and councils of his father; thus tempering the valor of youth with the experience of age. Seeing, therefore, the bright prize ready for his grasp, the hidden springs of his heart were nearly made manifest.

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fest, as well as his hatred of his brother, by the unexpected events of Memphis. Circumstances also had transpired during the absence of Rameses, which placed his character in a new and most advantageous light ; from the lustre thrown around him by the public official notice, made at the altar by Phritiphanes, of his resolve to offer himself to the terrible trial of the full initiation. So carefully were the mystic secrets guarded, so severe the tests, that of late years no Egyptian had dared to present himself for the ordeal. In proportion, therefore, to the public animadversion on the degeneracy of the present Egyptian race of nobles, were the acclamations wherewith the multitude hailed this public pledge of the merit and aspirations of Rameses.

One witness of the proclamation felt and evidenced her sense of its danger, — this was Nitocris. This lovely being, pure and chaste of mind, firm and collected of purpose, had long given an attentive ear to her father's fond presages of his youthful pupil's excellences. Scarcely aware of the strengthening partiality of her heart, being deeply struck by the noble character and lofty and ingenuous countenance of Rameses when they accidentally met in the presence-chamber, every succeeding day had given fresh proofs of his virtues, as well as evidenced that the inestimable jewel of a great and noble mind was also attractively blended with personal qualities most engaging. They were neither of them slow in recognising each other's merits ; and fate brought together two hearts formed for each other, to delight them with a semblance of happiness, which she was preparing to dash from their grasp with cruel precipitancy. But the miseries and trials of time evolve the soul's test for the awards of eternity ; and these storms of fate, under which weaker spirits succumb and sink, are only to draw forth and sublime the pure and well-poised patience of the truly wise and good, — as gold loses not in the furnace, but comes forth purified, and its brightness refined.

As the festivities of the obelisk commence, sinister tidings arrive from the frontiers, and the King retires to his palace of Medinet Habû, which obtains a copious share of description. Nitocris, in the mean while, is wholly occupied with the trials and perils which Rameses is about to undergo at his awful initiation into the priesthood ; and Phritiphanes impresses on the mind of the young aspirant the mystic articles of Egyptian faith. There is considerable merit in the following passage, in which Rameses questions the priest Smendis respecting the origin of evil. The allegory of Typhon is taken (with acknowledgement) from the "Athenian Letters" of Lord Hardwicke and his brother, Charles Yorke.

"These are, Rameses," Smendis replied, "thoughts that flow not from yourself. They deal in points you cannot see, for language will not teach them. Partial evil works forth general good. Evil ! what is it as a thing ? If willed by the great Power, it

it ceased to be evil. Cruelty is evil : yet the striped hyena, in his cruelty mangling his prey, becomes not evil : he was so cast in nature's scheme. Thus all things have their essential character in the grand plan of all ; but who can see its scope throughout ? Where God has given reason, he has made man free, and he may choose amiss. Wicked men love evil, and deserve to meet with it. Accursed Typhon once may have been a refined spirit of excellence and purity, such as by perseverance in the right might become for ever habitually good. He ventured to array himself against the great Osiris. Impious Typhon rebelled ; he shed his comeliness and beauty, and hates that brightness which can upbraid him with his glory lost, his present execrable lot, expelled that presence which gladdens all the universe : all know then the dreadful change from life to death ! Thus we are informed whence evil flows, — even a separation of ourselves from the glorious fountain ; not a warring struggle of two equal powers, but partial evil permitted thus to cloud and plague itself, yet acting under a supreme power, to try and prove the worth and faithful service of the universe. Amid our sacred sages the sentiment sublime of our absorption in the Deity is enwrapt, and bodied forth in allegory and in symbol. Hear our truths revealed in fabled lore, which leads the mind to see its native blindness, in doctrines as clear as if they were a form and shape.

“ A frog took up her dwelling on the borders of the sea, the place where first she came into existence. Day and night she ceased not to sing the praises of the ocean : to her it was the ocean to which she owed the brightness of her faculties, and the growth of her body. ‘ On whatever side I turn, my sight, my view,’ says she, ‘ has nought before it but the immensity of the ocean ; every part to which I turn my steps I find only the ocean.’ This language, incessantly repeated, was heard by some little fishes, who conceived an ardent desire to know what was this ocean, and resolved instantly to set out on their travels, and not to stop on their route before they found the object of their research. They accordingly put their intention in force, but had not proceeded far before they fell into the nets of a fisherman, and were quickly dragged to land, and were taken out of the sea ; when, by the force of their beatings and struggles, the little fishes escaped through the meshes and returned into the ocean ; then practically they understood, for the first time, what the ocean was which they sought for.

“ Thus, when separate in desire from the great Deity, we cease to will his will, then is it evil ; and as the simple fishes gasped to float again in that life-giving element, which, although within, about them, yet before they had their sad experience they knew not, — so should man, estranged from good, pant and desire to be again with God, from whence he emanates. The domicile of man, for peace, is in the tomb. This is his certain, permanent abode, not the passing dream of life. There then embellish your everlasting mansions ; not in the city's transitory, short-lived dwellings (changing as oft their tenants as your caravanserais) is your true abode.”

abode, but in the immutable state of Hades : for in the irreversible judgment (of which initiation is a type) Hades conducts to the shining stars. That we may see, yet know not the true substance, is proved by a bright point of fire which the eye sees rapidly turned ; it describes a brilliant circle of light, yet it is but a point in form and quality, revolving swiftly on its centre. The illusion alters not its form and essence ; it is still a point. Thus the reflected powers of the deities are beheld by us in different forms ; but they are not changed, they are not evil, they are still the same bright point divine. The ancient Chaldee oracle declares that ‘ Nature or Rhea is the fountain and the river of all the blessed intellectual gods ; for, first receiving all things in her ineffable bosom, she pours running generations into all things.’ Herein we see a figurative display of nature as the fountain of all ; while she is again the receptacle of all in her universal bosom, the opening tombs of mother-earth gradually absorbing all her children ; yet not to be for ever dormant, but again flow forth in generations of all-existent sentient beings, from man, sublime and powerful, to the minute insect which germs the floweret ! The productive power inherent in this great goddess is figuratively conveyed by the image of a spider, which draws from its own bosom the thread that forms its web, sits in the midst of its work, communicates movement to it, and at pleasure draws back what it had sent forth from its body.”

The author, however, has reserved the full powers of his imagination to portray the awful mysteries of the incarnation ; and we subjoin a part of it : — premising, however, that Rameses had already gone through a fatiguing series of hallowed mummeries ; and protesting against the absurdity of placing over the gate-way the celebrated inscription of Dante on the portals of hell.

‘ The gates are the last sign, and are the gates of death, which must be passed before the consummation. It was near these that Rameses now stood in readiness, in ardent promptitude to enter within them, when a priest presented a golden vase, wherein he washed his hands, betokening purification, and the priest admonished him that outward purity availed nought, unless attained inwardly. The hierophant, then standing before the altar, dressed in robes of various hues, portraying all the elements, read, out of two sacred tablets, formed of stone and fitly joined, words of deep import ; and then pronounced the formula, in which the aspirant now joined, — “ Honour parents, offer sacrifice to the gods, and injure not animals.” This was no sooner spoken, than, rolling deeply and solemnly from the abyss, thunders resounded : as they waxed louder, silence fell on all around, — their souls were thrilled with horror ; and the massive gate, with a jarring noise, flew open, showing the entrance dark and terrible. The thunders ceased, not a breathing was heard of all the assembled people ; while the herald proclaimed, — “ Away, profane ! far hence all uninitiated !  
Away,



Away, profane! none here remain conscious of crime!" The awful warning loudly thrice repeated, with noise and eager haste, with trembling hearts, the multitude fled from the scene swiftly and dispersed, first hearing mighty thunderings and awful noises; amid which, lifting his eyes to the starry firmament emblazoned in the zodiacal roof, and then turning them with impressive gesture of "Farewell to all," Rameses, with his features glowing with delight, and gleams of brightness flashing from his eyes, more and more ardent as the horrors deepened, with firm collected step entered within the pillars. It seemed as if the approach of trial touched the celestial nerve, which having, in the long contemplation of its coming, drooped and languished, now flashed forth bright at this important hour. The encircling priesthood present, while struck with his fortitude, with shuddering heard the massy iron gateway, of weight most ponderous, instantly close with a tremendous noise.

The recoil of the door jarred in prolonged echoes as Rameses entered the gloomy darkness before him, amid thunderings and noises terrible and frightful. Instantly flashed before him, with an intense blaze, an inscription in letters of flame, surmounting what appeared a stately gateway, the valves of which opened inward:

"Through me you pass unto the destined goal;  
Through ~~me~~ *may pass* into eternal pain.  
To rear me, was the task of power divine!  
Supremest wisdom, and primæval love!  
Seek me in nature's type, and persevere, —  
Or hope abandon when you enter here!"

DANTE.

This formed a threatening warning of there being no return through its dread portal. But suddenly, as his eye gazed upon these mystic lines, the darkness thickened; the way became more darkling and uncertain; the thunderings roared and noises redoubled; sobs and stifled groans, with threatening movements, crowding on and around, as of increasing and invisible foes. With firm, unaltered step Rameses, however, passed beneath the arch; and a strong light soon shining brightly, displayed the Magna Mater, richly dressed, or bright Ceres, with the insignia of nature, which immediately disappearing, the ground rocked as with an earthquake, and two clay-cold hands seized him, bearing him swiftly onward. His heart recoiled at the grasp; but shaking off its sensations, it gathered, however, the import of the first presage, that "however things threaten, or storms and thunders affright, nature preserves her unerring, irreversible course unaltered;" and revolving its import supported him in his dark and trying situation; for soon the bayings and barkings of canine phantoms were added to the noises, and resounded as if guarding these awful secrets, and ready to devour him: phantoms of hideous aspect gleamed in the darkness, with gorgons and dire chimeras passing before him, and hideous groans of anguish, deep sufferings, moanings, and screams of misery, such as thrill the mind with horror. These dreadful terrors, much as they would have moved his heart

to tremble; were dismissed with fortitude unshaken. His mind thus reasoned: — "These are not mine, but nature's calls; they are the plaints of guilt, of hardened trespassers, now suffering here their doom deserved." Alas! that anguish thus becomes the portion of our kindred race, he felt most sad to witness; nevertheless, onward still he passed a long and dreary space, and heard the clank of chains; when there flashed athwart his gloomy course, — horrible vision! a danger no mortal could essay and live. Dropped pendent over his path, completely enwrapping it, swung across, was an inextricable net of glowing iron, intensely hot with blazing fires, rendering his passage on impossible: — to approach it, instant death, — to turn back was also death. Although his heart still kept its firm resolve, his nerves involuntarily shrunk and recoiled at this most dreadful barrier, and his nature scarcely knew how to grapple with this terror. At length, fortifying his mind most desperately to dare the burning metal rather than pause, dooming his unprotected form to meet its tortures, he silently addressed his vows, when a keen gust, piercing as the chill Azreel blast of death, bellowed throughout the dismal vault, overtook, and nearly overthrew him. Shrinking from its sharp, icy coldness, he felt the inmost torture to his heart, which was pierced through with cold; yet, while he quivered with its impetuous strength, he saw, with rapturous, thankful joy, its violence had partly, and for a moment only, swayed aside the burning iron net of fire. Instantly darting through the slender aperture, he cleared its pass, a moment only ere its firm collapse, with intense burnings, had brought him certain death! The strangeness of the fiery trial smote on his heart; but he preserved his calm devotedness, even amid the deep uncertainty around. The prolonged hours, the baying noises, and the thundering sounds, made all the midnight hours pass by in weariness of lengthened time and space, as if spreading into centuries; and his frame instinctively felt the deep pressure and strong struggles, which the highest fortitude only could control; for as he remained enwrapped in darkness, hunger and fatigue added their portion to the sufferings thus to be endured, — and still the trial lasts. "If this portrays the fleshly cares of man, — if all his passage through this earthly toil is to the way-worn race of man as sad a scene as this, compared with the celestial shining spots of heavenly bliss, — how great the price, how worthy all my struggles!" Thus, even amid the horrors of the place, and imminent trials, of perils thickening, of hunger and fatigue, did Rameses draw forth the dictates of unquenchable trust, and of hope still unsubdued!

At length, the free-masonry ceases. Rameses perseveres unhurt through his trials, Typhon the dread dragon flashed from his red and flaming eye-ball the beam divine, the emanation of the great Osiris, and his victory was complete.

It is no more our intention than it is consistent with our limits to present a complete analysis of this singular fiction; and we have already arrived at the utmost verge of those

limits by the extracts which we have made. In justice to the learned and ingenious writer, we must remark that the work, if read with patience, will be read with instruction: but it requires no small portion of the unconquerable firmness of Rameses himself, during the difficulties of his sacerdotal initiation, to proceed through three closely printed volumes, of which neither the incidents nor the style can be said to be calculated to inspire great interest or delight.

The notes convey much valuable information: but the books which supplied it were for the most part accessible to scholars, and we apprehend that to scholars only it will be attractive. We add, for the satisfaction of our fair novel-readers, that Rameses, after a life of vicissitudes, is rewarded with his beloved Nitocris, the bright prize that amply overpaid his sufferings.

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ART. IX. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London.* For the Year 1824. Part I. 4to. sewed. Nicol and Son.

ANATOMY, CHEMISTRY, NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

*THE Croonian Lecture. On the internal Structure of the Human Brain, when examined in the Microscope, as compared with that of Fishes, Insects, and Worms.* By Sir Everard Home, Bart. — It is justly observed by Sir Everard Home that numerous investigations have exhausted the subject of the properties of the muscular fibre, but that the principle on which the motion depends is not yet discovered. He therefore now extends his inquiries to the structure of the brain and nerves, with the medullary structure of which they are composed; and an attempt is now to be made to throw light on the connection between the action of the nerves and the motion of the muscles. The brain of *fishes* is here especially examined; that of birds and quadrupeds being similar to the human brain. When submitted to the microscope employed in this inquiry, the brain of the Tench exhibited a smaller quantity both of medullary and cortical substance, in proportion to the size of the animal, than that of birds; and some other trifling differences are noticed. The peculiarities in the brain of insects and worms are next considered; not without paying the tribute of respect so justly due to Swammerdam, who has nearly completed the examination of this point of inquiry. In all the insect-tribe, the brain is very different from that of fishes. It is in one mass, though too small to admit of a particular description, but contains globules.

Plates are subjoined, representing the brain and nerves of the fish as they appeared under the magnifying-glass; as also those of the humble bee, the silk worm-moth, the caterpillar, the lobster, the earth-worm, and of the human brain. No commentary is added to this brief lecture.

*Some Observations on the Migration of Birds.* By the late Edward Jenner, M.D. F.R.S. *With an introductory Letter to Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. P.R.S.* By the Rev. G. C. Jenner. — The object of this paper is to represent some facts chiefly respecting the cause which excites birds, at certain seasons of the year, to quit one country for another; and these facts tend to support the reality of migration, in opposition to the hypothesis of a state of torpor and hibernation.

\* If birds crept into holes and crevices to hibernate, would they not, like quadrupeds, creep out again in a languid state, their fat all absorbed, and their bodies emaciated? We see this fact exemplified in the hedge-hog, one of the most remarkable of our hibernating animals, which retires to its hut at the approach of winter, with vast stores of fat placed in every situation where nature could find room for it. This fat is its only source of nutrition for the winter, which, by the time the sun rouses it to fresh life and activity, is exhausted, and the animal comes forth thin and emaciated. But the case with birds is extremely different. If, on the first day of its appearance, a martin, a swift, or a redstart be examined, it will be found as plump and fleshy as at any season during its stay; it appears also as strong on the wing, and as full of activity at that period as at any other during its abode with us. How the cuckoo, that disappears at so early and so hot a season as the first week in July, can become torpid, is beyond the power of conception.

The landrail and the moor-hen seem to have no great powers of flight: but on extraordinary occasions, as when pursued by a hawk, they manifest such speed and activity as to escape their destructive enemies. The Swallow-tribe, and many other birds, absent themselves for a time, and return to the same spot annually to build their nests: which was proved by the experiment of cutting two of the claws of several Swifts, and finding that the birds so marked had returned to the same place, in one instance for seven successive years. The opinion of the submersion of the Swallow for nine months in the year appears incompatible with the nature of the bird; occurring, too, in a warm month, and when immersion in water immediately kills it. That the Swallow-tribe come here for scarcely any other purpose but to produce their offspring, and retreat when that object is accomplished, is attempted to be proved by dissection, which manifests certain  
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states of organization in the ovaria and testes. The work of generation being effected, the parents migrate, according to their nature, in summer, and in the autumn. It is a wonderful fact that birds hatched in this country should, as soon as they are able, unerringly fly away in many instances over the Atlantic, or some other ocean, to the place of destination by nature; and some birds, as the red-start, nightingale, &c., do this without associating with any other birds which had previously migrated. In the case of the cuckoo, the offspring never know its parent, being hatched by a different bird: yet invariably it takes its departure for other climates, after the bird which gave it existence had also fled to a distant shore.

The theory of the present author is that of Catesby; viz. that birds migrate to and depart from this country at certain seasons of the year, for a more agreeable temperature, and a greater abundance of food, which they procure by alternate changes of climate. The case is different, however, with winter-birds of passage; such as field-fares and redwings, there being no necessity on the score of food or climate for their migration. These birds take their departure as the spring migrators are coming to pay us their annual visit; and the enlarged state of the testes and ovaria is supposed to be the cause which impels them to depart for countries better suited to the purposes of generation. — The sum of this long but entertaining paper, although the parts best authenticated are not novelties, is, 1. To establish the migration of birds in opposition to the state of torpor or of hibernation, which would be inconsistent with the physiological facts of the enlargement of the testes in the males and of the ovaria in females; and to shew that this detumescence, not a want of food, is the cause of the departure. The flight of the young birds arises from a principle which the author cannot explain. 2. The winter-birds of passage quit this country in the spring for one that is better suited to their intended purpose, actuated by the same impulse which brings spring-birds here for the purpose of breeding. Some species, however, do breed here, such as the wild duck and the wood-pigeon; while others are never known to do so, as the redwing and field-fare: which probably never perform the work of incubation here. Some kinds of birds have temporary migrations; and their return forebodes mild weather, while their disappearance indicates long and severe frost.

*On the Nature of the Acid and Saline Matters usually existing in the Stomach of Animals.* By William Prout, M. D. F. R. S. — Although the gastric juice is not essentially acid, yet the stomach is generally found to have an acid in it. Alkaline

line, muriates, namely, muriate of soda, and muriate of ammonia, have been long known to exist very commonly in that viscus; and the result of the experiments in this paper indicates that not only muriate of a fixed alkali and muriate of ammonia, but also muriatic acid, in a free state, or at least unsaturated, sometimes occurs in the human stomach. These statements seem to require confirmation.

*On the Corrosion of Copper-Sheeting by Sea-Water, and on Methods of Preventing this Effect; and on their Application to Ships of War and other Ships.* By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P. R. S.—A committee of the Royal Society having been appointed at the instance of the Commissioners of the Navy Board, to consider the decay of the copper-sheeting in ships of war, the President engaged in an inquiry into this subject; and the result has been the elucidation of many facts in electro-chemical science, which offer important applications.

Contrary to the common opinion, sea-water acted on pure copper more readily than on impure or alloyed copper; whence it was concluded that the corrosion must have depended on other causes than the absolute quality of the metal.

To understand these researches, the chemical changes taking place in the constituents of sea-water must be considered. This fluid, on the immersion of polished copper in it, becomes of a grass-green color, and carbonate of soda forms on this grass-green matter; the water growing less saline. This green precipitate, examined by the action of muriate of ammonia and other tests, seems to consist principally of an insoluble salt of copper, which may be regarded as a hydrated submuriate and hydrate of magnesia. Soda and magnesia cannot appear in sea-water by the action of a metal, unless in consequence of an absorption or transfer of oxygen. The water must, then, be decomposed, or oxygen be absorbed from the atmosphere: but no hydrogen being disengaged, no water was decomposed: therefore, the oxygen of the air must have been the agent concerned. Copper in sea-water, deprived of air by boiling or exhaustion, underwent no change; nor when exposed in an exhausted receiver, or an atmosphere of hydrogen gas; and an absorption in atmospherical air was shewn when copper and sea-water were subjected to the agency of it in close vessels.

As an hypothesis, it may be said that chemical and electrical changes may be identical, or dependent on the same property of matter. Hence it may be inferred that chemical attractions may be exalted, modified, or destroyed, by changes in the electrical states of bodies: that substances will only combine

combine when they are in different electrical states; and that, by bringing a body, naturally positive, artificially into a positive state, its usual powers of combination are altogether destroyed. By an application of this principle, so long since as in 1807, Sir Humphry separated the bases of alkalies from the oxygen with which they are combined, preserved them for examination, and decomposed other bodies formerly supposed to be simple. This train of reasoning led to the discovery which is the subject of this paper.

Copper is weakly positive in the electro-chemical scale, and can only act on sea-water when in a positive state; and if it could be rendered slightly negative, the corroding action of sea-water would be null. Into sea-water rendered slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, a polished piece of copper was immersed; to which a piece of tin was soldered, equal to about  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the surface of the copper. After three days, the copper remained clean, while the tin was rapidly corroded. On trial,  $\frac{1}{10}$  of tin attached to the copper was found to prevent the corrosion of the copper in sea-water; and a piece of zinc as large as a pea, or the point of a small iron nail, was found adequate to preserve forty or fifty square inches of copper: wherever it was placed, whether at the top, the bottom, or in the middle of the sheet of copper. A most curious experiment was that of fixing a piece of zinc at the top of a sheet of copper, and a piece of iron at the bottom. On immersion in sea-water, the copper was left quite clean, and so was the iron. Here, then, the highly ingenious and indefatigable President seems to have happily discovered the means of effecting a great national saving, in the preservation of copper employed in our ships of war and commerce. The theory has been submitted to experiment, in the case of some of the ships of the royal navy, and we expect to hear details of the issue.

*The Bakerian Lecture. On certain Motions produced in Fluid Conductors when transmitting the Electric Current.* By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. — Mr. Herschel observes that the singular convulsive agitations, into which mercury is thrown when placed within the circuit of a powerful Voltaic battery discharged through water, have been noticed by Sir H. Davy in his *Elements of Chemistry*. Pure water, however, is so very imperfect a conductor, that great Voltaic powers must be used; and the phenomena are then too irregular for distinctness, and the agitations too violent. It is only when liquids which conduct well are used to form the circuit that they become regular, and can be studied at leisure under the influence of moderate electric energies. If a basin contain-  
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ing pure mercury covered with sulphuric acid, having two wires of platina in connection with the poles of a Voltaic apparatus, be immersed in the acid only, on opposite sides of the mercury, but not in contact with it, a rapid circulation will be seen to take place in the acid, owing to a violent current which establishes itself between the two wires, setting directly across the mercury in a direction from the negative (or zinc) towards the positive (or copper) pole. This current is kept up steadily and without any change in its direction or force, as long as the pile remains in activity; and it only flags; or at length ceases, when its energy is quite exhausted. The mercury is not sensibly tarnished, or otherwise affected; and the acid is not evidently altered, except the trifling portion decomposed, and a minute quantity of mercury taken up. The phenomena in question exhibit, at first sight, a considerable analogy to the electro-magnetic vortices observed in the fluid-metals: but, on presenting very powerful magnets to the mercury, under the circumstances described, no influence was perceptibly exerted by them in accelerating or retarding the currents, or making them deviate; and these are incomparably more forcible in proportion to the electric powers used, than the motions produced by the action of magnets. In consequence of this superior energy of action, these phenomena furnish a test, perhaps the most sensible yet known, of the development of feeble Voltaic powers. Besides considering the effect produced by a current of electricity transmitted over mercury through sulphuric acid, other conducting fluids and other metallic bodies were used, which produced phenomena of the same kind.

The effect of a contact of the negative pole was proportionally stronger in causing a positive radiation, as the mercury had been allowed to circulate longer before the contact was made; and, on more close examination, the platina-wire terminating the negative conductor of the pile was found to have become amalgamated with a little mercury, which, during the time of the circuit being completed in the liquid, had been alloyed with sodium; and, with the quantity of this metal judged to be present, the effect seemed always to be in proportion. The new properties acquired by the mercury were proved to be owing to the sodium, by introducing a portion of this metal in a quantity of pure mercury, to form an amalgam; by using this amalgam, the supposition was verified: for then a more violent rotation was immediately created on completing the circuit, without allowing either wire to touch the mercury. That sodium is actually present in the mercury when it has acquired the property of producing



ducing currents from the positive pole, by the contact with the negative wire, is shewn by a simple and interesting experiment.

Contact of potass, or soda, with the negative pole of the Voltaic pile, imparted the rotatory motion to mercury, violently, from the positive to the negative pole. Ammonium did not communicate any power of rotation as described with the potassium and sodium: but the amalgam of barium and mercury imparted the rotatory property to pure mercury. A number of similar experiments are related, to manifest the rotatory property above described.

The ingenious author deems it very probable that many phenomena of minute intestine motions, usually attributed to capillary attraction, generation of heat, and other causes, may more reasonably be referred to electric currents. M. Amici has judiciously attributed the motions in the sap of the chara to electricity, developed in some unknown manner; being very similar to what happens when a stream of electricity is made to pass over a row of minute globules of mercury, under a conducting medium.

To this long but interesting memoir, Mr. H. has added some extracts from a paper by M. Serrulas in the *Journal de Physique* for 1821, in confirmation of his own experiments and reasoning.

*On Semi-Decussation of the Optic Nerves.* By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D.—The subject of this communication is the course by which impressions from images perfectly formed are conveyed to the sensorium; with the structure and distribution of the optic nerves on which the communication of these impressions depends. The learned writer tells us that he was led by the accidental observation of a few cases of diseased vision, to draw some inferences respecting the texture of the part that has been called the decussation of the optic nerves, on which he says he feels warranted in speaking with some confidence. These nerves, after having passed forwards to a short distance from their origin in the *thalami nervorum opticomum*, unite together, being to appearance completely incorporated; and from this point of union proceed two nerves, one to the right and the other to the left eye. The term *decussation* was applied to this united portion, under the supposition that, though the fibres do intermix, they all continue onwards to their original direction; and that those from the right side cross over wholly to supply the left eye, while the right eye is supplied entirely from fibres arising from the left thalamus. In several species of fishes, the nerves do actually cross each other in contact at the time  
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of crossing, but without any intermixture of their fibres. Hence the eye, in such cases, receives on the right side of the animal its optic nerve from the left side of the brain, and on the left side its optic nerve is received from the right side of the brain. — A species of blindness takes place from a different distribution of nerves. The author himself experienced a certain blindness after several hours of great bodily exertion: he could see but half the face of any man whom he met; it was the same with every object; and in reading, he saw, instead of the word *Johnson*, only the syllable *son*. The loss of sight was towards the left, whether he looked with the right eye or the left; and it was completely recovered in a quarter of an hour. In 15 months, the complaint returned: but the affection was removed in about 20 minutes, on the agreeable news of the safe arrival of a friend from a very hazardous enterprize.

A probable explanation is offered of these facts, not consistent with the generally received opinion respecting the decussation of the optic nerves. The cord, which comes finally to either eye under the name of optic nerve, must be regarded as consisting of two portions; one half derived from the right thalamus, and the other from the left *thalamus nervorum opticorum*. Hence decussation can take place only between the adjacent halves of the two nerves. That portion of nerve, which proceeds from the right thalamus to the right side of the eye, must pass to its destination without interference; and in a similar manner the left thalamus will supply the left side of the left eye with one part of its fibres, while the remaining halves of both the nerves, in passing over to the eye of the opposite side, must intersect each other, either with or without the intermixture of their fibres. The crossing of the entire nerves, in fishes, to the opposite eyes, is in perfect conformity with this view of the arrangement of the human optic nerves.

Dr. W. concludes this ingenious memoir with observations ‘on single vision with two eyes.’

#### ASTRONOMY, MATHEMATICS, &c.

*On the North Polar Distances of the principal fixed Stars.* By John Brinkley, D.D. F.R.S., Andrew's Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin. — Our scientific readers are well acquainted with the controversy which for some time has been existing between Dr. Brinkley and the Astronomer-Royal, arising, in the first place, out of a supposed discovery of a parallax in certain fixed stars by the former astronomer: while Mr. Pond, having established a regular set of observations

ations on these stars, could detect no parallax, and attributed the supposed parallax of Dr. Brinkley to a flexure in his instrument. On the other hand, Mr. Pond, who had failed to detect the parallax, discovered a certain variation in the place of some stars, for which he could account only by attributing to them a small southern motion, the cause of which was wholly inexplicable: but here, again, Dr. Brinkley puts in his negative, denying altogether the existence of any such motion; so that the question between these two learned and able astronomers appears still as undecided as ever, and on its merits a judgment seems hardly to be formed. The Royal Society has left the dispute in this state, by conferring first on Mr. Pond their gold medal for 1823, and then the same on Dr. Brinkley for 1824; and in compliance with this example we shall, in reporting the contents of the present paper, confine ourselves to such extracts as appear to be of importance, without offering any opinion relative to the matter under discussion. Dr. Brinkley commences by observing that

‘ The apparent disagreement of the catalogues of north-polar distances of the fixed stars, as given by different astronomers, has lately excited considerable attention. Many persons may be induced to imagine, that the means of making observations are not in so perfect a state as has been supposed.

‘ The following examination of some important points relative to this subject, will, I hope, be deemed not unworthy of the notice of the Royal Society.

‘ A comparison of the north-polar distances of Mr. Pond and Mr. Bessel, with my own, may give occasion to some useful enquiries. It will give me an opportunity of stating the results of my researches relative to southern motion, to which my catalogues of 1813 and 1823 are, as is known, quite opposed.

‘ In discussing these subjects, I hope I shall be considered as searching after truth, not as handling a useless controversy, than which nothing can be more injurious to science. It will be necessary for me to enter into a considerable detail, I shall therefore briefly state the objects of the following enquiries.

‘ Of the recent catalogues that have been formed of the principal fixed stars, two, those of Dublin and Greenwich, agree very exactly. That of Mr. Bessel differs considerably; but the differences are such that they would agree by a modification of the constants of refraction used. This leads me to some considerations respecting the different modes in which my tables of refraction, and those of Mr. Bessel, have been constructed. I do not venture to decide which catalogue will ultimately be found more correct, that of Dublin, and consequently that of Greenwich, or that of Königsberg.

‘ Mr. Pond,

‘ Mr. Pond, however, does not admit the agreement of the Dublin and Greenwich catalogues, because we use different refractions, and for comparison, takes my column of north-polar distances, computed by Bradley’s refractions. From the differences then resulting, he infers a flexure of my instrument. But that such reasoning is inconclusive, will, I think, appear from what I shall afterwards state.

‘ In asserting the general agreement of the catalogues of Dublin and Greenwich, both for 1813 and 1823, I mean, they agree within certain narrow limits. The mean of the differences of the catalogues of 1813 is only a few tenths of a second. The mean of the differences of the catalogues of 1823 is still less. It must therefore at first view appear extraordinary, that from the comparison of the two catalogues of Greenwich, a southern motion is deduced, whereas none appears from a comparison of the two Dublin catalogues; but this is easily explained by an examination of the catalogues.’

The explanation, to which Dr. B. here alludes, seems to be that, although the agreement is very close in both cases, the mean error in the one is *plus*, and in the other *minus*; so that the difference amounts to the sum of the two errors, which difference is attributed by Mr. Pond to a southern motion. That is to say, Dr. Brinkley finds his north-polar distances to agree with each other in 1813 and 1823; and hence he infers the goodness of his instrument, and the uniform invariability of the proper motion of the stars. On the contrary, Mr. Pond, assuming the goodness of *his* instrument, and the accuracy of the observations, but still finding a change of place for the several stars, in excess in one case and in deficiency in the other, (as compared with the Dublin observations,) attributes this change to a southern motion; while he refers Dr. Brinkley’s coincidences to a flexure in his instrument, and to his having employed an erroneous constant of refraction. — On this latter point Dr. Brinkley remarks:

‘ My constant has been determined by the circle and the meteorological instruments used here, and therefore must necessarily be adopted for my observations. When an astronomer has found the constant of refraction by his own instruments, his catalogue of north-polar distances ought to be formed independently of any other instrument or table of refractions. No partial change can be admitted. Mr. Pond, however, as has been mentioned, has done otherwise, and applied Bradley’s refractions to my catalogue.

‘ I particularly regret this circumstance, because it has occasioned my catalogue to appear to differ more from that of Mr. Bessel than it really does. The differences that actually exist are sufficiently difficult to account for. Indeed, had Mr. Pond also reduced the catalogue of Mr. Bessel by the same refraction, the differences would have appeared much better. But this mode of pro-

proceeding would not have been less objectionable. From the differences between his own catalogue and my catalogue reduced, Mr. Pond infers that my telescope is subject to flexure by the quantity of the difference at each zenith distance. Now it must appear a very extraordinary law, and not easily reconcilable to any mechanical principle, that the flexure should be nearly as the tangent of the zenith distance. This it must necessarily be according to his method of changing my north-polar distances.

It is evident, by comparing the two catalogues, that there is no difference between them but what might arise from unavoidable errors. Had each star been exact to the tenth of a second, still Mr. Pond's reasoning would have led him to do the same. He would have reduced them by Bradley's refractions, and so made the catalogues differ. He attributes the differences to flexure. Now he admits that the flexure would be the same at equal distances on each side of the zenith: but it does not appear to have occurred to him that my refractions were determined by observations of circum-polar stars to the north of the zenith by the same instrument, and that, therefore, they must be *exactly* in error by the quantity of flexure; and so when applied to stars south of the zenith, must *exactly* compensate for the effects of flexure. Mr. Pond did not perceive that what he took away with one hand, he ought to have restored with the other, and so left my catalogues as he found them.

It is difficult to say how far the difference of our constants of refraction may be occasioned by a discordance in the meteorological instruments. This should be enquired into. It is still more difficult to imagine a difference in the mean refractions at the two places.

Dr. B., therefore, denies the right which Mr. Pond has assumed, to alter his constant of refraction; and we must acknowledge that it is not easy to see the reason for such a proceeding, though we are equally at a loss to account for the circumstances that different situations, and different barometers and thermometers, should require different formulæ. — The next object of Dr. B. is to shew, from various accurate observations for nearly 100 years past, that no such southern motion as that which Mr. Pond supposes takes place. This he does by comparing various sets of observations on the same stars, at different intervals, with each other, and shewing the agreement between the observed and the computed declination at these intervals.

The stars  $\alpha$  Cassiopeiæ and  $\gamma$  Ursæ Majoris, are particularly considered by Mr. Pond. According to him,  $\alpha$  Cassiopeiæ appears to have a considerable southern motion relatively to  $\gamma$  Ursæ Majoris.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance, that Dr. Bradley observed, with great care, at Wanstead, in 1727 and 1728, the difference

ence of declination between these two stars. It is worth while to quote his own words. \*

"But as it may be of some use to future astronomers to know what were the mean differences of declination, at a given time, between some stars that lie nearly opposite to one another in right ascension, and not far from either of the colures, I shall set down the result of the comparison of a few that differ so little in declination, that I could determine the quantity of that difference with great certainty." He then states, that the mean difference of declination was  $10^{\circ} 28' 1''$ , on March 27. (old style) 1727. This, reduced to January 1. 1727, new style, is  $10^{\circ} 38' 4''$ .

The declination of these stars in 1755, reduced from Bradley's observations with the Greenwich quadrant by Mr. Bessel, gives a difference  $7^{\circ} 59' 3''$ . The same stars were observed by Dr. Maskelyne in 1774; and the difference in their declinations, reduced to January 1. of that year, was  $20^{\circ} 38' 4''$ . Again, Piazzi observed the same stars at Palermo in 1800; and the difference in their declinations was then  $37^{\circ} 54' 6''$ . From these results, Dr. Brinkley forms the following table:

		Observed Difference of Declin- ation.	Variation in Ten Years.	At	Reduced to 1780.
1727	Dr. Bradley, Wanstead.	$+ 10^{\circ} 38,4$	$6^{\circ} 39,2$	1741	$6^{\circ} 39,6$
1755	Dr. Bradley, Greenwich.	$- 7^{\circ} 59,3$	$6^{\circ} 39,5$	1764	$6^{\circ} 39,4$
1774	Dr. Maskelyne, Schehallien.	$- 20^{\circ} 38,4$	$6^{\circ} 38,6$	1787	$6^{\circ} 38,6$
1800	M. Piazzi, Palermo.	$- 37^{\circ} 54,6$	$6^{\circ} 38,4$	1812	$6^{\circ} 38,6$
1823	Dr. Brinkley, Dublin.	$- 53^{\circ} 11,0$			

The last column is deduced from the fourth by computing from the secular variation of annual precision in diff. decl. table iii. =  $+ 0'',067 - 0'',029 = + 0'',038$ . The mean of the last column is  $6^{\circ} 38' 9''$ , the same as that which is deduced by comparing the Greenwich observations of 1755 with the Dublin observations of 1812. From the very close approximation of the variations in this last column, Dr. Brinkley justly infers that there seems no ground for supposing either of these stars to have a sensible southern motion; because such must have been rendered more distinctly obvious, during the 96 years included in the periods stated in the table.

In a similar manner, Dr. B. compares a variety of other stars, where early and accurate observations could be ob-

\* Phil. Trans. vol. xlv. Old Abridg. vol. x. p. 51.

tained, and generally the results are unfavorable to the hypothesis of a southern motion. — In this state, the two questions of the parallax by Dr. Brinkley, and the southern motion by Mr. Pond, at present rest. The quantities in either case are very minute, and, if they exist, can be detected only by the best instruments and the most accurate observers. We shall merely remark that, whatever may be the ultimate result, the controversy, conducted as it is by the most gentlemanly considerations on either side, will in all probability lead to still greater refinements in this important science.

*On the Figure requisite to maintain the Equilibrium of a Homogeneous Fluid Mass that revolves on an Axis.* By James Ivory, A.M. F.R.S. — It is impossible to convey to our readers, within our prescribed compass, the analytical processes adopted by the author in this very elaborate and important communication. All that we can do is to state the nature of the proposition which Mr. Ivory has been the first to solve, although it has exercised the talents of all the most profound mathematicians of Europe, from Newton to Laplace.

The theory of the figure of the earth, as delivered by Newton in his *Principia*, is liable, Mr. Ivory observes, to some objections. In determining the ratio of the axes, the illustrious Newton assumes that the terrestrial meridian is an ellipse, having the greater diameter in the plane of the equator; and Maclaurin afterward proved, by a most elegant synthetic process of reasoning, that a homogeneous fluid-body, possessed of such a figure as Newton supposed, will fulfil all the conditions of equilibrium arising from the attraction of the particles, and a centrifugal force of rotation.

In this manner the assumption of Newton was verified; but the theory was still left imperfect, since it is necessary to determine, by a direct investigation, all the figures of a fluid mass that are consistent with the laws of equilibrium, rather than to show that the same laws will be fulfilled in particular instances. We are indebted to Legendre for the first demonstration that a homogeneous fluid body, revolving about an axis, cannot be in equilibrium by the attraction of its particles, unless it have the figure of an oblate elliptical spheroid. The researches of Legendre were rendered more general by Laplace, who gave a complete theory of the figure of the planets, distinguished by that depth and elegance which is so much admired in all his writings. It is assumed, however, by the eminent geometers we have mentioned, that the figure of the fluid mass is but little different from a sphere; which is a restriction not essential to the problem, but introduced for the sake of overcoming some of the difficulties of the investigation.

Hence it appears that the problem has never yet received a solution independent of some species of limitation, or assumption, which to a certain extent affected its generality: but, in the paper before us, Mr. Ivory has succeeded in deducing the figure which a homogeneous fluid-mass, revolving on an axis and *in equilibrio* by the attraction of its particles, will assume, independent of any arbitrary assumption whatever. He has effected this by a direct and elegant analytical investigation, which it is quite impossible for us to illustrate; and we refer the reader to the article itself, which occupies nearly seventy 4to: pages.

*On a finite and exact Expression for the Refraction of an Atmosphere nearly resembling that of the Earth.* By Thomas Young, M.D. — This very short paper has for its object merely to shew that, if we represent the pressure of the atmosphere by  $y$ , the density by  $z$ , and the refraction by  $r$ , then, if we substitute for the simple density the cube of its square root, and make  $y = \frac{3}{2} z^{\frac{1}{2}} z^2$ , we shall represent the most important part of the atmosphere with sufficient accuracy; although, the author observes, the expression supposes the total height to be somewhat smaller than the truth. This supposition has the advantage of affording a direct equation for the refraction, which agrees very nearly with Mr. Ivory's table; but still more accurately with the French table, and with that which has been published for some years in the Nautical Almanac.

By this formula, the horizontal refraction is  $33' 42'' \cdot 5$ ; while that of the French table is  $33' 44''$ ; and that of Mr. Ivory is  $34' 17'' \cdot 5$ .

*Experiments and Observations on the Development of Magnetical Properties in Steel and Iron by Percussion.* Part II. By William Scoresby, jun. F.R.S. E. — In a former Number of our Review, we gave a short account of a paper by this author, describing a mode of communicating magnetism to steel-bars by percussion; viz. by hammering small steel-bars in a vertical position, or inclined in the direction of the dip, while their lower extremities rested on bars or blocks of iron. The present article may be considered as a continuation of the preceding; the method here described differing from that only as the author now proposes to use two bars of iron instead of one. Having first hammered the lower bar, in order to excite in it a certain magnetic power, always produced by percussion, Mr. Scoresby places in a hole at its upper extremity a small steel-bar which is intended to be magnetized; and, applying the lower end of another iron bar to the upper extremity of the steel-bar, he strikes the upper end of the



whole series a few blows with a small hammer. The result is a very considerable developement of magnetism in the steel, the lower end being of the same quality as the north, and the upper the same as the south, end of a compass needle. This very simple means of obtaining magnetic bars, without any previous magazine of magnets, is very convenient in many cases, and will enable an amateur to furnish himself with a set of magnets at a very cheap rate: but this we conceive to constitute the whole advantage of the process; for we can by no means admit that a greater quantity of magnetism may be thus imparted to a bar than by the usual means. There is a certain state of magnetism at which we soon arrive in any bar of steel, but which we cannot surpass: the suggestion, therefore, at the conclusion of the paper, that this was probably the process employed by Dr. Knight, appears to us to be giving too much importance to the experiments. From what we have read of Dr. Knight's *legerdemain*, we much suspect whether he was enabled to produce stronger magnets than are now to be obtained of any optician in London: but in his time, the management of artificial magnets was almost unknown; and he having discovered the way of making them, changing their poles, &c., and being a little disposed to quackery and secrecy, his processes made some noise in the scientific world. We have no reason to think, however, that he could make stronger magnets than *every body* can now make; and we feel confident that Mr. Scoresby's method, however convenient and simple it may be, possesses no advantage with respect to power over the common processes.

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ART. X. *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, the celebrated Irish Chief-tain; with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by Himself. 12mo. 9s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

ART. XI. *Captain Rock detected*; or, the Origin and Character of the recent Disturbances, and the Causes, both Moral and Political, of the present alarming Condition of the South and West of Ireland, fully and fairly considered and exposed, by a Munster Farmer. 12mo. 8s. Boards. Cadell. 1824.

It has been often remarked that, whenever any motion relating to Ireland was set down among the notices for debate in the House of Commons, that House was sure to be thinly attended; and should a member, in the course of his speech on some collateral question, slyly avail himself of the privilege of digression to touch on Irish affairs in the presence of a fuller audience, he was certain to be punished for his indiscretion by the cough or the yawn, by noisy talk, or

by a retreat to Bellamy's more inviting recreations. When a dry and also a galling subject is under discussion, therefore, it is good generalship to awaken the drowsy ear with the narrative of some romantic adventure or lively anecdote, some daring exploit or miraculous escape. Had Captain Rock been privileged to *rise* in the aforesaid House with the present narrative of his own eventful life; and had the 'Munster Farmer' introduced his inquiry into the relative antiquity of church-property and lay-property, their origin, and the tenure by which they are respectively held, by his picturesque description of Ormsby's perilous situation in the turret of the ruined abbey, whither he had strayed one fine moonlight evening, and where he heard the hoarse song of the banditti under his feet, just as they were setting out on a murdering expedition; — they would both have been able, probably, to pin down the attention of every honorable member beyond the possibility of escape, and might have gone into a detail of two hours' length without receiving the least expression of impatience. The Rocks are a very powerful family in Ireland, and of the most venerable antiquity, tracing back their existence to the æra of British domination; and the Captain himself, like Mr. Godwin's St. Leon, seems to have quaffed immortality: we may hang him as often as we please, but he never dies. By a well founded faith in the miraculous powers of Prince Hohenlohe, and the virtue of a never-failing metempsychosis, the soul of one valiant Captain at the top of the gallows slips through the halter at the critical moment when the plunge is taken, and instantly animates the body of another Captain who is standing at the foot to receive it. "*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*"

The supposed Captain Rock \* has written what we believe to be, in the main, a faithful as well as sprightly biographical memoir, although the Munster Farmer stoutly insists that the said Captain knows nothing about his ancestry or even about himself. The memorialist tells us that he received the first rudiments of his education in a ditch, and proceeded in due time, like many of his school-fellows, to graduate under the adjoining hedge; and that the Rocks, being sprightly open-hearted lads, have received peculiar encouragement in all their pranks from the ruling powers of Ireland, both civil and religious. The Captain says that his father had the command of the Oak-boys when they took arms in the year 1768 to get rid of a species of *corvée* called the Six-

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\* We need scarcely say a word as to the real origin of these Memoirs, which are so universally attributed without contradiction to the Anacreon of Ireland.

days' Labour; and he deems it probable that his venerable parent, in whom the organ of pugnacity was very prominent, belonged not only to the Oak-boys, but also to the White-boys, the Heart-of-steel-boys, and all the other fraternities of boys then existing.

' In the midst of all these transactions I came into the world, — on the very day (as my mother has often mentioned to me, making a sign of the cross on her breast at the same time,) when Father Sheehy, the good parish-priest of Clogheen, was hanged at Clonmell on the testimony of a perjured witness, for a crime of which he was as innocent as the babe unborn. This execution of Father Sheehy was one of those *coups d'état* of the Irish authorities, which they used to perform at stated intervals, and which saved them the trouble of further atrocities for some time to come.

' As tithe-matters seemed likely to occupy so much of the attention of our family, and I happened to be my father's tenth son, it struck him, that the ancient Irish custom of dedicating the tenth child to the service of the church might be revived in my person with considerable propriety. He accordingly had me christened *Decimus* (which he had learning enough to know was Latin for "Tenth"), and resolved, if my talent lay that way, to bring me up exclusively to the tithe-department. How far my career in this sacred line has justified his fond paternal hopes, it is not for me to determine. I can only say, that it has always been my pride and ambition to uphold the glory of the name of Rock, and transmit it with, if possible, increased lustre to my descendants.

' I should mention, also, among the motives that determined him to this step, a singular prophecy, which had long existed in our family; and which, though little heeded by him in the time of his comfort and hope, he now clung to with that fondness of belief, of which a good Catholic, driven to despair, alone is capable. It ran thus:

' As long as Ireland shall pretend,  
Like sugar-loaf, turn'd upside down,  
To stand upon its smaller end,  
So long shall live old Rock's renown.

' As long as Popish spade and scythe  
Shall dig and cut the Sassanagh's\* tithe;  
And Popish purses pay the tolls,  
On heaven's road, for Sassanagh souls; —  
As long as millions shall kneel down  
To ask of thousands for their own,  
While thousands proudly turn away,  
And to the millions answer "Nay;" —  
So long the merry reign shall be  
Of Captain Rock and his family.

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\* The Irish term for a Protestant, or Englishman.

‘ We have seen with what care the government, during the last century, provided against any degeneracy in our family, by never letting us rise, on the scale of property, higher than zero.

‘ Rockism, indeed, like the *malaria*, only acts to a certain distance from the ground, — those who stand erect, are in little danger from it, and the prostrate alone take the infection properly; Guided by this experience, our rulers, landlords, clergy, &c. have co-operated successfully even to the present day, in keeping down the great mass of the people to that exact pitch of depression, at which the contagion of Rockism is always found to be most malignant.

‘ With such skilful provisions on the subject of property\*, as I have endeavored to give an idea of in the preceding chapter, it would have been inconsistent not to connect some equally provident measures, with respect to education. Our statesmen well knew that an early culture of the mind alone

‘ *Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros :*

or, in other words,

‘ Learning alone the heart with virtue stocks,  
And hath, like music, power to “soften Rocks.”

‘ \* In the Second Report of the Deputation sent by the Drapers’ Company of London, to visit their estates in the county of Londonderry, in the years 1817 and 1818, there are the following sensible and liberal remarks on this subject; — Observing upon the great proportion of poor individuals belonging to the Roman Catholic church, the reporters say, This circumstance must arise from some cause which does not immediately appear; *Roman Catholic faith does not induce poverty, neither does poverty lead to the creed of the church of Rome*; the poverty of the Roman Catholics is too general to be accidental, and it should seem that it can only have arisen from the deprivations of property to which the Catholics in Ireland have, at different times, been subjected, and the discouragement which the laws till lately have offered to the accumulation of property by Catholics, and which discouragement is not yet wholly removed. If this be correct, it seems to result as a duty to those who have to form economical arrangements of a public nature, *not to make any distinction between their dependents, who are equally loyal, though they may entertain different creeds*, and that every encouragement which is held out to persons of one religious persuasion should be equally held out to persons of every other religious persuasion; *that every man should look to his neighbour’s opinion with a consideration that, perchance, his neighbour may be right, and he himself in error.*

‘ These two Reports do the highest honour both to the persons who drew them up, and to the Company by whom such enlightened persons were employed. Let Irish landlords and Irish secretaries read them, and blush !’

Accord-

Accordingly they set about reducing us to as niaute a minimum in education, as we had, under their wise laws, attained in property; and a brief review of the principal steps taken for this purpose, both by church and state, down to the present time, will show with what a steady eye to the interests of the Rock family this impoverishing and benighting system has always been pursued.'

The Munster Farmer, who grows serious as he grows sore, and does not like to see things which "should be grave" all "turned to farce," is very angry that the sacred subject of tythes is irreverently treated in the Captain's Memoirs; and he says that the detail which that book exhibits of Irish sufferings, from the reign of Henry II. to the period of the Union, is subsidiary to the design of rendering the Irish church-establishment odious, and of displaying all the cruelty of the penal laws: while the great bearing of the whole appears to be an attempt to prove that without the destruction of the establishment, and a repeal of the laws by which the Roman Catholics are affected, it is vain to expect tranquillity in Ireland. If the Captain indulges certain heterodox opinions on the subject of church-establishments in general, and of that of Ireland in particular, and speaks his mind plainly about them, so likewise is the Munster Farmer equally explicit; and he fights for tythes as if he were fighting for his own flesh-pots. Now farmers either Irish or English are not remarkable for their partiality in favor of tythes; and when we see any one dressed in the garb of that fraternity breaking into ecstasies at the generosity, mildness, moderation, and disinterestedness of that particular church which has the character of as much surpassing all other churches in its voracity as the *boa constrictor* surpasses all the *reptilia minora* in the same property, it is but natural to conclude that the farmer has had a very good berth at the tythe-feast; and that he is trained and sent into the fields among his brethren, for the same purpose as the tame elephant is trained and sent into the woods, namely, to decoy and entrap those who are yet running wild.

We apprehend, however, that there are two or three points on which the Captain and the Farmer have but little difference of opinion. They will agree in the fact that Ireland is now in a very distracted and unsettled state; that it has so been for centuries past; that is, ever since the conquest of the country; and that it will continue so to be till some change takes place with regard to its civil and ecclesiastical policy, or in the existing relations between landlords and tenants. They will probably agree also that the Irish do not form

an insulated and anomalous variety in the human character, but are affected by the same feelings and passions as other people, and are influenced by motives in the same manner; that they are alike under the control of circumstances, which must always be considered as a commentary on their actions; that they are prone to repay benefits and kindness by unbounded gratitude, and to visit injuries and insolence with unmeasured vengeance. They will moreover agree that, as things are, insurrection is only repressed for a moment in one district to break out with greater fury in another, and that every imaginable atrocity is perpetrated which the most disorganized state of society can engender: *threat being invariably followed by infliction*, the blaze of one conflagration sending its sparks to light up another, murder succeeding to murder, and the law, retaining its sword but having lost its shield, able to strike the guilty but *unable* to protect the innocent. There must be something "rotten in the state" when these things happen. On yet another point, too, the Captain and the Farmer would probably coincide; viz. that the disturbances and insurrections of Ireland do not bear, in the common acceptation of the term, a *political* character. There is not the slightest evidence that the Irish want to throw off their allegiance, for they are always to be seen fighting in the foremost ranks against the enemies of England; and their loyalty to the King is a personal as well as a political feeling. "The raven himself was hoarse" that croaked the fatal entrance of Duncan under the battlements of Macbeth's castle: received he was with welcome in the eye, the hand, and the tongue, yet never did the sun see the morrow of his departure: but there was no lurking serpent under the flower which expanded itself to welcome George the Fourth; on his visit to the green island of Erin. Not only was he received with all the enthusiasm and entreated with all the hospitality which characterize her sons, but his departure was accompanied by the sincere and affectionate regrets of those whose intestine dissensions he had kindly endeavored to compose.

Agreed as to the existence of the evil, the Captain and the Farmer differ about the remedy.

'Tithes,' says the Munster-man, 'were a good topic with which to inflame the people's minds; but it could not be the design of the disturbers to proceed no farther than the removal of one grievance. The tithe-system had become unpopular, because the people were continually told by their landlords, that this was the grievance which made them miserable. The fact, in reality, was, that the clergy had for a long period conceded a large portion of their rights, imagining, perhaps, that they should live on easier terms with their poor neighbours,

neighbours, when they had commuted their legal tithes into a twentieth, and, in many instances, a thirtieth of the agricultural produce. But the poor had lost the benefit of this moderation; for the landlords advanced in their demands in the same proportion as the clergy made concessions; and the very men, who were receiving, under the name of rent, a considerable part of the income which was the clergyman's right, were continually maligning, for want of moderation, the men who had *systematically resigned to the necessities of the poor a full half of their income*, and who, for the most part, spent the remaining half usefully among them. But the landlords had succeeded in rendering tithes unpopular, for, while they continually assailed the church, and spoke of its rapacity among their poor dependants, the clergy were scarcely ever known to retaliate, and were so averse from using any expression which might be injurious to the public peace, that they did not even attempt explaining to the people the nature of their property, or shewing them that, if the landlords made the same reduction, or any thing like it, in their rents, which they had made in their tithes, instead of being the starving wretches they were, they might be the most comfortable peasantry in the world. In consequence of this virulence on the one hand, and forbearance on the other, the tithes had become a subject for the violence of every agitator; but it was not difficult to see, that they would not end with tithes alone, but would soon proceed to the consideration of rents; and this was a subject upon which they had been for some time employed.

According to this account, it is the cat-o'-nine-tails with which the peasantry are flogged by their landlords that produces all the soreness; and not the tenth and *single* lash with which their backs are only tickled by the church, and which falls on them as tenderly as the *single* thong of the cart-whip falls on a Negro in the West Indies. It is generally acknowledged, says the Farmer, that the pressure of tythes *does not bear upon the tenant*; and that, as the landlord came into possession of his estate subject to such a charge, he is in no other way affected by it than by any of the incumbrances, such as mortgages or annuities, to which he has become liable. If there be *any* pressure of tythes, it must bear on somebody; and whether it be the tenant or the landlord, or the consumer, is a question that we shall not now discuss: but the cottier, who finds a tythe levied on his pigs, poultry, and potatoes, on his corn and on his cattle, does at least *fancy* that he is galled by the pressure; and this is tolerably evident by the hundreds of tythe-cases which come before the ecclesiastical courts of the different dioceses in Ireland. "I have seen," says Mr. Wakefield in his "Account of Ireland," "the favorite cow driven away, accompanied by the sighs, the tears, the imprecations of a whole family who were paddling

dling after, through wet and dirt, to take their last affectionate farewell of this, their only friend and benefactor, at the pound-gate. I have heard, with emotions which I can scarcely describe, deep curses repeated from village to village as the cavalcade proceeded. I have witnessed the group pass the domain walls of the opulent grazier, whose numerous herds were cropping the most luxuriant pastures, whilst he was secure from any demand of their produce, looking on with the most unfeeling indifference." The clergy, however, all mildness and forbearance! are very averse, we are told by their champion, to use any 'expression even which may be injurious to the public peace!' Yes, the clergy, in order to avoid being seen in the business, are in the practice of leasing out their tythes to a proctor, and he oftentimes to another; and it is not uncommon to sell tythes before harvest by public auction.

'It is indeed,' says the Munster Farmer, 'almost sickening to listen to the fulsome tirade, which superficial and designing men are so prompt to utter against the severity of tithe. — "What!" they say, "make the Catholics pay for the support of Protestant clergy, and the expenses attending Protestant worship?" and then they run through all the notes of commiseration for the poor oppressed cottier-tenantry, as if they believed, themselves, or wished the public to believe, that the people will become contented and happy as soon as this evil has been removed. If these gentlemen would condescend to state some important facts, the question of dispute would be greatly simplified. And, first, as they say that it is wrong to make the Catholics pay tithe, on the principle that it is taking away a part of their property to support a clergy which is not their clergy, it would seem no more than reasonable, that they should tell us *who the Roman Catholics are, whose property is so taken away*. For this purpose, they should name to us some person, *whose titles give him the possession of the entire produce of the land, and from whom the right to the tenth part of that produce has, since the date of his titles, been forcibly taken away*; — let any such person be named, and neither law nor justice can resist the obvious propriety of restoring him to his violated right. But if, in all cases where tithe is paid, they can name none but persons whose titles give them no exemption from such a demand; if the clergyman's right is established by the acts of Henry VIII.; and if the grants made in subsequent reigns do not supersede it, then how is the question to be stated as between the church and the people? This is the case with respect (let us say) to the oldest titles now existing. James I. granted to a lay-proprietor nine-tenths of the issues arising out of some forfeited estate; the remaining tenth he did not grant, *because it had not been forfeited*; and so far have the clergy been from incroaching on the layman's possessions, that they have, generally, conceded to him a large portion of their own.' —

'Ayd!



'Ayet but says Captain Rock, the monarch who made grants of the properties now held, had no just authority to make them. It was granting, not what was his by right, but what he made his own by the most scandalous rapacity and spoliation!!! — There is not in Ireland a person who will be happier to give weight to this declaration, than the writer of these pages. Let it be established and acted upon, and I at least shall have no reason to complain; and although I could be well satisfied with resting at the reign of James I., yet I see no reason why we should not lay down a nobler principle, and restore to the rightful owner *all lands whenever granted, to which the title was founded in injustice.*

After all, then, the main difference between the Captain and the Farmer rests on one point. The Farmer's object is to see that the church does not go out of repair: — he is *church-warden*; and "Perish landlords, let the clergy live," is his motto. The Captain may make as free as he likes with landlords, but to touch a single hair of the heads of the clergy is inexpressible sacrilege! The peasantry, on whom we have just seen the pressure of Protestant tythes does not fall, bear no share, says he, even of the burden of supporting their own Catholic pastors; for the peasantry have no property, — their landlords will not permit them to have any. 'Like the frog in the fable, let them swell until they burst, and still they will be found not to have dilated beyond their rents: — these rents are a kind of magical circle, a kind of prison: — the tenants are so many confined insolvent debtors; and if some unlooked-for combination of circumstances should seem to set a poor wretch free, and he is ready to escape from pauperism, even then he may find some old-standing arrear coming against him, as it were a gaoler's fee, and remanding him to his confinement.' Here is the landlord accusing the vicar of fleecing his sheep, and the vicar accusing the landlord of eating the mutton! A rare chance for the poor animal between them!

We are not very strenuous defenders of Irish land-owners. The cloven foot peeped out when the opulent proprietors of grazing lands, parks, lawns, and luxuriant meadows, abolished the agistment-tythe, and transferred the maintenance of their clergy to the tillers of the soil, and to those wretched cottiers, the very poorest of poverty's children, (as the Captain calls them,) on whom the burden of the Protestant establishment has ever since principally lain; and we have had sufficient evidence of their inclination to take very good care of themselves. The Munster Farmer, however, will have it that tythes in Ireland are a mere flea-bite; and he can see no hardship in compelling a population of six millions of Catholics to support a Protestant ecclesiastical establishment in  
pomp,

pomp, wealth, and luxury unbounded, out of the sweat of their brows and the produce of their fields. For consistency's sake, therefore, as a matter of decency, or a mere matter of logic, we must suppose that, were the Protestants to retain the same numerical majority in England which they have now; while the Catholics, by some lucky hit of foreign conquest effected by the Holy Alliance, for instance, were to gain the same ascendancy here which the Protestants have in Ireland; were they, moreover, with the precedent of confiscation before their eyes, likewise to confiscate Protestant estates to satisfy their own adherents; — we must suppose, that the Munster Farmer would see no hardship in compelling nine-tenths of the whole population of this kingdom to swell the pomp and support the domination of a church and a religion which they, the Protestants, abjure and abhor.

The burden of the Farmer's song is that the miseries of Ireland are owing to the rapacity of landlords; who charge, it seems, a rent of three pounds five shillings *per acre* to their cottier-tenants. Rent, however, though compulsory as to payment, is voluntary as to contract: while tythe is an exaction compulsory from first to last, be the price high or low, be the produce much or little, and be it obtained by the gratuitous bounty of nature, or extorted from a sterile soil by the cost, skill, and labor of the farmer. The miscalculation, however, we are assured with a very grave face by the Munster Farmer, which any one of the clerical order occasionally makes as to tythe, 'is owing much more to the uniform lenity of the clergy than to some rare instances of their severity.' — 'If the clergyman exceeds the value of his tythe, the tythe-payer can have his redress.' Yes: the law is open to him, — and, as Horne Tooke observed, so is the London Tavern. In Ireland, says Mr. Wakefield, in reply to this identical plea, for it is a very old one, in defence of tythe-gathering, "there is law in abundance, and it is dealt out with no sparing hand to those who can purchase it; *but to the poor man, justice is inaccessible*: it is, however, at the command of his opponent, who never hesitates to sue him in the Spiritual Court, while the clergyman, *shielding himself under the act of his proctor, stands by, a cold and unconcerned spectator, and takes no part in the transaction*. The poor miserable and ignorant cottier, when thus oppressed, has recourse to resistance as his only alternative; he despairs of legal redress, and submission would expose him to ruin."

[*To be continued.*]

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JANUARY, 1825.

## POETRY and the DRAMA.

Art. 12. *Idwal*: a Poem. With Notes. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

This is a poem of no ordinary merit: it displays considerable powers of imagination; and we rejoiced to find, during its perusal, that those powers were chastized and regulated by a severe and sound judgment. Yet its numerous beauties and its general excellence will not, we apprehend, secure for it a very extensive reception; for it is much too prolix, which is an irredeemable fault, and fatal to a poem. The student in Cambrian antiquities, however, will be pleased to see the traditions of Wales embodied in a poetic form; and the descendants of the antient Britons will be delighted with the patriotic themes that wakened "high-born Hoel's harp or soft Lewellyn's lay."—*Idwal* is a stirring busy romance: but the plot is in our opinion unnecessarily complicated, and, to make use of Bayes's expression, not easily "insinuated into the boxes." The author deals liberally also in fairies and sea-nymphs. In the beginning of the poem, *Idwal* is treated with a delightful vision, which is beautifully described, and of which we willingly extract a few stanzas.

' Where'er the magic circles wont to wave  
In airy melody, now forms were seen,  
In many a happy ring the air to cleave,  
And dye their tresses in the sunny sheen,  
Or lave their fair limbs in the billows green.  
Round Wyddva's peak, and Idris's giant throne,  
And every lesser rock and mount between,  
Each fairy group in mimic lustre shone,  
In mimic sweetness echo'd each delightful tone.  
' For still the music of the ocean rang,  
Whilst every voice its charming tribute paid,  
And every sea-nymph, sitting past him, sang,  
"Idwal! dear Idwal!"—nought beside they said,  
But look'd as more to say they were afraid;  
And hastening on in intermingling maze,  
At each return fresh salutation made,  
Till one began a louder strain to raise,  
Unseen within the choir despite of Idwal's gaze.  
' "Spirits of the unfathom'd deep!  
Wheel around the magic steep;  
In airy dance the measure keep,  
But wake not, break not, Idwal's sleep.  
The charm is wound,  
The spell is bound,  
An age of rapture shall we reap!

' He

‘ He sleeps, and dreams that he’s awake —  
 Who for a-dream his life doth take?  
 What souls can true-reflection make,  
 Who ken that when the heart doth ache,  
     Whate’er it seem  
     ’Tis all a dream,  
 Although the heart with sorrow break?’

‘ What mortal on his natal day,  
 When the dim twilight fades away,  
 On Emry’s charmed rock shall stray,  
 Despite the night and ‘whelming spray,  
     In the wild wind  
     Repose shall find,  
 And sleep beneath the tempest’s sway.

‘ That mortal gains us liberty  
 Around these dusky rocks to fly,  
 These yellow sands, and mountains high,  
 With quaint and plaintive melody.  
     Whilst o’er his soul  
     The sun doth roll  
 Time shall not stay our revelry.

‘ Spirits of the sea and air!  
 Be Idwal’s happiness our care;  
 From his own heart, and beauty’s snare,  
 The dear and fearful veil to tear,  
     That he may know  
     To shun all woe,  
 And we his pleasures long may share!’

The first interview of Idwal and Hartalin, the heroine of the tale, is an interesting and well-imagined sketch.

‘ Ah! who can gaze upon a woman’s tears,  
 And not become a woman in his heart?  
 In love, in grief, in fondness, or in fears,  
 Mistress of all beyond a demon’s art.  
 Then can she feeling, thought, and soul impart  
 To him who scarce has thought or felt before:  
 From her own soul her tearful glances dart  
 Lightnings, to rack the passionate gazers more,  
 And bid *him* weep and sigh, or tremble and implore.

‘ Yet there’s a grace, that genuine pity wears,  
 Can soothe the fiercest grief, the deepest woe:  
 A voice of sympathy that sorrow hears:  
 A charm that nature only can bestow.  
 It speaks, and tenderness and passion flow,  
 The eloquence of the ingenuous breast:  
 It prays to help, it nothing seeks to know,  
 Where weeping sorrow’s claim is manifest,  
 And beauteous woman’s heart the object to be blest.

‘ The

' The youth is by her side,—is at her feet !  
 His speech, his eyes betray his troubled soul.  
 " Ah ! not in vain let Nature's voice entreat."  
 The lady look'd from out her sable stole,  
 As the pale star of night, when tempests roll,  
 Looks o'er the restless tide her orb has raised ;  
 The circling wave that speeds from pole to pole,  
 Beneath her wilful mastery tost and crazed :  
 She sole, amid the affrighted scene, serene and unamazed.

' Her large dark eyes, with streaming tears suffused,  
 On Idwal's timidly the lady turn'd,  
 As if to hear and to believe unused,  
 As if what man could say she should have spurn'd.  
 A glance it was that chill'd as well as burn'd ;  
 Beneath whose ray would hope and passion quail ;  
 Yet beautiful : a glance that would have *learn'd*  
 His inmost heart, and taught him to bewail  
 What baser thought within that heart could e'er prevail.

' He looks awhile : 'tis beauty's, virtue's power,  
 And eloquence without the voice's aid.  
 He pointed eastward to a lonely tower,  
 That crown'd the summit of a woody glade.  
 " Yonder is Idwal's poor domain," he said,  
 " And there his cherish'd guest may be bestow'd :  
 The heathery fells, the little dingle's shade,  
 Above the rocks where late the billows flow'd,  
 Shall yield the shipwreck'd maid a more secure abode.'"

These extracts, we conceive, will justify the laudatory tone of criticism in which we have spoken of this poem, though a few verbal blemishes occur in them. If the story were less complex, and its events and persons less intermingled, we have no doubt that it would acquire considerable popularity; and that, as Pope is said to have remarked of Dr. Johnson's "London," which was published anonymously, "the author would be soon *deterré*."

Art. 13. *The Loves of the Colours*; with a few occasional Poems; and a Trifle in Prose, reprinted. 12mo. pp. 68. 4s. 6d. Boards. Hookham. 1824.

We have more than once asked ourselves, when casting our eyes over productions of this description, "Would it be possible to calculate the amount of the 'Loves' that have appeared in verse since the days of Darwin, from the Loves of the Lowlier Plants up to the Loves of the Angels?"—for we are inclined to believe that, numerous as they are, they all belong to one prolific family, and trace their origin to one common parent.—The idea of the present production is perhaps as ingenious as that of any of "The Loves" that have preceded it; for the subject is by no means unpromising, and the colors harmonize well, as they ought to do, with the allegorical substratum on which they are laid. To amateurs, and even such as happen to be among the least initiated in pictorial art, the poem is calculated to afford some amusement,

if not some instruction, on the points treated by the writer; particularly in his learned notes and illustrations, which are often humorously introduced.

A single specimen may not prove uninteresting to the reader :

O may the gloomy view my Muse has drawn  
(Pictorial miseries!) young painters warn.  
Turn we from clashing and discordant themes,  
That shock with horror like a madman's dreams;  
To where true taste directs the artist's aim,  
And spreads his canvas for the port of Fame.  
But, soft! it were superfluous to tell  
The triumphs of the *Easel*, known so well :  
A lasting force, which Time itself defies,  
Material *oleaginous* supplies.  
More evanescent, but with temper'd glow,  
What sweet effects from aqueous media flow.  
Hail! *Water Colours*, hail! your worth unknown  
Before this age, nor half your glory shown.  
The sun and air in Glover's tints we find,  
The pencil split, the work how well combin'd!  
Heaphy! 'tis thine to group with matchless skill,  
And forms, and finish, wait upon thy will.  
And, lo! where Pocock from a tiny bowl  
Bids tempests rage, and breaking billows roll ;  
Think not t'excel in all, — who does not see  
That oil and water never can agree ?  
In *water-colour* arts now claim a share  
Creation's better half, the lovely fair.  
Under the genial ray of sparkling eyes,  
View pictur'd flowers from their beds arise :  
The peach with rival blushes seems to seek  
Reflected lustre from the artist's cheek ;  
Blossoms and fruits almost appear to grow,  
And to her balmy breath their fragrance owe,  
But Flora's gifts, and e'en Pomona's store,  
Are Nature's changeful baubles, and no more ;  
The speaking glance, the soul-illumin'd face,  
Lovely Modelia! 'tis thine art to trace ;  
And well the miniature becomes her care, —  
Herself a miniature of all that's fair.  
*Designing man*, designing man she flies,  
And shuns his arts, yet arts to paint him tries ;  
Fickle to him, yet true to painting proves,  
Eludes the substance, but the shadow loves.'

Art. 14. *Conrad*, and other Poems. By T. A. Templeman, LL.B. of Trinity-College, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 154. Whittakers. 1824.

We cannot consider this as by any means a very happy specimen of the poetry of Trinity-College; unless the rate of poetical exchange between the University and the metropolis be very much at a discount in the former place. As a college-pastime

or amusement during the vacation, such effusions may be deemed very tolerable: but, as a college-exercise, we imagine, they would never have borne away the palm from the writer's compeers.— At the present period, when the commonest readers are become in some sort adepts in considering the respective merits of the crowd of poets, mere smoothness of verse, sentiment, and pleasing description, will no longer suit their taste; and a very manifest degree of talent is now become requisite even to attract attention.

We do not mean it to be hence inferred that the volume before us is destitute of all poetic claims, for this is very far from being the case, as many passages of power and beauty will testify: but they bear too small a proportion to the flatter and colder parts: the full and genuine spirit of song is not present; and, instead of feeling more interested, we feel more listless and indifferent as we proceed.

The picture of the shipwrecked chief in the poem of Conrad affords, perhaps, one of the most favorable specimens of the author's talents; and we quote a few of the more impressive lines.

As one who long has felt disease, at length  
Leaves his sick bed, yet seems to doubt his strength;  
So, cautiously and reeling, Conrad 'rose,  
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, and look'd around for those  
Who long had been his comrades:—none were there,  
To aid with council, or his woes to share;  
He stood alone, the wreck of all his crew,  
And wish'd that he had shared their fortunes too.  
How few have felt what Conrad felt; for oh!  
How few are doom'd such misery to know:  
Hemm'd round by rocks, he stood a wretch forlorn,  
By hunger weaken'd, and by toil o'erborne;  
Here cliffs arose, high, far-extended, steep,  
Guarding the land within; there lay the deep:  
Here was a barren unknown beach, which gave  
No food or shelter,—it might yield a grave!  
Oh, how could man with so much misery cope?  
What more had he to fear, what more to hope?  
Why wonder, then, he nursed despair, which breeds  
The mind's perversion to unholy deeds?  
Why wonder if he rush'd into the wave,  
And wish'd its waters to become his grave?  
Why wonder?—Cease your wondering.—What is death?  
'Tis but a sweet suspension of the breath:  
A babe-like sleep.— Contrast his present fate  
With that, and say which is the happier state.'

Art. 15. *Constantia*, a Tragedy; in Five Acts: and Valville, or, the Prejudices of Past Times, a Drama; in Five Acts. By Mrs. A. M'Taggart, of Bristol. 12mo. pp. 201. Nattali. 1824.

We may refer both these pieces to that numerous class of compositions, which, with a tolerable degree of ease, smoothness, and poetic sentiment, are nearly all equally intitled to make their appearance on the modern English stage. 'The story of the tragedy,' we are informed by the fair author, 'is partly taken from

that of the Duchess of C., in the "*Adele and Theodore*" of Madame Genlis. — Valville is founded on an anecdote, related by Arnaud, in the tale named *Valmiers*, as having occurred in the reign of Louis XII., one of the good kings of France, and when the prejudices described existed in their full force.' — The former of these stories is probably familiar to many of our readers in the language of the French author. It is that of a jealous husband who immures his lady in a solitary tower, and publishes tidings of her decease, in order to revenge himself on her supposed attachment to a former lover; who becomes at length the means of her disenthralment, while her husband stabs himself in despair. Like most pieces of the day, it is somewhat barren in incident: both the plot and characters are bald; and the interest attaches solely to the abduction of the Duchess, if we may so call it, by her own husband. The intermediate parts are all filled up with a profusion of common-places, and common sentiments, to the exclusion of all real dramatic taste and action.

With the utmost sincerity and *nonchalance*, the Duke thus prepares his gentle lady for what she is to expect, before he compels her to swallow a sleeping potion; which certainly required some courage, after such a warning as the following:

' *Duke.* Constantia, hear me, —  
My bosom is not formed of such soft stuff  
As yields to every touch; — not adamant  
Is harder; — nor when once impress'd  
Retains the impression longer. Thou hast heard  
Thine accusation; — thou hast seen the proofs,  
Thy letter to the Countess and her answer,  
Which speak incontrovertibly against thee;  
And self-condemned thou therefore now must stand. —  
One way alone there is, Manfredi's wrongs  
One victim shall appease; — reveal the name  
That causes my disquiet, — and — I pardon thee.

' *Duchess.* (with scorn.) Dost thou then deem me formed  
Of soul so base,  
To purchase for myself a few short years  
Of miserable life, at the fell price  
Of innocence betrayed? On me pour out  
Thy deadliest rage.

' *Duke.* I will not hear thee further:  
A moment pause on what is in thy power,  
For life may still be thine, and all life's joys,  
So thou wilt point me to my just revenge,  
The robber who has stol'n thy love from me.  
Seek then thy child and let maternal feelings  
Incline thee to be prudent — answer not.  
Begone — and do not loiter; — in an hour  
I shall expect to meet thee here again.

[Scene closes.]

The play of Valville is a superior production to the preceding, and much better calculated to awaken a degree of dramatic interest in the subject. We perceive, likewise, more spirit, passion, and contrast, in the characters; and more energy in the style and lan-



language of the whole; for some of which we are to suppose the author is indebted to the original story, as it is to be found in Arnaud. It is there given in a far more condensed form, but sufficient to spare us the pains of entering into any explanation here of the intrigues and peculiarities of the piece.

Art. 16. *Poems on Sacred Subjects*. To which are added, several Miscellaneous. By Richard Ryan. Crown 8vo. 5s. sewed. Hatchard. 1824.

These devotional pieces are inscribed to a Quaker-poet, whose writings have frequently come under our consideration. Indeed, the name of Bernard Barton is now familiar to most poetic readers; and it would appear that his example has produced other votaries of Parnassus among *our Friends*, whose muse appears always to wear a sage and somewhat solemn aspect. Mr. Ryan's effusions, though apparently he is not of this religious persuasion, are wholly of this cast; his subjects being nearly all drawn from Scripture, and, for the most part, treated in a scriptural rather than a very poetical manner. Among the best of them, we may enumerate, *The Flight of the Dove*, *Jacob's Dream*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, and the *Conversion of St. Paul*; which in many passages display considerable talent, though by no means of the loftiest order. The lines beginning 'Sweet as that hour when light descends,' are of a very simple and touching kind. They are taken from our Saviour's words, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." (John, viii. 11.)

' Sweet as that hour, when light descends  
To Earth on golden wings from Heaven,  
Is that first moment Woman bends,  
And trembling sues to be forgiven.  
Oh! He that view'd her *uplift* eye,  
That, tearful, pity did implore,  
And marked each sad repentant sigh,  
In mercy bade her "Sin no more!"

' Then, shall vain man the mourner spurn,  
Leave her a prey to grief and care,  
When in her heart each sigh shall turn  
To true and rich repentance there?  
Oh! let him think on Christ's decree,  
When she forgiveness shall implore,  
Nor chide her in her misery,  
But bid her "Go, and sin no more!"

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 17. *Memoir of Amos Green, Esq.* Written by his late Widow. To which are prefixed, Suggestions on Christian Education, &c. With Two Biographical Sketches, by the same Author. 8vo. pp. 278. 10s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co.

From this memoir it appears that Mr. Green, whose talents as a painter secured to him considerable notice in his time, was a man of an amiable turn of mind, and of quiet domestic habits. His life was of an even tenor, diversified by very few incidents and, excepting some disagreements occasioned by his marriage with

the writer of the present memoir against her mother's wishes, it was of uniform serenity. His admiration of the beauties of nature seems to have been ardent; and among the most pleasing passages in the volume are those that are devoted to descriptions of scenery, with the impressions produced on the fair author by the observation of them under his assistance and guidance. — The relation of a visit to Weymouth, when his late Majesty was there, will give some notion of the manner in which the narrative is written.

July 31. 1799. — The King was expected early, and the soldiers drawn out at five o'clock along the esplanade. We rose at six; it was a glaring morning, and I have seldom been hotter at noon, or had a more tiresome lounge, for the royal family did not arrive till a quarter before eight: we were then amply repaid by the animating scene that ensued. As soon as the royal coach appeared, the nearest band of music played "God save the King," which was taken up by the other bands as his Majesty approached. The royal salute was fired from the three frigates at anchor in the bay, and the sight was more beautiful than I could have conceived. The morning being perfectly calm, the smoke curled elegantly about the vessels, slowly ascended, and then seemed for a while stationary, settling into beautiful forms, and tender light and shadow. The long line of troops went down on the sands, and fired a *feu de joie*, the echo of which, along the coast, had a very fine effect. We were down on the sands at this time close to the sea: the King had come out, and with his suite stood directly opposite; after which they crossed the line of soldiery, and were close to us. It was a pleasure to see his frank, courteous manner to all about him, and his kind way of noticing the many Weymouth people who were eager to pay their respects to him, with their families.

About six in the afternoon, the King came on the esplanade, noticing, as it is his custom to do, most of the children who came in his way, talking and playing with them familiarly. I went with Mr. Green to the Look-out, when we had a delightful stroll. We first enjoyed the beautiful effects of an evening sun on Portland Island; — then we sat on the point near the fort, looking toward Weymouth, where the gay crowd enlivened the scene, and the music was heard delightfully across the water. The setting sun threw a golden stream on the sea from Weymouth, to the point where we stood: we observed it as it dropped, and heard the evening gun. When we returned, they were beginning to illuminate. It is difficult to describe the splendour and varying beauty of the scene: the whole amphitheatre of buildings was one brilliant illumination reflecting long streams of fire in the calm sea: these steady lights were diversified by various species of fireworks: very fine sky-rockets and fire-balls thrown upwards or across the sea, where their swift course was reflected by a silver line crossing the red reflections of the illuminated windows. Their brilliancy was so great, as to produce a momentary splendour in the air, like lightning. The unusual grandeur of this spectacle did not prevent our viewing, with due admiration, the silver moon

moon behind the dark coast of the Look-out, throwing quivering reflections in the river among the shipping. We were out till near midnight, enjoying one of the most exhilarating scenes I have ever beheld :— a splendid sight, — a pleasing occasion, — a joyous crowd without noise or tumult, — and weather the most propitious.

‘ Sunday, August 3. — I arose before five. The glowing sky shewed the approach of sun-rise; the light, collected towards a point, became every moment more vivid, till at length the bright edge of the sun appeared above the waves: the sensation which this moment produced can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. All now became one rich and tender glow of purple, blue, and gold: the glorious orb soon threw a reflection on the sea, and tipped with gold the rocks, vessels, and other objects, while a tender shadow predominated. The scene was exquisitely beautiful and sublime, amply confuting Mr. Burke’s theory, that terror is essential to the sublime, and that beauty and sublimity tend to destroy the effect of each other, and cannot well subsist together. The coolness, the freshness, the stillness of the scene, formed a most agreeable contrast to what I had hitherto experienced. Instead of the usual crowd, I saw no living creature but the silent guards on the esplanade, who watched over slumbering majesty. I set out on a walk, enjoying this still scene; went through part of the town of Weymouth; crossed the picturesque wooden bridge among the shipping; met with some views near the mouth of the river that pleased me; climbed to the top of the Look-out; admired the morning lights on Portland; walked within view of the castle; crossed the water on my return, and got home at seven o’clock. Few people were moving, but I found the King on the esplanade, and saw his meeting with Lord Eldon, who was there to receive him, and came to Weymouth that one day, to pay his respects to his Majesty before he opened the assizes at Dorchester. We went to church, where the presence of the royal family occasioned a great crowd: it is in the town of Weymouth, and but a very indifferent structure. The town is narrow and ill built, like most sea-ports. It is surprising to see what uncomfortable, close places people put themselves into, for the sake of being at Weymouth, when the royal family are there.

‘ The afternoon was most lovely, and I watched the gradual change and increase of beauty, as the sun declined, with great pleasure. The bay full of shipping and pleasure-boats, the calm sea, and gilded cliffs, the foreground crowded with well-dressed people, formed a scene of extraordinary beauty and gaiety. The royal promenade began early and lasted long, and it being Sunday evening, the crowd was redoubled. The only deference observed, was to avoid meeting the royal party in their walk, and wherever they were, the company divided on each side to let them pass.

‘ The King, according to his usual custom, talked incessantly: he appeared in high spirits, laughed a great deal, and frequently stopped to converse with people who were not in his train. We were so near, as frequently to hear what he said; and it was im-

possible not to receive favourable impressions of his temper and disposition, by seeing this constant affability and good humour; but it must be owned that he has no dignity of manner. The courage and magnanimity of his behaviour, on the late alarming attempt upon his life at Drury-Lane theatre, denote a mind of which not a trace is to be discerned in his ordinary deportment.'

We have an interesting account also of a visit made to the Bishop of Durham at Mongewell, where Bishop Porteus and his lady happened to be staying at the same time; and of one or two visits to Mr. Gilpin. Much piety is displayed throughout the volume, of a description of which the following will be a specimen. Mrs. G. is speaking of some correspondents of her mother, and observes: 'They were all distinguished in performing the relative duties of life, and were of unblemished conduct: all professed a sense of religion and acknowledged a superintending Providence: but true influential Christianity seems not to have been implanted in their minds; and was, I believe, little understood among the generality of their contemporaries.' Though this be not very charitable, Mrs. Green appears to have been an amiable, affectionate, and intelligent woman.

Art. 18. *A Short Extract from the Life of General Mina.* Published by Himself. 8vo. 3s. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1825.

We understand that the profits arising from the sale of this sketch are to be devoted, by the gallant writer, to the aid of his suffering countrymen in England, to whom he is not otherwise enabled to offer assistance; and, with this view, he requests that no inroads on its pages may be made by others, to diminish any interest which it may excite. We coincide too fully in this laudable object to obstruct it even by the most concise abstract or the smallest extract: but we recommend the purchase and perusal of the volume itself, to all who have the humanity to "feel for others' woes," or the patriotism to appreciate the heroic actions of the General himself. Brief as his present account of them is, it is surprising to contemplate the mere catalogue of his services and his battles in the sacred cause of his country; and we shall be happy to receive the more detailed history of his eventful life, which, at the pressing solicitation of numerous friends, he says he has at length consented to prepare.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

Art. 19. *The Conchologist's Companion*; comprising the Instincts and Constructions of Testaceous Animals; with a General Sketch of those extraordinary Productions which connect the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. By the Author of "Select Female Biography," "Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 263. 6s. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

This unpretending little volume aims only at the selection of useful and entertaining compilation, and will not supersede the more regular introductions to conchology; for it is neither illustrated by plates, nor does it exhibit a scientific series of the

arrangement and nomenclature of shells. It presents us, however, with some interesting notices of the economy of different families of zoophytes, mollusca, and testacea; and with the history of coral, pearls, the Tyrian dye, the formation of coral reefs, the ravages of the ship-worm, and an account of fossil-shells, for which we often look in vain in the more strictly systematical works: so that it may be consulted as a cheap and accessible supplement to the technical explanations and definitions. — A few sentences relative to the family of *Solens* will afford no unfavorable specimen of the style of the performance.

‘Thirty-five species compose the genus *Solen*, Razor-Sheath, or Knife-Handle. In the first division, the breadth of many of the shells is nearly seven times their length, resembling the handle of a knife or razor-sheath; and some are curved and bent like the scabbard of a scimitar, with their ends invariably open. A few in the second department are of a fine pink colour; and the *S. castrensis* is singularly marked with short broken zig-zag purple lines, resembling Chinese characters, which appear, though more faintly, on the inner as well as outer surface; but in general, excepting the *S. squamosus*, or Scaly Solen, they have little to recommend them.

‘This extraordinary shell is flat, pellucid, and of the purest white; of a sub-orbicular shape, minutely and elegantly punctured all over, in such a manner as to present the appearance, under a common pocket lens, of the finest shagreen. It is also varied with obscure concentric wrinkles; the inside smooth, glossy, white, with obscure striae radiating from the hinge.

‘The shell collector lately discovered this extraordinary specimen in sand, brought from Salcomb Bay; it was perfectly clear and pellucid, and being very flat, resembled the scale of a fish.

‘The animal inhabitant of the *Solen*, though incapable of moving forwards horizontally, digs a hole nearly two feet deep in the soft sand, into which it can descend at pleasure. A fleshy and cylindrical leg, which is capable of being drawn out to a considerable length, and made to assume the shape of a hook or spade, is used for this purpose. Thus, when the *Solen* is preparing to form a dwelling in the sand, this singular appendage takes the form of a shovel, sharp on one side, and terminating in a point, by the aid of which a hole is dug; it then alternately assumes the shape of a hook, and the spade already mentioned; one serving the purpose of shovelling out the sand, the other to assist the wary animal in its precipitous descent. When the *Solen* wishes to change its place of abode, the leg is again put in requisition; it then takes the shape of a ball, and is stretched as wide as possible. This ball prevents the creature from slipping back, while the re-action of the muscles throws it forwards.

‘The inhabitant of the *Solen* has a mantle in front, and protrudes through the sand, in which it is generally concealed, two united tubes, about three or four inches in length from the upper end of the shell, for the evident purpose of maintaining a communication with the water.

‘The generic appellation is derived from a Greek word, signifying

ing a tube. A considerable proportion of the shells of this genus are found in the European and northern seas.

‘They abound on the coast of Normandy, where they bury themselves in the sand. A gigantic variety, furnished, according to the legends of Scandinavia, a handle for the dagger of the Gaulish Cupid, who was armed, not with a bow and quiver, but with an enchanted cutlass. Hence, it is related, that when the Queen of Beauty descended on the Gallic coast in quest of pearls for her own dress, and a knife-handle for her son, a Triton, instigated by the envious Thetis, stole her apple from the rock, and bore it to the goddess of the sea. Thetis immediately broke asunder the golden prize, and scattered its seeds along the shore; whence arose the apple-trees of Normandy, whose brilliant fruit perpetuates the memory of her triumph and revenge.’

The sentimental effusion on Conway Castle, and the description of the *Fata Morgagna*, are hardly in accordance with the prime law of unity of design; at least we can assign no limits to such discursive latitude. The text is marked by frequent slips of the pen or of the press, which a prefixed list of *errata* by no means exhausts, but which the revision of a literary friend might easily have corrected.

#### MEDICINE, ANATOMY, &c.

Art. 20. *A Treatise on Midwifery*; developing new Principles, which tend materially to lessen the sufferings of the Patient, and shorten the Duration of Labour. The second Edition, considerably improved, and illustrated with numerous Cases; comprising also additional Observations on premature Expulsion of the Ovum, and Retention of the Placenta. By John Power, M.D. Physician-Accoucheur to the New Westminster Lying-in Charity, &c. 8vo. pp. 234. 8s. Boards. Simpkin and Co.

It appears that Dr. Power commenced the practice of his particular branch of the profession under the opinion, then universally prevalent, that parturition is naturally in all cases a painful process, and that bodily suffering is required to secure its successful accomplishment. The observation of facts, however, which had failed to attract the attention of preceding practitioners, soon convinced him that, during the most violent pains of parturition, the uterus was often inactive and relaxed; and that ‘the more severe and acute the paroxysms were, the more unfavorable was the state of uterine action, and the less propitious the progress of the case.’

‘Having thus acquired what appeared to him new and highly interesting views of the nature of a variety of cases of difficult and protracted labour, it became a point of importance to ascertain the practical advantages which might be derived from them. He was convinced that many, at least of the more violent pains which accompany the process of labour, were extra-uterine, and did not contribute, either directly or indirectly, to the dilatation of parts, or expulsion of the child, and that they consisted of painful affections, generally of a spasmodic nature, without the least necessary connection with the contracting fibres of the uterus.

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'The obvious practical inferences were, that their removal would be attended with advantages, as well with reference to the comfort of the patient, as to the establishment of the proper actions of the uterus; and that these objects would be best secured by treating such pains upon the general principle of relieving pain and spasmodic action under other circumstances.

'The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations; protracted cases of labour, and that dread of meeting with them, which had been implanted in his mind by the expectation that their occurrence would constitute the most disagreeable and perplexing part of his professional duties, have vanished under his practice. He has known the most acute sufferings alleviated with a certainty and simplicity previously unthought of in midwifery, and the pain, in many instances, rendered comparatively trivial, or entirely removed; while the case, which previously had been advancing slowly or not at all, has terminated with a rapidity almost miraculous. In addition, it may be stated, that after this treatment, the recovery of the patient has been unusually quick; and in no instance has any material puerperal illness succeeded, insomuch that, with the exception of an opiate, or an aperient, medical attention has been almost unnecessary.'

The nature of the subject of Dr. Power's work will not permit us to enter into any detail of its contents: but his views of the process of parturition appear to be formed from an intelligent observation of nature, and to be such as are calculated to produce the most beneficial effects on the minds of young practitioners. His method of treatment is judicious, and its adoption can in no instance be attended with danger; consisting, as it does, chiefly of friction, moral management, and the employment of anti-spasmodics. — Although we cannot altogether coincide with Dr. Power in the full extent of his doctrines, respecting the absence of pain during the healthy and regular contraction of the uterus, we are inclined to think that, were the practice which he has so ably advocated more generally adopted, much suffering might be saved, and many tedious and unmanageable cases be wholly prevented, by a speedy and easy process of parturition.

Art. 21. *Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body*; particularly designed for the Use of Painters, Sculptors, and Artists in general: translated from the German of John Henry Lavater; and illustrated by Twenty-seven Lithographic Plates. Crown 8vo. pp. 120. 12s. half-bound. Ackermann. 1824.

This is an useful and interesting manual of anatomy for young artists. The introductory part is written with a pleasing warmth of enthusiasm; and the descriptions of the osseous and muscular systems of the human body are at once brief and accurate. The plates are mere outlines, but sufficiently instructive; and the relative situation of the bones and muscles has been very successfully exhibited, by the use of red ink to express the latter over the dark outline of the bones; — thus clothing the skeleton with flesh. Some idea of the manner of the author may be formed from a short extract.

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Instead of wasting time in repeating the exclamation of Hippocrates on the shortness of life and the difficulties of art, and scaring back the young artist at his very entrance upon his career, I should rather impress it on his mind, that the seed of genius, sown in the field of industry, produces divine fruit; and that he who knows how to live, lives long in a short time, — nay, may immortalize himself by a single performance. How long did not Raphael live in thirty-seven years, — Parmegiano in thirty-six, — Potter in twenty-nine, — Van der Velde in thirty-three, — and Van Dyk in forty! How long will these masters continue to live in their works! What patterns of science did they become by their industry! What demi-gods of art by their genius! How encouraging must not such examples be to the ardent spirit of youth! How instructive, when the student learns from them how necessary it is for even the finest and the hardest stone to be ground and polished; though, at the same time, he sees that neither polish, nor ever so smooth a surface, can give to glass the hardness and the intrinsic value of the diamond or precious stone!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *Historical Sketch of the Progress of Discovery, Navigation, and Commerce*, from the earliest Records to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By William Stevenson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 654. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1824.

The late Mr. Kerr undertook to arrange, in systematic order, a general history and collection of voyages and travels; and his labors occupied seventeen volumes, embracing a great variety of curious works by early travellers, many of them being of rare occurrence, or only to be found in expensive and bulky collections. The present Historical Sketch was drawn up by Mr. Stevenson, in order to complete the plan which Mr. Kerr had laid down, but which the hand of death prevented him from entirely accomplishing; and it forms by no means the least interesting or least essential portion of the whole. Though composed, however, with this object, it is strictly and entirely an independent work.

The alliance between discovery and commerce is too obvious to escape the most casual attention. They have gone hand in hand for the last four thousand years. If commerce has derived inestimable advantages from the progress of geographical knowledge, effected by nautical enterprise; so, in return for these advantages, geographical knowledge itself has been extended, and a more frequent and amicable intercourse among nations effected, by the unquenchable desire of men to profit by commercial interchange. Wreck, failure, and defeat, have only stimulated to renewed and redoubled exertions;

“*Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates  
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.*”

In the first chapter, Mr. S. gives an historical sketch of the progress of discovery and commercial enterprise, from the earliest records



records to the time of Herodotus;—the second carries it forwards to the death of Alexander the Great;—the third commences at that period and goes down to the time of Ptolemy the geographer; with a digression on the inland trade between India and the shores of the Mediterranean, through Arabia, from the earliest ages;—the fourth comprehends the period between the time of Ptolemy and the close of the fifteenth century;—and the fifth conducts the history to the beginning of the nineteenth. At the conclusion of the volume, which does great credit to the industry of Mr. Stevenson, and will be found an useful and comprehensive compendium, a select but ample catalogue of voyages and travels is added; which will be acceptable to those who are engaged in a course of reading and inquiry, or in the formation of a library.

**Art. 23.** *Moral Inquiries on the Situation of Man and of Brutes: on the Crime of committing Cruelty on Brutes; and of sacrificing them to the Purposes of Man; with further Reflections. Observations on Mr. Martin's Act, on the Vagrant Act, and on the Tread Mills; to which are added, some Improvements in Scapers, or Substitutes for Carriage-Wheels; a New Plan of the same, and some other Mechanical Subjects.* By Lewis Gompertz, Esq. 12mo. pp. 175. Westley and Co. 1824.

Here is certainly a curious title-page, as indicating unusual amplitude and variety of subjects, and not a little puzzling the reader to conjecture how the author could contrive to discuss them within the space of one little volume; or, indeed, how he could in any degree connect his series of inquiries in an intelligible manner; setting out as he does with morals, and ending with carriage-wheels. Not the least singular, perhaps, of the articles thus treated are some very knotty points of casuistical controversy, thrown into the shape of dialogues, a few of which would have puzzled the logical powers of Cornelius Agrippa, or of Thomas à Kempis himself.

We would not, however, undervalue the serious subject of humanity towards animals; in treating of which the author displays much good sense and good feeling, though oddly disposed; and lays down excellent principles, as applied to all points of a public nature. Indeed, the tendency of most of the author's proposals and observations is humane and laudable; of which we might adduce numerous instances, in opposition to many received prejudices and abuses with regard to cruel sports. In this view, whatever be the faults of judgment with which these 'Moral Inquiries' are fraught, they are still deserving of the attention of magistrates and men in power, and we earnestly recommend them to notice and adoption.

**Art. 24.** *Essay on the Beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure.* By Robert A. Slaney, Esq. 12mo. pp. 240. 6s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

It may seem a little presumptuous to direct country-gentlemen how to spend their money; and yet a traveller, who passes along the territorial domains of different proprietors, will be struck with the prodigious difference of aspect which they present. He will see

see ragged hedges, ragged roofs, ragged children, and rotten roads, on his journey of this day, and travel to-morrow beside comfortable cottages and flower-gardens, dry footpaths, elipt fences, and all the emblems of cleanliness, industry, and thrift. The proprietors themselves, perhaps, of these different domains, are much on a par as to their personal circumstances, and the one may be as much alive to all the feelings of benevolence as the other: but he has no system of management; he is very well disposed to do good, but does not know how to set about it. He wastes money in idle alms-giving, to the encouragement of beggary and pilfering, because it is less troublesome than superintending a body of workmen whose labor, nevertheless, would return a profit to him and be beneficial to themselves. Presumptuous, therefore, as it may appear, to direct country-gentlemen how to lay out their money to the best advantage, it is very far from an useless undertaking.

Mr. Slaney has not thrown out many original suggestions, that we perceive: but perhaps he was better employed in collecting the economic suggestions, scattered through the works of various writers, who had taken some particular subject for their consideration. His references are very numerous and most respectable; and this is not by any means the least valuable part of his little volume. He had a great many subjects, which he wished to bring under the eye in a small compass: on the different directions of expenditure; on the changes which have taken place in that direction; on the progress and advantages of luxury, on planting, pruning, the preservation of game, festivals for the working classes, savings-banks, wages, loans to the poor, schools, libraries, charities, &c. He has briefly embodied the thoughts of various writers on these and many other subjects connected with rural affairs; and, by reference to those writers, he who is desirous of more ample information is told where he may find it.

Art. 25. *The Human Heart*. Crown 8vo. pp. 370. 10s. 6d.  
Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

The tales contained in this volume have all the appearance of being the production of some young person of a melancholy, or at least a pensive, cast of mind, imbued with religious feeling, and who has had the misfortune to imbibe much sickly sentiment from the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth. 'The Human Heart' is a Cretan labyrinth, and the Theseus who would explore its almost inextricable recesses must have the thread of Ariadne to conduct him. Yet nature has kindly planted in us a strong curiosity to discover the latent emotions of the mind; and to observe the degree of influence which they exercise over different individuals, as well as the degree of control which different individuals exercise over them. This curiosity is most wisely and kindly planted within us, for it is only by a sort of anatomical examination of another's mind that we can become acquainted with the structure of our own; and it is by such an examination that our sympathies in the enjoyments and sufferings of our fellow-creatures are most strongly excited, and most permanently and rationally sustained. The object of the tales before us is to illustrate some of the pas-

passions and feelings which sway the heart of man: a task of the most difficult execution, and requiring a much more intimate knowledge of the springs of human action than we can discern in the author of this volume. When we have read one of these stories, we have caught the tone and character of almost all of them. Not that the incidents much resemble each other, except that the heroes and heroines commonly lose their senses, either by accident or grief, and become idiotic or maniacal: but the descriptions are all tinged with the same hue; like the late Mr. Gilpin's *Views of the Lakes and of Forest Scenery*, which were engraved on tinted paper, to give them a warmth and autumnal mellowness.

Of the first story, intitled 'The Murderer's Death-bed,' the object is to exhibit the stings of conscience; and the character of the guilty individual is contrasted with that of an innocent and virtuous creature whom he had marked out for his victim, and who endeavors to console him in his last moments, after having listened to his confessions and bestowed on him her forgiveness. — The moral as well as the title of one of the stories is, "Thou shalt not do Evil that Good may come." — We recollect that Mr. Hume, in his narrative of the cruel proceedings which followed the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, has told this story of Kirk and a young girl and her brother in *half a page*: but it is here spun out to four or five and thirty whole pages. So much for drapery and decoration. — Another tale is called 'Amy Wilton.' She has the misfortune to be seduced by a young man, becomes pregnant, and, in order to conceal her disgrace, coincides with a plan formed by her seducer to destroy the offspring. Nature, however, will assert her rights: the child is born; maternal feelings, before unknown, rush into her heart; and the baby is spared, and nourished by her with the utmost tenderness: but, in a short time, it sickens and dies, and the mother *loses her senses*. She is then confined in a madhouse, and made outrageous by the cruelty of her treatment. Her cousin, Lucy Falknor, after a long absence with her husband in Ireland, returns; and, shocked at learning the situation of the poor insane girl, she resolves to gain admission to her cell, though the keeper intimates that she is a very outrageous patient. The interview ends in the recovery of Amy, whom Lucy takes home with her. What particular passion or emotion of the mind this story was intended to delineate, we are at a loss to conjecture.

'The Son and Heir' is perhaps intended to illustrate the vanity of human wishes, as well as to exhibit the dreadful effects of ungoverned passion. Lord A — I, a hot-headed youth, marries a very beautiful angel, as every hero of a tale should do, particularly if he has a coronet. The fervent wish of this interesting couple is to have a son and heir; who is accordingly born, thrives, and proceeds in his studies just as he ought to do: but one day, when his father had desired him to learn his lesson, the lad, seeing from the library-window the groom beating his favorite Arabian horse, runs out to rescue the animal, and very naturally lays his own whip on the groom's shoulders. The father un-

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fortunately goes into the library at this moment, and finds that his son has disobeyed his orders not to stir out till he had finished his lesson. He flies into a passion, takes his own horsewhip, which has an iron knob at the handle, strikes the boy on the head, who falls speechless at his father's feet, *loses his senses*, and continues idiotic for the rest of his life.

The 'Romance of the Ladye Amoret' is a lively sort of prescription for the cure of jealousy, and manifests more spirit and fancy than any of the others. — In 'The Trials of a young French Protestant,' we read of Gabrielle de Montlaur, and her mother the Countess, Protestant refugees, who, at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, are deprived of all their property in France, seek an asylum in England, and maintain themselves by the labor of their delicate hands. — The last tale is 'A Vision of Conscience,' which has all the extravagance of the German school of story-tellers: but this extravagance is better than the simpering sentimentality which pervades most of the rest. — The author uses *bade* for *bad*, *sate* for *sat*, and *trode* for *trod*. The two former words are sometimes employed to make up a rhyme, by some poor son of Apollo who has long racked his brain without success: but the latter, we believe, may be considered as an entirely new acquisition to the language.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Valerius* must excuse us from complying with his request, for we differ from him on all points, and have no time for any controversy: especially one which is not likely to admit of speedy determination.

*Inquisitor* writes to us on the subject of the authenticity of the Memoirs of Fouché, Duke of Otranto, lately published in Paris. We have no means of ascertaining this point, farther than as internal evidence seems to decide it: but our correspondent will find our account of that work in the Appendix to our cvth volume, which appears with this Number:

*S. C.* will perceive that his object is fulfilled in this Review.

*Fautor* shall certainly not be disappointed. We owe him all possible consideration, and will pay it as fast as we can: but we must beg him to "have patience" with us.

\* \* \* The APPENDIX to Vol. cv. of the M. R. is published with this Number, and contains FOREIGN LITERATURE as usual, with the *Title* and *Index* for the Volume.



# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For FEBRUARY, 1825.

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ART. I. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*; a Tragedy. Translated from the Greek, by Hugh Stuart Boyd, Author of "Select Passages from Chrysostom;" "Select Poems of Synesius," &c. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed. Longman and Co.

ART. II. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. Translated by John Symmons, Esq., A. M., late Student of Christ-Church. 8vo. 8s. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

THE parallel of the elder Schlegel between the tragedy and the sculpture of antient Greece, however striking and ingenious, resembles most parallels of things not essentially the same, and is in fact nugatory and inconclusive. It is indeed true that both the sculpture and the tragic drama of the Greeks present, in the hands of three great masters, several characteristic varieties; and that both, in the style and the execution of their respective *chefs d'œuvre*, were influenced by the peculiar genius, taste, and dispositions of the eminent artists who produced them: — in confirmation of which analogy, we are told that Æschylus wrote a tragedy on the sad story of Niobe, and Sophocles composed another on the horrible fate of Laöcoon. In the several statues, however, which bear their names, the overwhelming grief depicted in the one, and the intolerable agonies of the second, occupy but an instant of time; and the shuddering horror excited by the Laöcoon, or the pity mingled with affright inspired by the Niobe, is circumscribed within the narrow limits of the dreadful catastrophe. While, therefore, it is scarcely possible for the coldest bosom of the coldest critic not to feel the awful charm created by the magic skill of the sculptors, or the atmosphere of grace and of beauty with which their principal figures are invested, still it cannot be conceded, without entering too far into those mystical reasonings which the philosophical predilections of the great German critic rendered familiar to him on all subjects, but particularly on that of the fine arts and the sources of ideal beauty, that the emotions raised by those inimitable groupes bear any resemblance to such as were produced by the antient tragedy, when it put

forth in its wildest horror, and its darkest gloom, those lively and agonizing exhibitions of human life which found an echo in every breast, and had their archetype in every heart. The proposition, then, which attributes to each the effect of summoning our thoughts to the impenetrable mysteries of our own destinations, must be classed among those extravagancies of reasoning into which men of powerful genius are so apt to be betrayed.

On the other hand, tragedy, and supereminently the old Greek tragedy, works its miraculous effects neither by the representation of corporeal suffering, nor by the representation of some actual stroke of fate, or of celestial retribution, at the very moment of its pressure on the wretched and predestinated victim. It exhibits a long protracted distillation of misery; extending from the first offender, who had called down on his head the inexorable decree, to his remote descendants. The sins of the parent were not merely visited on the child, but he was in his turn, and his own posterity in like manner, irresistibly instigated to commit a crime which carried with it another chain of penalty and of suffering. The tragedy of the Greeks had a still wider domain. Its most terrific agent is that overbearing destiny with which man is doomed to struggle; and in his conflict he still exercises the free will which, though it is his most valued prerogative, is incompetent to avert the evils that dog his footsteps. If, during this awful encounter, he utters sentiments conformable to the heroic character which is assigned to him; — if those sentiments are received with that moral approbation without which no real sympathy can be awakened; — if he exercises rightly the degree of agency with which he is indued, ere yet the long-aimed blow has crushed him; — then the pity, with which tragedy purifies the soul, is duly excited, and the terrible lesson of fate is completely imparted. Yet even this is an imperfect delineation of the Greek tragedy and its peculiarities: — the basis on which it was constructed distinguishes it still more from the dramatic poetry of every other age and nation. That basis was the mythology of their country; and, with the exception of the “*Persian Women*” of Æschylus, (a play which charmed an Athenian auditory with a description of the celebrated sea-fight with Xerxes, of which the poet was himself an eye-witness, and gave a more clear and credible account of the engagement than that of Herodotus,) the Greek tragedians seem to have avoided subjects of an historical nature. Contemporary calamities were, above all, religiously excluded from the theatre; and Phrynichus, the predecessor of Æschylus, was fined by the Athenians for

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composing a tragedy on the recent capture of Miletus. It was, therefore, from the heroic traditions of their country that the tragic poets drew materials; and it flattered the pride of that sensitive and lively people, to contemplate their national glories through the gorgeous medium of a public spectacle, where they could see the dearest of their patriotic recollections embodied to their senses in the most brilliant decorations of the scene, and in the most engaging inventions of poesy and fancy. The tragedians ascended also to another world, — a world peopled with heroes and demigods, — men of gigantic mould and godlike virtue. In the earliest ages, the *οἱοὶ νῦν βροτοὶ* attested the comparative inferiority of the existing species; and those of the heroic race were therefore indued with supernatural strength. Their passions, however, were rough and intractable. They did not acknowledge the gentle yoke of laws or manners. Their crimes and violences were liable to no jurisdiction but that of Divine justice, or to the ordinances of that fate to which the gods themselves submitted. They had in all respects a higher dignity than belonged to the common generations of man. They were the elder children of nature, the heirs of her most precious gifts, produced while she was yet young, and when she brought forth her hardest offspring. — Such were the agents which epic poetry, the progenitor of the drama, had prepared for the tragic writer; and, while it is obvious that nothing was wanting in those heroic personages to confer complete dignity on the fiction, the effect was still farther heightened by remoteness of time, as incident and character are enlarged by the mists of intervening ages. It was owing to the same cause that a grand and solemn impression was never disturbed or dissipated by the petty and accessory details, which generally call off the attention from the great purpose of the piece when its events are inspected at too short a distance. — These are the chief features of the old Greek tragedy; and its heroic character in the hands of Æschylus and Sophocles was preserved with scrupulous fidelity. All was decorous and dignified, and it held the lofty impressive tone which it began to lose in the dramas of Euripides, when it is acknowledged by critics to have exhibited strong symptoms of degeneracy. Had the tragedies of Agathon, of whom Plato speaks in terms of strong applause, descended to us, we should have probably seen the art in a more advanced stage of its decline.

It is obvious that tragedy thus confined within the limits of a popular mythology had no very liberal range; and at Athens that range was still more narrowed, because the Athenian pride was naturally soothed by the traditions of their

own city, and fables not of Attic origin were little gratifying to that vain and fastidious nation. Among the small number of tragic themes, however, the sad history of the Atridæ occupied the first place in the affections of the Athenians; and this was a subject so truly national, that it administered the most intense delight to the spectators, while it accorded with those consecrated sentiments of the Grecian religion, that were breathed in almost every line of the three tragedies which Æschylus founded on that story. Of this trilogy, or series of dramas, the *Agamemnon* is the first; — a composition filled with beauties and sublimities of the highest rank, but presenting the most appalling difficulties to those who venture on transfusing them into a modern language.

The appearance of two translations, nearly at the same time, of a play of Æschylus, we hail as an auspicious omen: for it is pleasing to observe, — and if no other evidence of the fact existed, it would be enough to prove the increased cultivation of Greek learning, — that there has been of late a great solicitude to redeem the father of the Grecian tragedy from the neglect into which for many years he seems to have fallen. We are not, however, to attribute such neglect to any want of perception, among critics and scholars, of his great and undeniable sublimity, and his sparkling and varied beauty; or to an unjust insensibility to that boldness of thought and grandeur of expression, which gained for him the marked predilection of his Athenian auditory: — a predilection which, as may be gathered from many passages in Aristophanes, partook more of enthusiasm and passion than merely of cold critical approbation. That he has been so long overlooked must be attributed, therefore, to the difficulties occasioned by an imperfect and mutilated text, occurring most frequently in the lyrical passages; and in a great degree by peculiar forms of expression which he was wont to affect, and which even in his own day were considered to be archaisms. The first difficulty is imputable chiefly to the negligence of copyists, and the innumerable and wanton variations of his commentators; for besides the editions of Aldus, Robortellus, and Turnebus, not fewer than thirty manuscript-copies exist, which abound in the grossest blunders. With regard to the difficulties arising from the style and manner of Æschylus, we may hazard an opinion that most of them will vanish on a diligent perusal of his plays through the medium of a correct impression; — and this, since the valuable edition of Dr. Blomfield, (a disciple of the school of Porson,) is no longer a desideratum. It will now, we venture to hope, be at last admitted that he is something more than a poet of verbal pomp



pomp and magnificence, and abounding in much higher characteristics than complex epithets and sonorous words:— for in whom of the Greek tragedians are the dramatic characters more true in their keeping, or better preserved, or more punctiliously faithful to the dignified simplicity of the heroic times, into which he has thrown back his fables? His pieces, moreover, are lessons of devotion: his piety perpetually beams forth in his tragedies; and pre-eminently in the *Agamemnon*, all the events of which, forming a terrific concatenation of calamities, are referred to “Jove the author and effecter of all things,” an expression which is with great fitness put into the mouth of the Chorus. No poet has more sublimely brought before us the fearful graces of that destiny, which overrules the feeble will of mortals:— we almost hear the iron sound of her scythed chariot, as it rolls along; and we almost see her “sharpening the sword of justice on her whetstone.” Nor is he deficient in those moral sentences which have been so much admired in Euripides, the *χρημαί* for which that tragedian is remarkable. On the other hand, Æschylus has nothing of the snip-snap sudden reciprocation of dialogue, for which Euripides has been justly reprehended; nor does he put high and sounding maxims of morality into the mouths of mean and subordinate characters; which has been the standing reproach of the former. His style is flowing and perspicuous, and has less restraint than the polished and elegant stateliness of Sophocles imposes. Of his Choral Odes, who can coldly catalogue the beauties? Aladdin, in the Oriental tale, might as well have classed and numbered the rubies that glowed in the cave of the Genii.

Yet the translation of an antient whose sublimities equal if they do not transcend those of Dante and Shakspeare, and all of which are the indigenous growth of the wonderful language that has conveyed them to us, into a language which, however abounding in its own native graces and indued with its own northern vigor, is with regard to its genius and conformation in direct contrast to that of the Greeks, can be considered in no other light than as a daring experiment. Both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Symmons have felt and acknowledged the number and magnitude of their impediments. From the preface of the latter we extract the following remarks, not only as they shew a becoming sensibility to the difficulty of his task, but as they are in themselves specimens of sound and just criticism:

‘The times, customs, religion, and manners, are changed; words which vibrated on the ear, and went straight to the heart of an Athenian, causing a thrill through their crowded theatres, are known to us only by the dim light of lexicons, context, and

glossaries; and even when understood, we search in vain for corresponding expressions in our own language. Words consecrated to religious usages, long since forgotten, become untranslatable: how, for instance, can we render such a word as *προστρέβαις*? (and yet, perhaps, the mere enunciation of that word created an awful sensation arising from the combined effects produced by the horror of murder, and the terrors of superstition,) and an infinite number of others relating to laws, religion, and manners? How render idioms so different from our own? Without taking into consideration the great power and force of a language appertaining to the most refined and civilized people of the world, to which we are indebted for all our terms of civility and science, and in which one word would sometimes require for its translation a whole sentence of a modern language, as, for instance, *ἐπιχαίρειναι*, “a disposition to feel pleasure at the misfortunes of others;” which makes a sentence, and constitutes a maxim in Rochefaucault: “*Il y a toujours dans le malheur d’autrui quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas.*” The mechanism also of the ancient languages is so much more perfect, being without the signs of inflection and declension, those necessary supports of ruder and more unfinished dialects: the building, to use their own expression, composed of fewer, but grander, and more comprehensive materials, (*ἀμεινὰ ῥήματα*, words which would fill a cart,) presents a front of Cycloplan architecture, built for perpetuity; whilst modern writers are compelled to raise their edifices with act-of-parliament brick. Madame de Staël, in her beautiful little work of *Corinne*, has very happily characterized the style of writing of the ancients: “*C’est ainsi que la poésie antique ne dessinait que les grandes masses, et laissait à la pensée de l’auditeur à remplir les intervalles, à suppléer les développemens: en tous genres, nous autres modernes nous disons trop.*” I cite this passage as a very profound and characteristic description of the genius of Greek poetry; the principle laid down in which observation must explain, once for all, the immeasurable distance that there must be between an ancient original and a modern translation; that is, not only the difference between the genius of writers, but the still greater difference between the genius of languages and ages. The Greek poetry pleased, and was imposing in its simplicity and nakedness: it has a charm perfectly impossible to be conveyed to those who have not read it in the original, and are not thoroughly imbued with it; whereas an attempt at the same simplicity in an uncongenial and less powerful language, in a less poetical age and country, would produce only a displeasing effect, pretty nearly what would be produced by the exhibition of a modern *beau*, stripped of his clothes, by the side of the naked beauties of Antinous, Adonis, or Apollo. Hence translators of these works run always between two rocks; hence Pope is censured for too much embroidery, whilst Cowper is generally disliked for an unpleasing, and almost deformed nudity. However, it may be said of the former, that he has produced the finest specimen imaginable of that species of translation; whereas it may be doubted whether the

the latter was qualified by nature to do justice to the other and more difficult style ; whether the mild and amiable author of the *Sofa* were not better calculated to blow the postman's horn, entering a country village, than the trumpet of Mars, shrouded in tempests, blowing to battle from the topmost towers of Ilion.

It might be matter of considerable debate, whether a poetic version of a play of Æschylus be practicable. Mr. Boyd believes that a good translation of it into verse is impossible, and especially, as he observes, in the Choral Odes : but Mr. Symmons is evidently at issue with his brother-translator, or he would not have hazarded his poetical version of the *Agamemnon*. A little reflection will enable us to judge between these conflicting opinions. A translation in prose may be so executed, as to convey a precise notion of the sense and the meaning, and even to render justice to the beauties and the sublimities, of the Greek poet ; — that is, it will be prose only to the eye, or in form only and appearance. If it be animated by the imagination, studded over with the sparkling graces, and worked up to the elevation and dignity of the original, it is no longer prose ; — nor will the mere absence of numbers, or the want of metrical conformation, reduce it to prose : — in its essence it will be poetry, and poetry of the highest cast. If Æschylus be faithfully represented, and his manner and spirit preserved, his great qualities will be indestructible, cast them into what mould we will. Is the inspiration of David, or the majestic and towering grandeur of the book of Job, less poetic in substance for having been translated into what is called prose, but which is in fact elevated into poetry by the living and unquenched spirit of the Hebrew lyre ? — On the other hand, a professed poetical version may “ keep its promise to the eye, and break it to the ear ;” that is, it may be put into the form of verse, but sink immeasurably below poetry. A poetical translation, if equally true to the original, and giving equal utterance to the warmth and greatness of the poet, would be preferable to prose, because poetry has so long been attired in certain conventional habiliments, that we scarcely recognize her when she is divested of them : — but the absence of these qualifications in a poetical version would decide the question in favor of the prose which should possess them. A paraphrastic wandering into meanings disavowed by the genuine text, — the substitution of other images for those of the poet, — a diffuse and teeming phraseology, in which the sense, locked up by the Greek author in a close and concise expression, is represented by a needless multiplication of synonymous phrases, — would justify a decided preference to the most prosaic version in which

those faults are avoided, because we should have more of Æschylus, and little or nothing of the translator. If by this standard we try the merits of Mr. Boyd's and Mr. Symmons's versions, certain passages may appear to advantage in the rendering of Mr. Boyd: but this rarely occurs; and on the whole, Mr. Symmons has not only performed his task with herculean vigor and great success, but has, moreover, intitled himself to the gratitude of Greek students by the admirable notes affixed to his version.

Comparison is always an invidious part of our office, and not the less displeasing when the living are compared with the dead. Potter was the first who translated Æschylus, and had great merit both as a poet and a translator: but he wanted the requisite learning to cope with the difficulties of a corrupted text, and his road had not been cleared for him by the many successful labors which modern criticism has bestowed on it. Both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Symmons have avoided the laxities of that translator, whose compass of poetic language enabled him too often to veil the grossest perversions beneath its graces, — graces occasionally not inferior to those of his great original. To a strictly verbal translation, which in the best hands would be only a clayey dead resemblance, Potter ought not to be tied down: but to introduce one set of images or figures, where his author had used another, can never be allowed to be within a translator's province. The law and condition of his task inhibit him from trusting himself to his own fancy, or from deviating into bye-ways to cull other flowers, however inviting, than those of his author; — in short, they will not allow him to escape from the restrictions which by his own voluntary compact he is bound to undergo,

*“ Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.”*

Many of Potter's transgressions are palpable, and have drawn down the just animadversions of both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Symmons. In the first Choral Ode, for instance, where the poet alludes to Diana as “delighting in the young ones of the furious lion,” the lion's cubs are transformed into “spangled dew-drops:”

“ Fair from the spangled dew-drops that adorn  
The breathing flowerets of the morn;”

very pleasing lines, but Æschylus does not say a word either of dew-drops or the flowerets of the morn. Into this aberration Potter was led by Pauw, who mistook the use of the word *δρῶσι*, which literally means dews of the morning, but, in the metaphorical sense in which it is applied by Æschylus,

chylus, means the lion's whelps, or *first-born*. Well might Schutz exclaim *Ohe!* at this senseless alteration.

'The fourth Choral Ode of Æschylus begins thus,' says Mr. Boyd: "Why doth this fear hover round my heart, observing (or looking for) omens?" Potter begins thus: —

"What may this mean? Along the skies  
Why do these dreadful portents roll?  
Visions of terror, spare my aching eyes!"

In the original, there is nothing about *the skies*, nor about *aching eyes*; but the translator, having finished one line with *skies*, was of course obliged to seek for a rhyme. I have not cited the above examples for the purpose of depreciating Potter; but to show how very difficult it is for a man to adhere to the original, when he is translating a Greek ode into English verse.

It tends towards a confirmation of Mr. Boyd's theory, that Mr. Symmons, in the beginning of the same Ode, has been almost equally paraphrastical.

'Why do these portents flit before my eyes,  
Sights, which the antient soothsayer saw?  
Why does the voice of prophecy arise,  
And fill my soul with awe?"

Here a great beauty has been omitted; we mean, the *καρδίας τερασκόπου*, which has a profound moral reflection. When the heart is heavy with grief, it watches for bad omens, because the futurity into which it trembles to look is overhung with dark and portentous evil. Mr. Boyd has well rendered it, 'my heart on the watch for omens.'

Before we proceed farther, however, we must say something of the story and the construction of the play itself. Mr. Symmons has judiciously adopted Schlegel's analysis of this astonishing tragedy, which we conceive will be highly acceptable to our readers.

"In Agamemnon it was the intention of Æschylus to exhibit to us a sudden fall from the highest pinnacle of prosperity and fame into the abyss of ruin. The prince, the hero, the general of the whole of the Greeks, in the very moment when he has succeeded in concluding the most glorious action, the destruction of Troy, the fame of which is to be re-echoed from the mouths of the greatest poets of all ages, on entering the threshold of his house, after which he has long sighed, is strangled amidst the unsuspected preparations for a festival, according to the expression of Homer, 'like an ox in the stall,' strangled by his faithless wife; her unworthy seducer takes possession of his throne, and the children are consigned to banishment, or to hopeless servitude.

'With the view of giving greater effect to this dreadful alteration of fortune, the poet has previously thrown a splendour over  
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the destruction of Troy. He has done this, in the first half of the piece, in a manner peculiar to himself, which, however singular, must be allowed to be impressive in the extreme, and to lay fast hold of the imagination. It is of importance to Clytemnestra not to be surprised by the arrival of her husband; she has therefore arranged an uninterrupted series of signal-fires from Troy to Mycenæ to announce to her that great event. The piece commences with the speech of a watchman, who supplicates the gods for a release from his toils; as for ten long years he has been exposed to the cold dews of night, has witnessed the various changes of the stars, and looked in vain for the expected signal; at the same time he laments in secret the internal ruin of the royal house. At this moment he sees the blaze of the long-wished-for fires, and hastens to announce it to his mistress. A chorus of aged persons appears, and in their songs they trace back the Trojan war, throughout all its eventful changes of fortune, from its first origin, and recount all the prophecies relating to it, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia, at the expense of which the voyage of the Greeks was purchased. Clytemnestra declares the joyful cause of the sacrifice which she orders, and the herald, Talthybius, immediately makes his appearance, who, as an eye-witness, announces the drama of the conquered and plundered city consigned as a prey to the flames, the joy of the victors, and the glory of their leader. He displays with reluctance, as if unwilling to shade the brilliancy of his picture, the subsequent misfortunes of the Greeks, their dispersion, and the shipwreck suffered by many of them, — an immediate symptom of the wrath of the gods. We easily see how little the unity of place was observed by the poet, and that he rather avails himself of the prerogative of his mental dominion over the powers of nature, and adds wings to the circling hours in their course towards their dreadful goal. Agamemnon now comes, borne in a sort of triumphal procession; and seated in another car, laden with booty, follows Cassandra, his prisoner of war, and mistress, according to the privilege of the heroes of those days. Clytemnestra greets him with hypocritical joy and veneration; she orders her slaves to cover the ground with the most costly embroideries of purple, that it might not be touched by the foot of the conqueror. Agamemnon, with sage moderation, refuses to receive an honour due only to the gods; at last he yields to her invitations, and enters the house. The Chorus then begins to utter dark forebodings. Clytemnestra returns to allure Cassandra to her destruction by the art of soft persuasion. The latter remains dumb and motionless; but the Queen is hardly gone, when, seized with a prophetic rage, she breaks out into the most perplexing lamentations; afterwards unveils her prophecies more distinctly to the Chorus: she sees in her mind all the enormities which have been perpetrated in that house: the repast of Thyestes, which the sun refused to look on; the shadows of the dilacerated children — appear to her on the battlements of the palace. She also sees the death prepared for her master; and, although horror-struck at the atrocious spectacle,

tacle, as if seized with an overpowering fury, she rushes into the house to meet her inevitable death: we then hear behind the scenes the sighs of the dying Agamemnon. The palace opens: Clytemnestra stands beside the body of her king and husband, — an undaunted criminal, who not only confesses the deed, but boasts of it as a just requital for Agamemnon's ambitious sacrifice of Iphigenia. The jealousy towards Cassandra, and the criminal union with the unworthy Ægisthus, which is first disclosed after the completion of the murder, towards the conclusion of the piece, are motives which she throws entirely into the back ground, and hardly touches on: this was necessary to preserve the dignity of the subject. But Clytemnestra would have been improperly portrayed as a weak woman seduced from her duty; she appeared with the features of that heroic age, so rich in bloody catastrophes, in which all the passions were violent, and in which, both in good and evil, men exceeded the ordinary standard of later and more puny ages. What is so revolting, what affords such a deep proof of the degeneracy of human nature, as the spectacle of horrid crimes conceived in a pusillanimous bosom? When such crimes are to be portrayed by the poet, he must neither endeavour to embellish them, nor to mitigate our horror and aversion. The consequence which is thus given to the sacrifice of Iphigenia has this particular advantage, that it keeps within some bounds our discontent at the fall of Agamemnon. He cannot be pronounced wholly innocent; an earlier crime recoils on his own head; and besides, according to the religious idea of the ancients, an old curse hung over his house: Ægisthus, the contriver of his destruction, is a son of that very Thyestes on whom his father Atreus took such an unnatural revenge; and this fatal connexion is conveyed to our minds in the most vivid manner by the Chorus, and more especially by the prophecies of Cassandra."

The play opens in the latter part of the night; and a watchman, stationed on the roof of the palace, awaiting the signal of the fall of Troy, thus soliloquizes. The passage is rendered with great spirit by Mr. Symmons.

' For ever thus? O keep me not, ye gods,  
For ever thus, fix'd in the lonely tower  
Of Atreus' palace, from whose height I gaze  
O'erwatch'd and weary, like a night-dog still  
Fix'd to my post: meanwhile the rolling year  
Moves on, and I my wakeful vigils keep  
By the cold star-light sheen of spangled skies.  
The pole is studded o'er; above the rest  
Flame the bright rulers of the midnight hour;  
Who shed an influence on us mortal men,  
And change our seasons as they roll along.  
Now my eyes watch to see the appointed signal,  
The fire in the horizon, whose red dawn  
Will spread the downfall of proud Ilion's towers  
Swifter than noisy fame or rumouring tongues:

For

For so I do interpret the command,  
 And read her thoughts who gave it, haughty soul,  
 Our queen, a man in counsel ; meanwhile here,  
 Standing or walking through the night I ply,  
 Or snatch uneasy rest on pallet stretch'd,  
 Sprinkled by dews, unvisited by dreams ;  
 For Fear keeps watching, lest I close my eyes  
 Outright, or nodding gravitate to sleep.  
 Meanwhile it pleases me by fits to pipe,  
 Or sing some roundelay ; for song has charms,  
 To pass dull time, and wheedle drowsy sleep :  
 Then sad thoughts cloud me, and past times recur,  
 And gloomy recollections of this house,  
 Changed, oh ! how changed since first I knew these walls,  
 When all was order, and due service glad !  
 But may the night-star of good news appear,  
 The darkling fire ; good news to them and me,  
 A happy riddance of my nightly toils. [Beacon is seen.  
 O hail, thou lamp of darkness ! in the night  
 Shedding the splendour of diurnal beams,  
 Bringing to Argos jubilee and joy,  
 And many a choir with thy eventful light.

Io, Io !

Quick with this news to Agamemnon's queen,  
 That, from her bed quick rising, through the house  
 She may her holy orisons begin,  
 With loud acclaim and Orthian minstrelsy,  
 To greet this beacon ; if indeed the town  
 Of Troy be taken, as this fire announces.  
 Strike up the prelude ! I will lead the dance,  
 And be the first among the merry throng ;  
 For I shall now put down upon the board  
 The lucky fortunes of my master's house,  
 From the good throw this torch-light watch has made.  
 Thrice six the main ! Ay, ay, a lucky throw ;  
 And all my watching turns out well at last.  
 But O for his arrival ! O this hand  
 Held out to touch my much-loved monarch's hand !  
 Hush ! for the rest I'm silent ; a great seal  
 Closes my lips : could it but find a voice,  
 The house itself, the very walls would speak on 't  
 Distinct. So far to those who 're in the secret ;  
 To those who are not, I'm as dumb as Lethe.'

We have to regret, however, the omission of τοὺς φέροντας  
 χειμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς, "who bring winter and summer to mor-  
 tals," which Æschylus emphatically ascribes to "the bright  
 potentates" of the sky ; or, as Schutz well interprets the line  
 by a citation from Virgil, 'Vos, o clarissima mundi lumina.'  
 Potter has rendered the passage more concisely.

"Ye



“ Ye fav’ring gods, relieve me from this toil :  
Fixed as a dog on Agamemnon’s roof  
I watch the live-long year, observing hence  
*The host of stars*, that in the spangled skies  
Take their bright stations, and to mortals bring  
*Winter and summer.*”

The *host of stars* is a more faithful and less diffuse rendering of ἀστῶν ὁμήγουριν than that of Mr. Symmons. Mr. Boyd has well translated the passage, ‘ I have beheld the choir of nightly stars, and those bright potentates, beauteous in the firmament, *who bring winter and summer to mortals.*’ We should suggest, however, for ‘ beauteous in the firmament,’ *distinguished in the firmament*, as nearer to the ἐμπρέποντας αἰθέρι. Mr. Symmons has judiciously followed Blomfield in translating ἀνδρόβουλον, manly-minded woman, *virilia incuns consilia*. He has also extricated himself with felicity from a difficulty which Mr. Boyd has evaded ; we mean the τρεῖς ἐξ θαλάσσης ; a metaphor in which the lighting of the torch is compared to the good fortune of throwing six *three times* at dice. Mr. B.’s omission of it is unfair not only to Æschylus but to his English readers, who have a right to be told what the poet puts into the mouth of the watchman, however inconsistent with the translator’s notions of congruity.

Our hearty commendations are due to Mr. Symmons for his interpretation of a passage in the Chorus, who enter immediately after this speech ; and who, speaking of the Greek expedition against Troy, beautifully compare the assembled ships to vultures sorrowing for their bereaved young, and wheeling round their desolated nest ‘ with their wings’ oary steerage, πτερυγων ἐρετμοῖσιν ἐρροσόμενοι, whence Lucretius and Virgil took their “ *remigium alarum.*” We subjoin the learned and acute note of Mr. Symmons.

‘ The expression in this passage of Πόνον ὀρταλίων δλεσάντες is absurdly understood by Potter and others as equivalent to the English phrase “ losing their pains,” which is refuted by the epithet δμνιοτήρη. Πόνον ὀρταλίων means “ the young birds themselves, the tender object of the care of their parents” (so forcible and comprehensive is the Greek language in the hands of a poet). In short, it means, by a bold figure, what would be expressed in common Greek thus ; δλίσαντες τοὺς ὀρταλίχους ἐφ’ οἷς πεπονηκότες εἰεν. Euripides, Hercules Fur. 1039., has an exactly parallel passage : ‘ Οὐδ’ ὅς τις ὄρνις ἄπτερον καταστένων ‘Ὀδῖνα τέκνον ; that is, in prose, τέκνα ἄπτερα δι’ ἃ ὀδῖνας τετληκὼς εἶη. Spenser, whether from imitation, or more probably from poetical coincidence, elegantly uses the same figure in speaking of a hind deprived of her young.

“ Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.”

It

It is really mortifying to see a fine passage so ill used: Musgrave is the least delinquent, who would read *Γένον* for *Πένον*, though that would be to take a plume from the poet: but one cannot help feeling angry with Stanley, Potter, and Dr. Blomfield for rendering *ἀλυσάντες πένον ὀρταλίων δειμιοτήρη*, "losing their pains in guarding the beds of their young," instead of "losing their unfledged and bed-reposing cares." What great poet, instead of positively and directly stating such a calamity, would state it thus by circumlocution, and as it were by induction? as if losing their pains was a loss to be considered when they had lost their young themselves! What a style of writing! Besides *δειμιοτήρη* does not mean *guarding* a bed, but *keeping* a bed, or lying in a bed, and is here applied to the young ones lying in their nest. And this is the very sense it is used in in line 1424. of this play, and this is the very sense Hesychius gives the word, referring to this very passage.'

Mr. Boyd has not rightly apprehended the sense of this phrase, in translating it 'having lost the charge of rearing their unfledged progeny.'

Allowing for the unavoidable embarrassments of translating the lyrical parts of a Greek tragedy, the first Choral Ode is well executed by Mr. Symmons.

' Jove! I invoke thee by the name of Jove,  
 If so that title thou dost love,  
 Whoe'er thou art, mysterious One above:  
 Reflecting much, nought can I find but thee,  
 Thou mighty Pow'r! so let my soul be free,  
 Nor dread misnomer of thy deity;  
 For he, thy predecessor great,  
 All arm'd with giant confidence elate,  
     Has been of yore  
     And is no more.  
 And he, who second came,  
     Is but a name,  
 By champion victor in the fight  
 Vanquish'd and turn'd to flight:  
 But ready be the Pæan loud to ring,  
 And Jove's triumphal praises sing,  
 (Wise is the man who adores th' Eternal King,)
     Jove the great God,  
     Who show'd us mortals Wisdom's road,  
     And who by sapient rule  
 Has made Adversity Instruction's school.  
 Fear draws the curtains oft at night,  
 And makes the sleeper think of woe,  
 By coward conscience struck  
 In midnight's secret hour;  
 And those, who would not learn before,  
 Have learnt, perforce, great Virtue's power,  
 Gift of the gods, who sit enthroned above  
 On azure blazing thrones and seats of living might.'

Let

Let us look at this in the prose of Mr. Boyd.

'Jove, whoever that Being is, if this title be acceptable to him, by this I now address him. Deeply pondering in my mind, I am unable to discover, if there be any save Jove, through whom I may cast off this unprofitable weight of care. He who formerly was great, prevailing in unconquered hardiment, can now impart no counsel; and he who next arose, meeting with the threefold conqueror, passed away. — But the man who proclaimeth Jove, in the hour of his triumph, shall obtain the fulness of understanding: Jove, who leadeth mortals on the road to Knowledge, who enableth them, by suffering, to take hold of Wisdom. In sleep, their unforgotten sorrows steal round the heart, and thus, even against their will, Wisdom entereth. Such is the rigid dispensation of the gods, on their hallowed thrones sublimely seated!'

Mr. Symmons follows the scholiast in his interpretation of the passage at the beginning of this Ode, which is a reference to the antient theogony. Ouranos, or Cœlus, was the first deity; and he was deposed by Saturn, and Saturn by Jupiter, who is called in the original "three-fold victor" from his victory first over the Titans, (the original elements of the wild energies of nature,) then over Saturn, and next over the giants. Potter, therefore, is quite unwarranted in considering the passage as a general remark on the instability of human affairs. Mr. Boyd also adopts the explanation of the scholiast.

The beautiful and affecting picture of Iphigenia's sacrifice, whence Lucretius took one or two of the affecting attitudes in which he delineates the unhappy daughter of Agamemnon on that sad occasion, is one of the finest lyrical effusions in Æschylus. Both poets excite our commiseration by bringing before our eyes her present situation, and contrasting it with the splendor of her former fortune, as well as the softness and tenderness in which her infancy had been reared. Lucretius intimates the circumstance of her having arrived at a marriageable age, and then, to cast a deeper shade of sadness over his picture, calls up to our fancy the pomp, the joy, the gladness of her bridal day; — a scene which throws into still stronger relief the gloomy solemnities and terrific preparations of that abhorred sacrifice.

*"Non ut, solenni more sacrorum  
Perfecto, posset claro comitari Hymenæo,  
Sed casta incestu nubendi tempore in ipso  
Hostia consideret mactatu mæsta parentis."*

LUCRET. i. 97—100.

The passage in the *Agamemnon* is thus happily rendered by Mr. Symmons:

'Thus then Atrides, in that baleful mood,  
Dared with his daughter's sacrifice complete

The

The first pliation of the wind-bound fleet,  
 And speed War's iron muster with her blood,  
 In cause of Helen, perjured dame.  
 Mailed chiefs, whose bosoms burn  
 For battle, heard in silence stern  
 Cries that call'd a father's name,  
 And set at nought pray'rs, cries, and tears,  
 And her sweet virgin-life and blooming years.

Now when the solemn prayer was said,  
 The father gave the dire command  
 To the priestly band,  
 Men with strong hands and ruthless force,  
 To lift from earth that maiden fair,  
 Where she had sunk in dumb despair,  
 And lay with robes all cover'd round,  
 Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground,  
 And bear her to the altar dread,  
 Like a young fawn or mountain-kid :  
 Then round her beauteous mouth to tie  
 Dumb sullen bands to stop her cry,  
 Lest aught of an unholy sound  
 Be heard to breathe those altars round,  
 Which on the monarch's house might hang a deadly spell.  
 Now as she stood, and her descending veil,  
 Let down in clouds of saffron, touch'd the ground,  
 The priests, and all the sacrificers round,  
 All felt the melting beams that came,  
 With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely eyes.  
 Like some imagined pictured maid she stood,  
 So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would  
 Speak, yet still mute : though oft her father's halls  
 Magnificent among,  
 She, now so mute, had sung  
 Full many a lovely air,  
 In maiden beauty, fresh and fair ;  
 And with the warbled music of her voice  
 Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice ;  
 While feast, and sacrifice, and choral song,  
 Led the glad hours of lengthened day along.'

Some excellent criticism occurs in the notes on the next Choral Ode, and we strongly recommend them to those who wish to read the *Agamemnon* with taste and judgment. We hope, however, that in a future edition Mr. Symmons will modify a passage in Clytemnestra's speech, when she discerns the approach of the herald from Troy :

— my eyes descry  
 A herald from the beach approaching fast,  
 And mark his olive boughs ; and lo ! *mud's brother*,  
*The parching, thirsty dust*, proclaims his speed.' (P. 46.)

Mr. Boyd

Mr. Boyd has omitted this strange metaphor altogether. We would suggest that, if the word *Συνοπος* had been rendered by Mr. Symmons, he might have avoided the cacophony. The meaning of Æschylus is, "dust the conterminous brother of the mud;" *i. e.* the dust when humid becomes mud; and the one extending as far as the other (*συνοπος*), the poet by a bold but not very happy metaphor makes them brothers. — The herald recounts to the Chorus the sufferings of the Grecian army before the walls of Troy; and this noble passage is elegantly, but somewhat diffusely, rendered by Mr. Symmons.

• I could tell hardships and inclement watches;  
 Cribs and close-pent up hatches; beds on plank;  
 Our labours, rather call them suff'rings, were  
 Set by the hours of each revolving day.  
 But this was light to what we bore on land:  
 Tents by the hostile walls, and drizzling skies,  
 And marshy fens, and jerkins mildew'd o'er,  
 And, martyr-hair'd, our soldiers look'd like beasts.  
 Or shall I tell our wint'rings, and the cold  
 We scarce could bear, engender'd by the snows  
 That hid mount Ida, when the rage of winter  
 Swept from the landskip e'en the birds of air?  
 Or how we broil'd in summer's sultry calms,  
 When, on his mid-day couch, the unruffled sea  
 Slept in the stillness of the noontide air,  
 Without a breeze or sigh of zephyr heard.  
 'Tis o'er; 'tis ended — why lament it now?  
 Now all the labours of the war are past,  
 Are past to us; ay, and past too to them,  
 Our comrades dead; to them all feeling's past,  
 Or thoughts of rising from their lowly beds.  
 Why talk of them, poor souls? why tell how many  
 Perish'd, alas! and overcloud the joy  
 Of those whose life is left? Down, down, sad thoughts!  
 'Tis time to part from grief, and welcome joy.  
 We that are left of that great Argive host  
 Can say our losses in the scale are light  
 Weigh'd 'gainst our gains: why we may take our station,  
 Borne on the wings of fame o'er sea and land,  
 And show our glories to the dazzling sun,  
 Proclaiming as we go, — "These are the spoils  
 The Greeks have taken from the towers of Troy,  
 And hung them in the temples of their gods,  
 A blazonry for ages yet to come."  
 As such sounds spread abroad, the list'ning world  
 Must needs our chiefs admire, our city laud,  
 And honour will be paid to Jove, whose grace  
 These deeds accomplish'd. Thou hast heard me out.

Mr. Boyd thus gives the speech:

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• If

‘ If I were to relate our toils, the perilous stations of our ships, and the miserable manner in which we were pent, — what portion of the day was not spent in lamentations and complaints? But the hardships we endured on land were yet more grievous. Our beds were spread beneath the walls of our enemies; and the dews from heaven, and from the meadow land, dropped thick upon us, causing our garments to decay, and our hair to be shaggy like that of beasts. But if any one should describe the winter, which destroyed the very birds, that intolerable cold produced by the snows of Ida: or the heat, when ocean slumbered in his meridian bed, unruffled by a gale, unfurrowed by a wave. — But why do I lament these things? Our labours are past. They are also past, with respect to those who have departed, for they can never rise again. Wherefore should I enumerate the dead, and mourn for the living, on account of their adverse fate? I judge it fitting to bid a long farewell to misfortunes; for unto us, the remnant of the Grecian army, the gain prevails, and the loss weighs not equally in the balance. It is natural, that having flown over sea and land, we should thus exult before the light of the sun. The Argive hosts, having captured Troy, consecrated these trophies to the Grecian deities, fixed as ornaments in their ancient temples. It behoveth those who hear such things, to bless the city, and to bless the leaders; and the grace of Jove, which hath wrought these wonders, shall be magnified. Thou hast heard all, which I had to offer.’

The description of a sea-storm in the *Agamemnon* has been equalled by Shakspeare alone. Mr. Symmons translates the simple expression *ἀδρυ πόντον*, “the watery jaws of a sea-death.” Would it not have been better if literally rendered by our English phrase, “a watery grave?” Such remarks as this we make to contribute our aid to the finishing, *ad unguem*, of a translation which, generally speaking, deserves the highest commendation.

In the third Choral Ode, Helen is painted in the utmost opulence and pomp of lyric poesy; and her charms are shadowed forth with all the might and energy of an imagination which knows no repose, but rushes into the remotest regions of thought: uniting in bland and harmonious assimilation the most varied and even opposite conceptions of the mind. Those resistless but destructive charms, which brought down ruin on the house of Priam, are depicted in a delightful allegory.

Could we trust ourselves with farther extracts, we would give our readers a sketch of the gigantic powers of Æschylus in the scene between Cassandra and the Chorus; a passage, to which both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Symmons have done considerable justice. This is no slight praise; for never, never, were the outbreakings of prophetic genius, — the hallowed fury of

inspiration, — were sublimely exhibited than in the original. We tremble with a divine horror as the prophetess lifts up the blood-stained curtain of futurity; we share her agonies, while she labors with the pangs and throes of her dreadful vaticinations; our bosoms heave, like her own, beneath the overwhelming pressure of the dark events that hang over the family of Atreus; and when she scents the human blood which in a few minutes was destined to flow, and prophetically shrieks from the cold dewy vapors of the tomb, her scream pierces through the inmost recesses of the heart. We see the black band of the kindred furies in the house, drunk with gore, and heating themselves for new and more daring scenes of murder: we hear them chaunting in hoarse unison the dreadful dirges of death:

Ἕγμνοῦσι δ' ὕμνον δόμασι προσημεναί  
Πρώταρχον ἄτην.

Perhaps the lyrical passages of this noble tragedy have been extended by Æschylus beyond strict dramatic proportion. He wrote, however, at a period of his art when it was not yet reduced into symmetry and rule, and had not acquired that regularity which most of the arts obtain in more advanced stages; though at the usual expence of much of their grandeur. No critical rules could restrain the genius of Æschylus. His poetry resembles the ocean itself, the proud waves of which who shall stay? Like the ocean, it sometimes heaves with tempests, and at another reflects numberless smiles (*ἀντίρροπον γέλασμα*) on its unruffled surface. Above all, the tragedies of Æschylus, as we have already intimated, breathe the genuine spirit of religion; and his *Agamemnon* is almost a hymn to the Divinity. A pious resignation under the ills of life, obedience to the Supreme Will, and the awful doctrine of celestial retribution, are perpetually enjoined by the Chorus, whose office it is to admonish and console the afflicted. This is true poetry; — poetry asserting its alliance with heaven, and giving indisputable proof of its high descent, in strains glowing with the sacred enthusiasm of the lyre. While we peruse it, we feel as if we were within the solemn aisles of an edifice dedicated to God.

Such is the play which the learned labors of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Symmons have again rendered accessible to English readers. The former translator exhibits a familiar acquaintance with the Greek, and considerable power over the English language. His version, though prose in form, is essentially poetic; and we are astonished at what he has effected, when we advert to the melancholy privation which renders it neces-

sary for him to hear from the friendly voices of others the literature which he loves. If Mr. Symmons be not every where so poetical as Potter, he adheres with greater fidelity to his author; and his annotations are felicitous specimens of emendatory criticism, which we earnestly recommend to all who are desirous of tasting the true sublimity of Æschylus; — a sublimity which, according to the fine remark of Longinus, lifts us in its perusal to an elevation with the author himself, fills us with the same pride of invention, and makes us partake in the triumphs of his genius. Φύσει γὰρ πῶς ὑπο τῆς ἀλθους ὕψους ἐπαιρεται τε ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ γαυρόν τι παράστημα λαμβάνουσα πληροῦται χαρᾶς καὶ μεγαλαυχίας, ὥς αὐτὴ γενήσασα ὅπερ ἤκουσεν. LONG. *de Sub.*

ART. III. *Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society, Vol. V. For the Years 1823–24. Part I. With Seven Engravings. 8vo. pp. 288. 10s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.*

IN pursuance of the plan formerly intimated, these Memoirs continue to appear in parts. Of the fifteen articles included in the present *livraison*, the first and sixth should be considered together, as they refer to the same subject, and are penned by the same author; viz.

*An Account of the Foramen Centrale of the Retina, generally called the Foramen of Soemmering, as seen in the Eyes of certain Reptiles.*

*Additional Observations relative to the Foramen Centrale of the Retina in Reptiles.* By Robert Knox, M. D. — In opposition to the assertions of Baron Cuvier and Dr. de Blainville, who would limit the presence of the *foramen centrale* to the eyes of the human species, and to those of some of the ape-tribes, Dr. Knox has demonstrated its existence in the retina of certain species of lizards, as in *Lacerta superciliosa*, *calotes*, *striata*, &c., and of comparatively larger dimensions than in man. In the chameleon, it even exceeds in size the same structure in the human subject: but it is wanting in the crocodile, and in several other *Lacertæ*. The dissections which revealed these important physiological facts were performed in the presence of numerous friends; and most of the preparations are preserved for the inspection of the curious.

*Observations on the Lesser Guillemot and Black-billed Auk, the Colymbus Minor, and the Alca Pica of Linnæus.* By Laurence Edmonston, Esq. — After some pertinent and ingenious remarks on the superfluous multiplication of the zoological

nomen-



nomenclature, Mr. Edmonston proceeds by various arguments, and in respectful opposition to the sentiments of the late Colonel Montagu, to establish the position that the *Colymbus minor* and *Alca pica* of the Linnéan catalogue are merely the young and the old of *Colymbus troile* and *Alca torda*; and, consequently, that the two former should be expunged from the list of species. Although this opinion is avowedly not original, we believe that it is now for the first time minutely and satisfactorily supported. Without entering into the numerous points of discussion which are here stated, it may suffice to mention that the author had personal opportunities of tracing the history of the birds in question, from the egg to maturity, and of watching the habits of both wild and domesticated individuals; and that no doubt can any longer remain of the identity for which he so successfully contends. Having settled the matter of dispute, he communicates some interesting notices of the habits and economy of these birds, and concludes his paper with these remarks:

‘ From their breeding, for the most part, in situations of tolerably easy access, so much devastation is annually committed by the fishermen among old birds, eggs, and young, that their number seems progressively diminishing; and it is to be regretted that the proprietors do not exert themselves to limit this abuse. It is not as it was formerly in Zetland, and still in some remote islands, when sea-fowl constituted a regular and necessary article of subsistence. The fishermen never trust to them for this use, and the most experienced and adventurous climbers are often the most indigent; besides, it is only the inhabitants of a few districts, that, from their vicinity to the haunts of the sea-fowl, can practise their annual depredations, and they are observed to be certainly not more substantial than their neighbours. The practice encourages irregular, rapacious, and dangerous habits, for fatal accidents are not unfrequently occurring to the fowlers; and checking its excess would be repelling no romantic notions of liberty and attachment to country, associated with the chace, in minds alive to the refined pleasure of sublime scenery; for it is not the love of the chace, but its supposed subserviency to their emolument or taste, that induces them to pursue it.

‘ It has been observed, that, around grazing islands, and situations where sea-birds were formerly numerous, fish were also very abundant; and that the diminution of both keeps pace in some degree with each other, although fishing is not now more generally practised than before. Causes for this result it might not be difficult to assign. Besides, water-birds, by scattering migratory fish, as the herring, tend to render them more stationary and permanent in countries through which they might merely pass.

‘ Many of these species, also, in defence of their nests, prevent the more powerful rapacious birds from approaching near

them, and thus are indirectly the protectors of the flocks that pasture in their vicinity.

‘Proprietors seem not sufficiently aware of these advantages, or of the inexpressible interest and ornament which the feathered inhabitants throw over the rocky scene.’

*Observations on the Anatomy of the Duck-billed Animal of New South Wales, the Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus, of Naturalists.* By Robert Knox, M. D., &c.

*Observations on the Organs of Digestion and their Appendages, and on the Organs of Respiration and Circulation in the Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus.* By the Same. — Although specimens of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* have been dissected by some of the most skilful zootomists of Europe, such as Cuvier, Blumenbach, Rudolphi, De Blainville, and Sir Everard Home, yet several circumstances of its anatomy have been either overlooked or variously reported. Dr. Knox does not profess to exhibit a complete view of his subject, for he purposely refrains from dilating on the correct details of his predecessors; and, having been under the necessity of sparing the skeleton of the individual submitted to his examination, (which had, moreover, undergone long maceration in spirit of wine,) many particulars lay beyond the reach of his observation. Yet his dexterity and penetration have enabled him to supply some important omissions, and to amend erroneous statements, sanctioned as they were by weighty professional authority. There is, however, a defect of precision in the titles of his papers; since he acquaints us himself that his remarks do not apply to the *paradoxus*, but to another species of the same genus, distinguished by flattened, crisp, and dark-brown hair; and also by the shape of the tail, which resembles that of the Beaver. The particulars of its internal structure may, therefore, differ in some respects from those of the more common species. Both appear to be assimilated to *Echidna*; and from their oviparous production, they should perhaps be classed among the Reptiles rather than among the *Mammalia*.

A powerful *panniculus carnosus* is found to extend over the body, and to give rise to some very distinct muscular slips. The skin, which is thick and compact, and the sub-cutaneous cellular texture, abound with oil. The ample supply of nerves to the duck-like bill, with which this singular animal searches for its food, is such ‘as to render it the most perfect instrument of the kind with which we are acquainted.’ The teeth placed on the tongue, like those in the mandibles, are entirely cuticular. Although it has, strictly speaking, no external ear, a tolerably perfect *concha* exists immediately beneath the integuments. The other parts of the ear are minutely detailed;  
and

and the structure of the organ is in some respects peculiar: for the Eustachian tube is simply cartilaginous, and not inclosed in any osseous case; the *ossicula* are much exposed; the parietes of the *tympanum*, or cavity, are mostly formed of soft parts; and the *stapes* consists of a single stalk and circular plate.

The spur-like instrument on each of the hind heels, and which the anatomists of the Continent at first regarded as an organ of prehension during sexual intercourse; is now well known to be a defensive weapon, and to convey poison into the wound which it inflicts. From the very imperfect account of this instrument and its apparatus, by De Blainville and Rudolphi, Dr. Knox presumes that these distinguished anatomists had operated on very mutilated specimens; and hence he is induced to describe at considerable length not only the nature of the spur, but the duct and poison-gland with which it is connected. The passage, however, is too long for transcription, and not very susceptible of intelligible abridgment.

The teeth of the *Ornithorhynchus* have generally been described as four in number, that is, four large grinding teeth; placed two in either jaw, at the entrance of the cheek-pouches; but some anatomists seem to have overlooked four narrow, horny bodies, placed over the maxillary bones, in the same line with the grinding teeth, but anteriorly to them. They are about  $\frac{1}{8}$ ths of an inch in length, and  $\frac{1}{10}$ th where broadest. They are composed of a horny substance, and are evidently of the same nature with the true grinding teeth: they are to be considered as corresponding to the smaller grinders of the *Mammalia*.\* The structure of the larger grinding teeth has been considered by M. Cuvier as the most extraordinary amongst quadrupeds. They are said to be composed of a great number of small, straight, and parallel tubes, so that the surface of a transverse section resembles absolutely that of a bamboo-cane (*jonc à canne*): these tubes are not closed; and the tissue of the tooth is compact only at the triturating surface: there is no large cavity in the interior of the tooth. These peculiarities in structure, described from the teeth of the *Orycteropus*, may readily be distinguished in the larger grinding teeth of the *Ornithorhynchus*. These on their grinding surface were very much hollowed out, instead of being tubercular; they may be fairly considered as connected with the integuments only, since their structure is so different from the teeth of all other animals, and the alveolar cavity, into which they are received, is lined throughout by the true dermis; they are simply analogous, therefore, to cuticle, horn, &c., and have nothing osseous in their composition.

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\* I have made no mention here of the two teeth which are implanted into the tongue, and which were described with that organ in a former memoir.

The internal laminations of the small intestines are more numerous than in almost all other animals, and greatly diminish the diameter of the canal: but they disappear near the colon.—Air thrown into the bladder by the blow-pipe readily passed into the ureters, which is presumed to be rather a rare circumstance. The males have only one opening, or vent, for the passage of the solid and fluid excrements, and for the penis: but the generative organs, as in most other animals, are very complex, and are consequently unfolded with much care and minuteness.

The osteological and muscular system of the *Ornithorhynchus* approaches nearest to the structure of reptiles: but, as the individual subjected to dissection was full grown, and the skeleton was to be carefully preserved, the anatomist was considerably fettered in this department of inquiry. The number of vertebræ is 49, of which seven are cervical.

‘ There is perhaps nothing more singular in the structure of the *Ornithorhynchus* than the formation of the clavicle and scapula, which have altogether the appearance of the same bones in reptiles; and, as seems to me, more particularly in the animal called *Tupinambis*. From a scarcity of specimens in my possession, I am by no means prepared to enter on the inquiry to which class precisely the bones composing this very complicated clavicle and scapula ought to be referred. We readily distinguish a clavicle composed of a broad flat portion, articulated with the anterior, that is, upper edge of the sternum, and a small horizontal branch, evidently incomplete in its mesial part, and intimately connected with a parallel branch of the flattened portion of the clavicle.\*

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\* The fossil-animal described in the Philosophical Transactions for 1818 has a sternum and clavicle very analogous to the *Ornithorhynchus*. This analogy, which has been very beautifully pointed out by Sir E. Home and Mr. Clift, is even more perfect than these gentlemen suppose; for I perceive, by the accompanying drawing (Phil. Trans. 1818, Part I. Plate II.) that the two small bones just described by me, as being present in the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, have escaped their observation. Hence the distinguishing marks between the bones composing the sternum and shoulder in these two animals does [do] not consist in the fossil-animal having a clavicular bone, which is wanting in the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, but rather in this clavicular bone or *fourchette* being united throughout its whole length with the scapula in the one, and with the clavicle or upper bone of the sternum in the other. There are several other differences sufficiently remarkable. The peculiar flat semicircular bone forms a great portion of the glenoidal cavity in the fossil-animal, and the scapula does not seem to be in any way articulated with the sternum, unless we consider the bone marked *b* (see the drawing)

These latter branches are joined with that portion of the scapula, which, from a very obvious analogy, I should call its acromial process. The scapula itself is shaped like that of a bird; and, in addition to its acromial process, by which it is connected to the clavicle, sends a very strong process backwards and inwards, towards the upper bone of the sternum, with which it is articulated; and it is even somewhat connected with the bone which I have called the flat portion of the clavicle. Along the whole inner margin of the process of the scapula joining the sternum (and which bears so great a resemblance to the true clavicle in birds) is placed a thin flat semicircular plate of bone, which, running up behind the broad clavicular bone, performs extensive circular motions during the action of the anterior extremities, as well by reason of the laxity of its connection with the clavicular bones, as by its loose hinge-like joint with the scapula. It is exceedingly difficult to decide on a name for this very singular bone, and to trace its analogies throughout the range of vertebral animals. In the mean time, until that be satisfactorily done, it must be evident, I think, to all, that its analogies ought to be sought for in the class of reptiles: for, in most species of this class, there would seem to prevail an analogous structure, though occasionally very complex, and with difficulty to be made out. The extreme laxity of the articulation of the scapula in the *Ornithorhynchus*, and its anomalous bone or process, explain sufficiently its functions; for, by this, the humeral part of either extremities is enabled to approach the other; and thus the whole of the anterior extremities can approximate much more, than if the articulation of the lower process of the scapula had been attached to the sternum with the same degree of fixity as the upper or acromial process. In addition to the extensive rotatory motion which the distance of the acromion from the joint enables the humerus, and, consequently, the extremity, to perform, another kind of motion is performed, by means of a moveable articulation, found only in reptiles and fishes; I mean the sliding semicircular motion performed by the squamous part of the scapula upon the flattened portion of the clavicle.\*

As the Doctor had no opportunity of inspecting the brain and the spinal marrow, his summary of the nervous system is necessarily imperfect: but he remarked that the sympathetic nerve, in its passage down the neck, is more conspicuous, and more

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as the anterior bone of the sternum. Neither of these circumstances holds with regard to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. There is a considerable resemblance between the shoulder-bones of the fossil-animal and the common chameleon, a skeleton of which I have placed before the Society.'

' \* In Plate V. will be found an accurate sketch of the assemblage of bones composing the shoulder and sternum of the *Ornithorhynchus*, accompanied by one of the fossil-animal alluded to in the text.'

detached

detached from the *parvagus*, than in many animals which are supposed to stand higher in the scale of intellect; and he was forcibly struck with the close accordance of the nervous system with that of the Mammalia in general.

*Tentamen Methodi Muscorum; or, A New Arrangement of the Genera of Mosses, with Characters, and Observations on their Distribution, History, and Structure.* By R. K. Greville, Esq., and G. A. Walker Arnott, Esq., (continued from vol. iv. p. 150,) — Our remarks on the general merits of the first memoir on this subject (vol. c. p. 58.) will equally apply to the judgment, learning, and diligence, which are evinced in the present continuation. The families here analyzed and discussed are, the *Gymnostomoideæ*, and the *Buxbaumioideæ*; the former comprizing the genera *Gymnostomum*, *Schistotega*, *Aniptangium*, and *Hedwigia*; and the latter, *Diphyscium*, and *Buxbaumia*.

*Register of the Weather at Corfu, during the Months of August, September, October, and November, 1821.* By Mathew Miller, Esq., Lieutenant in the King's own Light Infantry. — The particulars noted in this Register are, the daily state of the weather and indications of the thermometer, of Adie's sympiesometer, and Leslie's hygrometer. The Sirocco wind, from the S.W. and S.E., but especially from the former point, was observed to be loaded with moisture, and very frequently accompanied by sheet lightning; whence Mr. Miller inferred that it induced a highly electrified state of the atmosphere, and might thus prevent the curing of meat and the keeping of wine in bottles.

*Contribution to a Natural and Economical History of the Cocoa-Nut Tree.* By Mr. Henry Marshall, Surgeon to the Forces. — This memoir occupies about 40 pages, and comprizes almost all the authentic information that has been collected relative to the nature, properties, culture, and uses of this invaluable tree. It is very desirable to have the whole exhibited in a continuous form.

*An Account of a Series of Thermometrical Observations, made hourly at Leith, during Twenty-four successive Hours, and once every Month, from July, 1822, to July, 1823.* By Mr. John Coldstream. — The mean temperature of the globe having lately become a topic of philosophical inquiry, all attempts to approximate its amount by ascertaining repeated averages of that of particular districts, at various hours of the day and night, are deserving of attention and encouragement. Dr. Dewey, of Williamston, in the United States, had already instituted a series of observations for 30 days, at different times of the year, and 24 times in the course of the day;

day; and Mr. Coldstream records the indications for 24 successive hours, on the first day of every month, with the averages and extremes of each day. The general results he states thus:

‘*First*, That no single hour approaches, more nearly, in its temperature, to the true average temperature of the day, than does, eight in the morning or eight in the evening: (for, according to the preceding calculations, their temperatures seem to be exactly the same). The difference between the true mean of the day, and the temperature at eight o’clock, was about  $\frac{57}{100}$  of a degree.

‘*Secondly*, That the mean of the maxima and minima differs  $\frac{36}{100}$  from the average of the twenty-four hours. (The mean of the means of the maxima and minima which occurred during the series was  $49^{\circ}28$ , varying only  $\frac{64}{100}$  from the standard of comparison.)

‘*Thirdly*, That of the averages of the temperatures of two hours, those of 5 A. M. and 5 P. M., noon and midnight, 11 A. M. and 11 P. M., 10 A. M. and 10 P. M., approach nearest to the mean of the day. The average of 5 and 5, differing from it only  $\frac{111}{1000}$  of a degree; of 12 and 12,  $\frac{1}{10}$ ; of 11 and 11,  $\frac{13}{100}$ ; of 10 and 10,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

‘*Fourthly*, That of the averages of the temperatures of three hours, those of 7 A. M., 1 P. M., and 10 P. M., approximate most closely to the average of the whole twenty-four, the mean of the former differing  $\frac{1}{4}$  from the latter.

‘*Fifthly*, Of all the combinations of hours [which] I tried, none gave the true mean temperature of the day so well as the mean of 5 A. M., 10 A. M., 3 P. M., and 10 P. M., which corresponded with the average of the day within  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of a degree.

*Notice of a “Journal of a Voyage from Rio de Janeiro to the Coast of Peru, by Mr. William Jameson, Surgeon.”* By G. A. Walker Arnott, Esq. — This brief notice chiefly refers to latitudes and longitudes, the temperature of the sea, the state of the currents, and the casual occurrence of sea-weed and marine animals. A list is subjoined of some mosses which Mr. Jameson collected in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro, among which we observe *Lycopodium complutum*, *Gymnostomum Jamesoni*, *Orthotrichum Jamesoni*, and a few other novelties, the fruits of only one or two very limited excursions.

*Inquiry into the Origin and Characteristic Differences of the Native Races inhabiting the Extra-tropical Part of Southern Africa.* By Robert Knox, M. D., &c. — The learned author’s remarks on this interesting subject are abundantly ingenious, and in some respects original; being mainly deduced from considerations of anatomical structure, and especially from the configuration of the skull. Such discussions, however, are still

still involved in much obscurity. — An important observation with regard to the Malay tribe occurs in a marginal note. ‘I shall here take the liberty of remarking, that the Malay race seems to me an artificial variety, and has no existence in nature as a distinct race of men. I am inclined to refer the whole inhabitants of the innumerable islands scattered over the Great South Sea (including New Holland) to the American variety. In Southern India they have mixed with the Mongolic and Caucasian races, and form, consequently, a mixed or Mulatto breed: but they may be traced tolerably pure as high as Sumatra, in which island several tribes are found much resembling the native Americans, and retaining all their customs, even to the pretended flattening of the head by artificial means.’

The two leading varieties, which Dr. Knox has occasion to particularize, are, the *Ethiopic* and the *Mongolian*; the former comprizing the *Negro* and the *Kaffre*; and the latter, the true *Mongol* of central Asia, the African *Bosjeman*, the *Hottentot* and *Namaqua* tribes, &c. After having specified the anatomical characters of the Bosjeman, he thus proceeds:

‘The habits of the Bosjeman race have been described by most African travellers with sufficient accuracy, and I shall therefore limit my remarks to a few points of resemblance between the true Mongol and Bosjeman races. This consists, first, in the countries they inhabit, which, in either case, are vast elevated sandy deserts, nearly destitute of herbage and water: secondly, in the partiality both races have for horse-flesh as an article of diet, preferring it to every other sort of food; they strictly merit the appellation of *Hippophagi*: lastly, in the acuteness of their vision, which almost exceeds belief. I have found their sight to be equal to that of most Europeans when aided by excellent hand-telescopes of the best construction. The Bosjeman is ingenious, clever, and neat-handed; his powers of mimicry are great, his understanding good. He readily acquires languages, and his speed of foot is almost proverbial.

‘The origin of the race, by which I mean the mode of their descent, and separation from one or other of the more extended varieties of the human race, is one of the most interesting inquiries which the natural history of man presents. To connect the Bosjeman with the Mongol in variety, we must step at once from the peninsula of Southern Africa to the great central deserts of Asia; the intermediate links are lost, — the intervening races unknown. History, though not altogether to be depended on in the consideration of events so remote, must not in the present instance be despised. Though surcharged and disfigured with fable, there is one fact to which such constant allusion is made, as almost to put it beyond a doubt, — I allude to the frequent descents of the northern Asiatic races on the southern states of Europe and Asia.



**Asia.** The valuable monuments of antiquity, still preserved in the cave of Elephantina, in Peninsular India, attest the predominating presence of the Mongol race, at a period removed from the birth of our Saviour by more than 2000 years\*, and that, at that time, the Mongol physiognomy bore the strongest resemblance to the present Chinese and Bosjeman races. The early introduction of the Mongol or Northern Asiatic races into Peninsular India is further attested by their influence on the modern Hindoo; for though the excellent Blumenbach assures us that the Hindoo cranium is quite equal in beauty and proportions to that of the Turk, and, consequently, refers the race to the Caucasian variety, yet in the Hindoo heads I have examined, the developement of the upper jaw has not been strictly Caucasian. †

‘The vast antiquity of the Mongol hordes of Asia is further proved by the early establishment of the Chinese empire; and though I am fully persuaded of the still greater antiquity of those of Hindostan and of Egypt, yet many passages in Herodotus point out that the Mongolic tribes, with a *rapidity* even exceeding the Caucasian, *rapidly* assumed the form of great and warlike nations.’

A table is annexed, exhibiting a comparative view of the measurements of the head in several remarkable varieties of the human species.

*A Monograph of the Genus Pyrola.* By Mr. David Don. — A very acceptable service to botany has here been performed, by reducing this hitherto confused genus to the form of a simple and judicious arrangement, by correcting numerous references, and by distinctly characterizing some of the less known American species preserved in the Banksian and Lambertian Herbaria, to both of which splendid collections Mr. Don has had the most liberal access. The known species amount to fifteen, every one discriminated by marks which, if closely examined, cannot be mistaken.

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\* Compare the annexed drawing (Plate VII.) of the female figure sculptured in the cave of Elephantina, and copied from “*Récherches sur l’Origine des Arts*,” with the beautiful and expressive portraits of the Bosjeman and Hottentot races by Mr. Daniells in his “*African Scenery*.”

† The inspection of a fine collection of skulls, collected on the banks of the Ganges, and which, through the kindness of Professor Jameson, I was enabled to examine immediately on their arrival, has confirmed me in this opinion. In these skulls, which, with the exception of one Negro head, seem all to be of the Caucasian race, the cranium is quite equal to any European, and its longitudinal diameter shorter than in most: but there is a developement and strength in the upper maxillary bone, which, I should think, will not be found to exist in any Turkish, Syriac, or Jewish head.

*Descrip-*

*Descriptions, Characters, and Synonyms of the different Species of the Genus Larus, with Critical and Explanatory Remarks.* By W. Macgillivray, A. M. — Two circumstances have principally contributed to retard our accurate acquaintance with the discriminating characters and habits of marine birds in general; viz. first, the greater comparative difficulty with which they are subjected to our observation; and, secondly, the various aspects which the individuals of the same species assume, at different periods of their growth. Hence have arisen much perplexity and confusion, which the patient and persevering efforts of Montagu, Temminck, Sabine, and a few others, have in some respects diminished, or removed; and, in this department of Ornithology, the services of Mr. Edmonston and the present writer ought not to be overlooked. We have more than once paid our respects to the former; and we have now to state that the latter, by taking his descriptions from actual specimens, by attending particularly to the differences of sex and age, and by availing himself of the observations of our recent arctic navigators, has been enabled to furnish us with a perspicuous elucidation of the genus *Larus*. After some general remarks on the characteristics and economy of the family, he particularizes the following species: — *bathyrinchus*, (*leucomelas*, Tem. *marinus*, Lath.) *marinus*, *fuscus*, *argenteus*, (*argentatus*, Tem.) *arcticus*, (*argentatus*, Sab.) and *glacialis* (*glaucus*, Tem.).

*Sketch of the Geographical Distribution of Plants in Yorkshire.* By J. Atkinson, Esq. — The Yorkshire Flora, according to Mr. Atkinson, consists of about 1400 species, upwards of 600 of which are phænogamous. The botany of the alluvial districts presents nothing peculiar, being identical with that of the lowlands of England. Of the numerous plants observed on the lime-stone formation, some of the more rare are, *Orchis pyramidalis*, *Ophrys apifera*, and *muscifera*, *Neottia spiralis*, *Allium oleraceum*, *Gentiana amarella*, *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, *Anemone pulsatilla*, *Gallium tricornu*, *Asperula cynanchica*, *Narcissus biflorus*, *Epipactis nictus avis*, &c. On the argillaceous soils are found *Sisymbrium sylvestre*, *Cardamine amara*, and *Hottonia palustris*. The sand-stone formation affords *Botrychium lunaria*, and *Osmunda regalis*, besides a great variety of other ferns and mosses; also *Epipactis latifolia*, *Crocus nudiflorus*, &c. On and near Ingleborough, are reckoned *Rubus chamaemorus*, *Actæa spicata*, *Sesleria cærulea*, *Primula farinosa*, *Polemonium cæruleum*, &c. *Gentiana verna* occurs ' in Teesdale in most surprizing quantities, and, luckily, cannot be extirpated, in consequence of its sending out innumerable runners, each of which becomes a plant

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on digging up specimens. Gardeners from all parts of England have visited this spot, and attempted its destruction, after removing quantities for sale. 'Goths indeed!'

*Cypripedium calceolus*. — In several parts of Craven, Yorkshire; Castle Eden Dean, Durham; Borough Hall Park, Lancashire.

The Ladies' Slipper used to be found in tolerable plenty about Ingleborough; the greediness of florists has, however, rendered it scarce. The great secret in its cultivation appears to be rest. A poor man in Craven has made a considerable sum annually by the sale of this plant: he possesses a small garden surrounded with gooseberry-trees; in the centre he planted some years ago some plants of the *Cypripedium calceolus*; they were left undisturbed for a long period, and have filled the garden, flowering freely, and flourishing under the partial shade of the gooseberry-bushes.

*On a new British Species of Spatangus* By the Rev. John Fleming, D. D. — The solitary specimen in question has been ascertained to be distinct from the common sort; and the trivial epithet *ovatus* has been adopted from Leske, with some degree of hesitation.

ART. IV. *Original Letters*, illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters; from Autographs in the British Museum, and One or Two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations by Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Sec. S. A., Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. 1l. 16s. Boards. Harding, Triphook, and Lepard. 1824.

AT the conclusion of his Familiar Letters, Howell addresses "to the sagacious reader" the following couplet, more remarkable for the truth of the sentiment which it contains than for its poetic excellence:

"As keys do open chests,  
So letters open breasts."

A familiar letter, indeed, written in the confidence and with the freedom of friendship, perhaps furnishes a better view of the writer's character than any other which we could obtain, unless by personal intercourse. Could Mr. Hayley, intimate as he was with Cowper, have rendered us so well acquainted with him by the most labored memoir, as we now are by the perusal of the poet's own letters? As materials for biography, therefore, original letters are unrivalled: but it is not only to this use, important though it be, that they

they are confined. The letters of eminent men, whose history is connected with that of their time, are generally found to contain much matter of public interest and curiosity; and a great portion of the materials from which the history of our own country has been derived may be traced to those invaluable collections of original letters, and other private documents, which have remained in the possession of many of our noble families, or have been preserved among the archives of our national depositories: some of which, as the Sidney, the Paston, the Clarendon, the Burleigh, and the Winwood papers, have been given to the public. To a judicious historian, authorities like these are most valuable. They not only furnish him with many incidents and narratives, which are not to be obtained in the pages of contemporary writers, but they likewise enable him to ascertain the precise views and feelings with which the events of the day were regarded; to catch, as it were, the spirit of the age from the frank and unstudied expression of sentiment, which necessarily pervades a letter written under the sanction of private friendship; and to deduce from the opinions of individuals the temper and disposition of society at large. Perhaps a collection of original letters is more valuable in this point of view, than on account of the details which they frequently contain of particular incidents and events:—those we may gather from other sources: but where else are we to look for a record of private feelings and opinions?

The English, however, have never been a very *epistolary* people. Long before any thing like a familiar letter had been seen in this country, numerous collections of them had even been *published* on the Continent; and the Italians are particularly rich in the letters of their early scholars, although the satirist Pietro Aretino boasts that he is the first publisher of familiar epistles in that language. Among ourselves, on the contrary, we find nothing in our literature resembling a familiar letter, earlier than the fifteenth century; and, indeed, until the reign of Henry VIII. we can scarcely discover any thing which merits that name. Before the latter period, our letters appear to have been either brief and dry chronicles of public intelligence or private diaries, equally pithy and uninteresting. During the reign of Henry VIII., however, the taste for letter-writing seems to have increased: a circumstance probably arising from the more frequent intercourse between our own scholars and those of the Continent which then prevailed; and the correspondence between Erasmus and Sir Thomas More may be mentioned as a proof of the progress which we had made. Perhaps Howell, whose

whose Familiar Letters were long so popular among us, may be considered as the earliest of our professed letter-writers; although Bishop Hall, whose letters appeared in 1608, claims the title of the first publisher of English epistles.

In that rich depositary of our literary wealth, the British Museum, the collections of original letters are very copious and valuable; and from these Mr. Ellis has principally selected the present volumes, which exhibit a series of letters from the time of Henry V. to the eighteenth century: all of them containing, in a greater or a less degree, matter that may inform or amuse. The Editor's wish has been, he tells us, to produce a work 'which, while it exhibited within reasonable limits a series of historical pictures, might be considered as a supplement to our histories;'—and, with the view of rendering his collection more generally acceptable, he has prefixed occasional introductions to the letters, and appended some judicious notes.

The letters selected that are of an earlier date than Henry VIII. are not of a very interesting character; and, though there is among them a correspondence relative to Perkin Warbeck, it refers merely to his movements, and does not remove any of Horace Walpole's "Historic Doubts." From the commencement of the reign of the queen-murdering monarch, the papers become more important and valuable. We find several from the pen of Sir Thomas More, but most of these unfortunately contain mere details of official transactions. A letter addressed to the Earl of Surrey, then Lieutenant of the North, but the signature of which is torn off, is one of the most curious of this period, from the narrative which it gives of the proceedings of the Parliament held in 1523 with regard to the demand for a supply. The following is the portion of it relating to this affair:

'Pleas it youre good Lordship to understande, that sithens the begynnyng of the Parliamente there hath bene the grettiste and soreste hold in the lower Hous for payemente of ij<sup>s</sup>. of the li. that ever was sene I thinke in any parliamente. This matier hath bene debated and beaten xv. or xvj. dayes to giddir: the hieste necessitie alleged on the Kings behalf to us that ever was herd of: and of the contrarie, the hieste povertie confessed, as well by knights, squiers, and gentilmen of every quarter, as by the commoners, citezeins, and burgessis. There hath bene suche hold that the Hous was like to have bene dissevered; that is to sey, the Knights being of the Kings Counsaill, the Kings servaunts, and gentilmen, of the oon partie, whiche in soo long tyme were spoken with and made to sey ye; it may fortune, contrarie to their hert, will, and conscience. Thus hanging this matier, yestirdaye the more parte being the Kings servaunts, gentilmen, were there as-

sembled; and so they being the more parte, willid and gave to the King ij<sup>s</sup>. of the li. of goods or lands, the beste to be takene for the King, all lands to paye ij<sup>s</sup>. of the li. from the loweste to the hieste; the goods to paye ij<sup>s</sup>. of the li. from xx<sup>li</sup>. upwards; and from xl<sup>s</sup>. of goods to xx<sup>li</sup>. to paye xvjd. of the li. and undre xl<sup>s</sup>. every persone to paye viij<sup>d</sup>. this to be payed in ij. yeres. I have herd no man yn my lif that can remembre that ever ther was geven to any oon of the Kings auncestours half somoche at oon graunte; ner I thinke there was never such a presidente sene before this tyme. I beseke Almightye God it maye bee well and peasibly levied, and surely payed unto the Kings Grace with oute grudge, and specially with oute losying the good wills and true herts of his subjects, whiche I rekene a ferre grettir treasure for a King then gold or silver. And the gentilmen whiche muste take payne to levie this money amongs the Kings subjects I think shalhave no litle besynes aboute the same.'

This letter gives us some idea of the constitution of the House of Commons at that period: for we find the King's 'servants and gentlemen' forming a powerful party in the House, and in fact carrying the grant by the superiority of their numbers. It appears to have been the practice at this time, and even as late as the reign of Charles II., for the court to procure the return of a number of persons who held offices directly about the King, and were in fact his domestic attendants. Mr. Ellis tells us, in his introductory note to this letter, that 'Wolsey, in his most gorgeous state, his cardinal's hat borne before him, went down to the House to make the demand in person, and afterwards went a second time, to reason as he said with those who opposed the measure.'

'The answer of Sir Thomas More the Speaker,' continues Mr. Ellis, 'on the first of these occasions, was not unlike that which another Speaker made to Charles I. when he demanded the five members. The Cardinal, it is said, having finished his harangue, was greatly offended at the profound silence which ensued; whereupon the Speaker, falling on his knees, excused the silence of the House, by saying they were abashed at the sight of so noble a personage; adding, that, for himself, except all the members present could put their several thoughts into his head, he was unable to give his Grace an answer in so weighty a matter.'

According to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the Cardinal was not so courteously treated. "Coming to the Lower House of Parliament, he told them that he desired to reason with those who opposed his demands, but being answered that it was the order of that House to hear and not to reason, but among themselves, the Cardinal departed." (*The Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.*, in Kennet, vol. ii. p. 56.)

The correspondence with Cardinal Wolsey is very copious, though it does not present any new facts of importance: but the notes added by Mr. Ellis to these letters are curious and entertaining. The Cardinal at one period carried his *hanteur* to such a pitch, that the servants of the nobility were actually compelled to dance attendance on him for *months* before they could procure answers to the letters with which they were charged; and it appears from a letter addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury by his chaplain, who was sent with a despatch to this Lord Cardinal, that one of the Lord Dacre's servants, "who came with letters for the King's service," had waited five months without receiving an answer from Wolsey. Cavendish might well call him "the haughtiest man, in all his proceedings, alive."

A letter from Henry VIII., to the Lord Steward and other officers of the household, "appointing the diet for the Lady Lucy," gives us a most formidable idea of her Ladyship's appetite; which, for breakfast only, required a chine of beef, a loaf of bread, and a gallon of ale. Mr. Ellis, however, with great delicacy, conjectures that this allowance of diet must have included provision for her Ladyship's ordinary servants.

' HENRY R.

' By the King.

' We wol and commaunde you to alleue dailly from hensforth, unto our right dere and welbilovede the Lady Lucy, into hir chambre, the dyat and fare hereafter ensuyng. Furst, every mornyng at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn; oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our pantry barr; and a galon of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at dyner a pese of beyfe, a stroke of roste, and a rewarde at our said kechyn; a cast of chete bred at our panatrye bar; and a galon of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at after none, a manchet at our panatrye bar; and half a galon of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at supper, a messe of porage, a pese of mutton, and a rewarde at our said kechyn; a caste of chete brede at our panatrye; and a galon of ale at our buttrye. Item, at after supper, a chete loff and a maunchet at our panatrye barr; a galon of ale at our buttrye barr; and half a galon of wyne at our seller barr. Item, every mornyng at our woodeyarde, foure tall shyds and twoo fagotts. Item, at our chaundrye barr, in wynter, every night oon preket and foure syses of waxe, with eight candells white lights, and oon torche. Item, at our picher house wokely six white cuppes. Item, at every tyme of our remoeving, oon hoole carte for the cariage of hir stuff. And these our lettres shalbe your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf at all tymes hereafter. Yeven under our signet at our manour of Esthampstede the xvij<sup>th</sup> day of July, the xiiij. yere of our reigne.'

Our readers will in all probability remember Anne Boleyn's beautiful letter to Henry VIII., "from her doleful prison in the Tower." The authenticity of that document has been doubted, but Mr. Ellis conceives it to be genuine. He has given in the present collection six letters relative to the arrest of the Queen, and her behaviour in prison: but the originals have been so much mutilated by fire that they are not very intelligible. In a note to one of them, Mr. E. mentions the encomium passed on the King by Anne Boleyn at the time of her death, and remarks that 'at almost every execution in that sanguinary period the praise of the sovereign was pronounced by those who fell upon the scaffold.' He attributes this fact to the management of government, and the idea is corroborated by an extract from Tyndale's "Practice of Prelates."

"When any great man is put to death, how his confessor entreateth him; and what penance is enjoined him concerning what he shall say when he cometh unto the place of execution. I could gesse at a practyse that might make menne's eares glowe."

Mr. Ellis might have farther illustrated this subject by a reference to Sir Thomas More's execution. "The King's pleasure is farther, quoth Master Pope, that at your execution you shall not use many words. — Master Pope, quoth he, you do well to give me warning of his Grace's pleasure, for otherwise at that time I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but of no matter wherewith his Grace, or any other, should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless, whatsoever I intended, I am ready obediently to conform myself to his Grace's commandment." (*Roper's Life of More*, p. 93.)

The letters of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Mary do not possess any peculiar interest: but perhaps the most curious of these are two epistles addressed by the Princess Elizabeth to Somerset the Protector, relating to the transactions between her and the Lord Admiral Seymour, to whom she had certainly become much attached. The Lord Admiral's designs had been forwarded by Elizabeth's governess, Mrs. Ashley; who, after having been examined before the council, was dismissed from her office, it appearing that she had connived at various improper familiarities between the Princess and Seymour. Elizabeth, however, was extremely unwilling to part with her accommodating preceptress, and the first of these letters is a petition to the Protector "that his Grace and the rest of the council would be good unto her." The second relates principally to the



the slanderous reports, which were then current with regard to what the fair writer terms her "lewde demeanure;" and it contains a request that the Protector and the council will "send forth a proclamation into the countries that they refraine their tongues."

During the reign of Elizabeth, the letters are rich and miscellaneous. Several relate to the imprisonment and trial of Mary Queen of Scots, but do not throw much new light on those transactions. Another contains a warrant under the Queen's own hand to stay the execution of the Duke of Norfolk. During the investigations respecting the Duke's treason, it appears that the rack was applied to two of his servants; and a letter from the Queen to Sir Thomas Smith and Dr. Wilson, containing a warrant authorizing them "to cause the servants to be putt to the rack, and to find the taste thereof, until they shall deal more plainly," is given by Mr. Ellis. This is a singular document, and tends to prove what we have always suspected, that the use of the torture, though never recognized by law, prevailed much more generally in the earlier periods of our annals than our historians are inclined to admit.

Few, if any, of our sovereigns have been so much famed for their *Progresses* as Queen Elizabeth, who has indeed been suspected of resorting to this expedient out of a regard to her treasury; finding it much more convenient to maintain her household for some weeks at the expence of her subjects, and to receive a present at the conclusion of her visit, than to reside at her own charges in one of her own palaces. Several letters relative to one of her *Progresses* are given in the work before us, from which we may gather that the royal visit was not hailed with much satisfaction by the parties for whom the honor was intended. Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord-Keeper, writes an anxious letter to Lord Burghley, requesting his advice, and assuring him that "in very deede no man was more rawe in suche a matter than himselfe." The poor Earl of Bedford seems to have been quite overwhelmed with the prospect of the visitation, though he promises to prepare for her Majesty's coming "in the beste and most hartieste manner that he can." At the same time, he beseeches Lord Burghley "to provide that her Majesty's tarying be not above two nights and a daye;" and, lastly, he offers up the following earnest prayer: "I pray God the rowmes and lodgings there may be to her Majesty's contentacion for the tyme." Archbishop Parker, who was to be honored in his turn, slyly suggests that his "house is of an evil ayre, hanging upon the church, and having no prospect

to loke on the people;" and he likewise intimates, (whether to deter her Majesty, or not, we do not presume to say,) that the Queen may perhaps "please to hear the Deane preache." The grievous inconveniences, which these royal progresses imposed on the nobility and gentry, appear also rather strongly from a letter of Lord Buckhurst; who says that he has already sent into Kent, Surrey, and Sussex for provisions, but that, finding himself forestalled there by Lord Arundel, Lord Mountague, and others, he has been compelled to send to Flanders.

Several letters from Fleetwood, Recorder of London, to Lord Burghley, detailing various matters of police and the news of the metropolis in general, are highly curious and amusing, and present a singular picture of the manners and habits of the time. In the first of these epistles, he tells his Lordship that the Queen, passing through Islington in her coach, had been environed by a "nosmber of rooges." Intelligence of this matter having been conveyed to the Lord Mayor and the Recorder, the latter issued his warrants, and on the following day went himself to catch these rogues;—"and I tooke," says he, "lxxiiij roogs, whereof some were blynd, and yet great usurers and very riche." That these "great usurers and very rich" should have been at the same time very great rogues we can easily imagine, but we cannot so easily discover the authority by which our summary Recorder "gave them," to use his own terms, "substantiall payment, and bestowed them in the *mylne* and the lighters." The state of the metropolis at this time must have been very disorderly. From Southwark, Lambeth, and Newington, the Recorder "received a shoal of forty rogues, men and women."—"I dyd," he adds, "the same after nowne peruse Pooles (St. Paul's), where I tooke about xx<sup>ti</sup> cloked roogs that there use to keepe standing." It appears that the major part of these "masterless people" were not natives of London, but strangers from the country. In another letter, Fleetwood gives an account of an academy which had been founded in the city for the education of pickpockets;—"a schole housse sett upp to learne younge boyes to cutt purses." He likewise alludes to a practice which proves that the administration of justice was much corrupted at this period.

' My singler good Lord my Lord William of Wynchester was wonte to saye, "When the courte is furthest from London, then is there the best justice done in all England." I once hard as great a parsonage in office and authoritye as ever he was, and yett lyvinge, saye the same wordes. Yt is growen for a trade nowe in  
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the courte to make meanes for re pryves, twentie pownd for a re-prive is nothings, although it be but for bare tenn daies. I see it will not be holpen onles one honored gentilman, who many tymes is abused by wronge informacion (and suerlie uppon my sowle, not uppon any evill meaning) do staye his penn. I have not one letter for the staye of a theiffe from your Lordshippe.'

The last of the Recorder's letters relates to an insurrection of the apprentices of London, who had risen against the French and the Dutch. These apprentices were at this time a very unruly body, and are said to have been either the authors or abettors of almost all the slighter insurrections of the metropolis.

In a letter of news from Sir Robert Cecil to the Earl of Essex, we have an eye-witness's account of the interview between Elizabeth and the Polish ambassador, when the arrogant address of the latter drew an extempore answer in Latin from her Majesty. "God's death, my Lords, (said she to her attendants,) I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin that hath lain long in rusting." Sir Robert Cecil, after having given the ambassador's speech, adds, in very emphatic terms, "To this I sweare by the living God that her Majestie made one of the best answers *extempore* in Latin that ever I heard;" and again, "I assure your Lordship, though I am not apt to wonder, I must confesse before the living Lord that I never heard her (when I know her spirits were in passion) speake with better moderation in my life."

No matter of peculiar interest occurs in the letters of the reign of James I., though many of them are amusing. Several relate to the romantic visit of the Prince to Madrid, and the intrigues of the Spanish and subsequently of the French match: but these court-politics are not of the most edifying nature.

In the succeeding reign, we have some copious details respecting the misunderstandings between the King and his new queen as to the conduct of her French attendants. A minute account is also given of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton. It is well known that, on this occasion, the Judges were consulted whether it was lawful to put the prisoner to the torture in order to extort a confession, to which they returned an answer in the negative: but it appears from a letter in the volumes before us, that it was generally believed that the rack would be applied. "Some confidently report he shall be reserved till the parliament; but others pray God he be not racked and put to death before." Felton was, however, threatened with torture, as we learn by

the following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Mand to Sir Martin Stutville:

' Another friend told me that on Tuesday morning, some of the Lords being with him, my Lord of Dorset told him, " Mr. Felton, it is the Kings pleasure you should be put to torture, to make you confesse your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack." To whom Felton: " I do not believe my Lord that it is the Kings pleasure: for he is a just and a gracious prince, and will not have his subjects to be tortured against law. I do again affirm, upon my salvation, that my purpose was known to no man living; and more than I have said before I cannot. But if it be his Majesties pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatsoever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself." So they left him then without bringing him to the rack, and it is thought he shall not be racked at all. He was said to have spoken much after the same manner once before unto my Lord Conway.'

From the commencement of the reign of Charles II., Mr. Ellis has greatly curtailed his collection. A series of letters from Bishop Nicolson, (author of the " Historical Libraries,") who at that time filled the see of Carlisle, presents many details respecting the rebellion of 1715.

We have selected for our last extract a letter which gives an account of the death of Charles II.; because it differs in some material respects from Burnet's narrative of the same scene, and is therefore deserving of attention.

' Rev. Sir,

' *Ely House, Feb. 7th, 1684-5.*

' Yesterday noon, I doe believe the most lamented Prince that ever satt upon a throne, one of the best of Kings, after near five days sickness, left this world; translated doubtless to a much more glorious kingdome than all those which he has left behind him now bewailing of their losse. 'Twas a great peice of Providence that this fatal blow was not so sudden as it would have been; if he had dy'd on Munday, when his fitt first took him: as he must have done, if Dr. King had not been by, by chance, and lett him blood. By these few dayes respitt, he had opportunity (which accordingly he did embrace) of thinking of another world; and wee are all prepared the better to sustain so great a loss. He showed himself, throughout his sickness, one of the best natur'd men that ever lived; and by abundance of fine things he sayd in reference to his soul, he showed he dyed as good a Christian: and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, doe say, they never saw the like as to his courage, so unconcerned he was at death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thank'd God that he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg  
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the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble: that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had enough of it: and he was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness express'd between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thank'd our present King for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begg'd his pardon for the trouble he had given him from time to time, and for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he freely left him all, and begg'd of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He bless'd all his children, one by one, pulling them to him on the bed: and then the Bishops moved him, as he was the Lords anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that there were present, and in them the whole body of his subjects: whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself in his bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprizing, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation throughout; and no one hears it without being much affected with it: being new and great.

'Tis not to be express'd how strangely every body was concern'd, when they perceiv'd there was but little hopes.

To all appearance, never any prince came to a crown with more regret, with more unwillingness, because it could not be without the loss of one he lov'd so dearly, then did our gracious Prince (whom God preserve). He joy'n'd as heartily as any of the company in all the prayers the Bishops offer'd up to God. He was as much upon his knees as any one, and said Amen as heartily: and no one doubts but he as much desired God would hear their prayers, as any one of all that prayed.

The Queen, whom he \* had asked for the first thing he said on Monday when he came out of his fit, (she having been present with him as long as her extraordinary passion would give her leave, which at length threw her into fits, not being able to speak while with him,) sent a message to him to excuse her absence, and to beg his pardon if ever she had offended him in all her life. He replied, "Alas! poor woman! she beg my pardon! I beg her's with all my heart."

The Queen that now is was a most passionate mourner, and so tender hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother. There was, indeed, no one of either sex but wept like children.

On Friday morning all the churches were so throng'd with people to pray for him, all in tears and with dejected looks, that

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\* \* The King.

for

for my part I found it a hard task, and so I doe believe did many more, to goe through with the service: so melancholy was the sight, as well as were the thoughts of the occasion of it.

‘ The Bishop of Bath and Wells \* watching on Wednesday night, (as my Lord had done the night before,) there appearing then some danger, began to discourse to him as a divine: and thereupon he did continue the speaker for the rest to the last, the other bishops giving their assistance both by prayers and otherwise, as they saw occasion, with very good ejaculations and short speeches, till his speech quite left him; and afterwards, by lifting up his hand, expressing his attention to the prayers, he made as very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong an agony of death, almost as ere was known.

‘ About 4 o'clock King James was proclaimed with the usuall solemnity and with great acclamations, together with a decent concern for the loss of so good a Prince. All things were managed with great order and quiett; and his Maj<sup>tie</sup>, at night, in council, made a very gracious declaration, (which, I suppose, will be in print,) wherein he promis'd solemnly to tread exactly in his brothers steps, both as to money† and governing according to law; and particularly that he would maintain the church as now by law establish'd. The same declaration he made to my Lord in private, with solemn protestations: and 'tis his constant discourse, that he will not in the least disturb the established government of the church, either by toleration, or any other way whatever.

‘ This day the Archbishop and Bishops waited on his Majestie and desired private audience; and in the closett the Archbishop made a very eloquent speech, by way of thanks, in the name of the whole clergy, for the last night's declaration, as what prevented what otherwise they must have made their earnest prayer and suit to him, to patronize the church, as his royal brother of blessed memory had all along done: giving all assurances of loyalty in the clergy as what he might depend upon, as it is both the doctrine and practice of our church, beyond any church in the world. His Majestie again repeated what he had before declar'd, and said, moreover, he would never give any sort of countenance to Dissenters, knowing that it must needs be faction and not religion, if men could not bee content to meet five besides their own familie, which the law dispenses with.

‘ Thus to make amends for our great loss, wee are much comforted with the hopes we have of our church continuing in its former flourishing estate. His Majestie has never yet been known, to bee worse than his word; and 'tis to be hop'd he will not bee, in so often repeated promises. God continue him in his good resolutions, and make us all live peaceably and happily under him, and that his reign may bee alwayes answerable to this auspicious beginning.

‘ I am, Sir, your . . . .’

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‘ \* Bishop Ken.’

‘ † *Men or money*: Mr. Cole in making his transcript was uncertain which was the word.’

The above letter appears from internal evidence to have been written by the chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, who was in the room at the time of Charles's death.

We should be happy to see this judicious and well-illustrated collection followed by others equally useful and amusing.

ART. V. *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain.* Selected and translated by John Bowring. Crown 8vo. pp. 328. 10s. 6d. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

WE are here presented with an additional specimen of the ease and versatility of talent, which distinguish the translator of these compositions on every subject that has hitherto engaged his attention. In the language and poetry of other nations, he has especially shewn himself possessed of great variety of information, both of a poetical and a critical nature; and more than one of his productions in this class has already come under our notice. His specimens of exotic poetry, indeed, are at the present period so abundant, that the languages of Europe will supply him with few more materials. Holland, Germany, Russia, Spain, &c. have been successively traversed, and Poland is lastly announced as being laid under his contribution. We may likewise, with justice, add that Mr. Bowring's versions from foreign tongues are in general executed with much accuracy, taste, and ability; and, as far as his German, Dutch, and Spanish translations have engaged our notice, we are glad to observe that he has succeeded in preserving the spirit as well as the manner and form of versification prevailing in the originals. We do not think that the present collection is inferior in point of execution to any of its predecessors; although it is neither so varied, nor perhaps so important in subject and materials, as a few others that we have perused. This effect may in some degree result from the too monotonous tone, and cast of sentiment, which characterize most of the romantic poetry of Spain, — poetry which, however pleasing and national, has little of the bolder and more elevated character that is more in unison with our northern taste.

To such a rule, however, we shall shew that there are several beautiful exceptions; — less imbued with those popular characteristics which preserve so much of the temper, habits, and feelings of the nation. For the most part, the poetry best adapted to the humor of the Spanish people consists of the old national ballads, commemorating the exploits  
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of their ancestors in the Moorish wars; together with such as are of a passionate and plaintive character, though frequently dashed with conceits which, so far from appearing in any degree ludicrous, were in the native taste esteemed as very beautiful. A few of this cast occur in the volume before us, which is quite miscellaneous in its specimens; and from them we shall select occasional examples, among the best of which, we think, is one of Juan del Encina.

*' Don't shut your Door.*

- Don't shut your door, — don't shut your door :  
If Love should come and call,  
'Twill be no use at all.
- If Love command, you'd best obey,  
Resistance will but hurt you ;  
And make, for that's the safest way,  
Necessity a virtue.  
So don't resist his gentle sway,  
Nor shut your door if he should call,  
For that's no use at all.
- I've seen him tame the wildest beast,  
And strengthen too the weakest :  
He loves him most who plagues him least;  
His favourites are the meekest.  
The privileged guests who grace his feast  
Have ne'er opposed his gentle call,  
For that's no use at all.
- He loves to tumble upside down  
All classes, — all connections, —  
Of those who fear, or wear a crown,  
He mingles the affections ;  
Till all by Love is overthrown,  
And moated gate or castle wall  
Will be no use at all.
- He is a strange and wayward thing, —  
Young, blind, and full of malice, —  
He makes a shepherd of a king,  
A cottage of a palace.  
'Tis vain to murmur ; and to fling  
Your thoughts away in grief and gall  
Will be no use at all.
- He makes the coward brave ; — he wakes  
The sleepy with his thunders ; —  
In mirth he revels, and mistakes,  
And miracles, and wonders ; —  
And many a man he prisoner makes,  
And bolts the door : — you cry and call ;  
But 'tis no use at all.'



Of a similar kind, but better in its way, is a little anonymous piece termed,

*'What will they say of You and Me?*

- 'What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?*
- 'They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
Your heart is love and kindness' throne, —  
And it becomes you to confer it  
On him who gave you all his own : —  
And that as now, both firm and faithful,  
So will you ever, ever be : —  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?*
- 'They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
That I for you all else forgot : —  
And heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me,  
Its darkest vengeance — had I not.  
My love ! what envy will pursue us,  
Thus link'd in softest sympathy : —  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?*
- 'They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
A thousand things, — in praises sweet, —  
That other maidens may be lovely, —  
But none so lovely and discreet.  
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,  
And you the queen of Love shall be : —  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?*
- 'They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
That I have found a prize divine, —  
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,  
So trifling as these toils of mine ;  
And that from heights so proud and lofty,  
Deeper the fall is wont to be : —  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?'*

The greater number of these productions are of a pathetic kind, some of which are peculiarly characteristic and pleasing. Such is the '*Knight's Complaint*,' which breathes the old romantic love-taste in a high degree :

- 'Sad was the noble cavalier, —  
Sad, and without a smile was he ;  
With many a sigh, and many a tear,  
He loudly wailed his misery.  
" O what has driven me, my dear !  
O what has driven me from thee ?  
How can I live in exile here,  
So far from all felicity ?*

While Memory's eyes, in vision clear,  
 By night and day thy image see,  
 And nought is left but shadows drear  
 Of love's departed ecstasy.  
 O absence sad ! O fate severe !  
 How busy Fancy sports with me,  
 And to the sweet maid's worshipper  
 Paints the sweet maid resplendently.  
 Then bitter woe seems bitterer ;  
 In vain I strive with Destiny,  
 And seek through Passion's waves to steer,  
 For I am lost in Passion's sea !"

Others of a not less touching nature arise out of the Moorish wars, and the frequent captivities that gave birth to the most romantic incidents and adventures. Such is the romance beginning, "*Mi Padre era de Ronda.*"

' My father was of Ronda,  
 My mother of Antequër,  
 And I by the Moors was captured ;  
 'Twas neither peace nor war.  
 They captured me, and they dragged me  
 To Velez de la Gomër ;  
 Six days and nights they kept me  
 Unsold in the slave-bazaar,  
 And neither Moor nor Mooreess  
 Would be my purchaser ;  
 Till a dog of a Moor first offer'd  
 Doubloons a hundred there.  
 He led me to his dwelling,  
 And he bound me with a chain,  
 And I pass'd a life of misery,  
 And I pass'd a life of pain.  
 By day I braided bass-wed,  
 By night I mill'd the grain ;  
 And he put a muzzle on me,  
 My hunger to contain.  
 My hair grew coarse and tangled,  
 I turn'd me to my chain ;  
 But God look'd on me kindly :  
 His mistress kind was she ;  
 And when the Moor went hunting  
 She set the prisoner free :  
 She press'd me to her bosom,  
 She clear'd my tangled hair ;  
 I'd done her some small favour,  
 She hasten'd to repay.  
 Five score doubloons she gave me,  
 And sped me on my way ;  
 Praise to the God of heaven  
 Who plac'd that Mooreess there.'

The following, of the same kind, seems fraught with some of the finest spirit prevailing in the best Spanish love-poetry, and could scarcely have been more easily and poetically rendered :

*' Who will pity Me ?*

- ' If I in foreign lands should die,  
Far from the scenes of infancy,  
Who, who will pity me ?
- ' If in this exile dark and drear,  
To which my fate has doom'd me now,  
I should unnoticed die, — what tear,  
What tear of sympathy will flow ?  
For I have sought an exile's woe,  
And fashioned my own misery : —  
Who then will pity me ?
- ' Then thou wilt weep, — but late, — for thou  
Art far away if I should die ;  
And death, with frowns upon his brow,  
Seems calling me impatiently ;  
To whose fond bosom shall I fly,  
For thou wilt far divided be : —  
Who then will pity me ?
- ' Yes ! I shall die ; — for thou art far,  
Far from my eye, though near my thought,  
Die where no weeping mourners are, —  
No mourners, — none, — for thou art not :  
How different there thy minstrel's lot,  
Far from the scenes of infancy : —  
Who then shall pity me ?
- ' He dealt no mercy ; — where should he,  
O ! where should he sweet Mercy seek ?  
He was his own heart's enemy, —  
O why to him should Friendship speak ?  
They who Love's holy bondage break,  
Will feel its vengeful enmity : —  
Who, who shall pity me ?

Specimens of a more lively amatory turn are not wanting to vary the character of the last, and are among some of the most happy and characteristic in the volume.

*' A truer Love at Home.*

- ' My love, no more to England,  
To England now shall roam,  
For I have a better, sweeter love,  
Yes ! a truer love at home.
- ' I want no fair-cheek'd damsel there, .  
To bind me in love again ;  
To seek a cold and distant fair  
Were time employ'd in vain

So then in search of Cupid  
 I'll not to England roam,  
 For I have a better, sweeter love,  
 Yes! a truer love at home.

' If I should visit England,  
 I'll hope to find them true :  
 For a love like mine deserves a wreath,  
 Green and immortal too.  
 But O they are proud, those English dames,  
 To all who thither roam ;  
 And I have a better, sweeter love,  
 Yes! a truer love at home.'

This, however, can scarcely boast the romantic beauty and the earnest flowing tenderness of such lines as follow :

' On my lap he slept, and my raven hair  
 Shelter'd him from the sun-beams there.  
 Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?  
 O no! O no!

' I comb'd my raven locks with care,  
 For he oft on their tresses amil'd;  
 And they were scatter'd by breezes wild,  
 Breezes which stole the fairest too: —  
 He was fam'd by those breezes; my raven hair  
 Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there.  
 Love! shall I wake him to tell him so?  
 O no! O no!

' He call'd me cruel, — but if he knew  
 This heart of mine — I heard him say,  
 My raven locks, and my chesnut hue,  
 Were his life's charm, and his life's decay.  
 Siren! — he cried, — and then he flew  
 To my lap, where he slept, and my raven hair  
 Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there.  
 Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?  
 O no! O no!

The next, from the *Romancero General*, we are induced to give for its peculiarly simple and natural beauty; approaching, we think, that of a few of the most attractive pieces of Robert Burns. It has all the same passionate flow of tenderness, descriptive power, and natural turn of expression.

' *She comes to gather Flowers.*

' Put on your brightest, richest dress,  
 Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!  
 My fair one comes in her loveliness, —  
 She comes to gather flowers.

' Garland

- ' Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale !  
Woods of green, your coronets bring ;  
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,  
Come with your fragrant offering.  
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,  
Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours ; —  
My fair one comes across the dell, —  
She comes to gather flowers.
- ' Twilight of morn ! from thy misty tower  
Scatter the trembling pearls around,  
Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,  
Bespangle the dewy ground !  
Phœbus ! rest on thy ruby wheels,  
Look, and envy this world of ours,  
For my fair one now descends the hills, —  
She comes to gather flowers.
- ' List ! for the breeze on wing serene  
Through the light foliage sails ;  
Hidden amidst the forest green  
Warble the nightingales,  
Hailing the glorious birth of day  
With Music's divinest powers ; —  
Hither my fair one bends her way, —  
She comes to gather flowers.'

It must be allowed that many of the poems here collected are inferior in character to such as we have quoted, having little to recommend them for their own national taste or feeling, and being still less adapted to taste and feeling of English growth. We would not intimate that they appear in company with more choice pieces in order to complete an allotted portion of space, — a certain bulk, adapted to the size of a fair volume : but true it is that they are somewhat meagre and unworthy specimens of antient Spanish poetry, or indeed of *any* poetry ; and in various instances a few lines, not more than half-a-dozen or a dozen, too ostentatiously occupy an entire page. This is, we conceive, to advance a poor epigram, or a lame disjointed limb of a "*Cancionero*" or a "*Silva*," to more than "honor due." Great as is our respect for antient remains, and in particular of the fine arts, we contend that their claim to preservation ought to rest on some degree of intrinsic excellence, in addition to the interest of belonging to a certain people in a certain epoch. Otherwise, we see that scraps and remnants, dignified by the name of poetry, are preserved from age to age which would be better consigned to oblivion ; that rhyme degenerates into sing-song ; and that poets listen with vacant admiration to verses consecrated not by the muse but by "old Father Time." Such censure, how-

ever, will not apply *generally* to the very able and pleasing volume before us; though in particular instances the charge must be admitted. *Exempli gratia*, we give the ensuing apostrophe, which occupies a whole page:

Ye laughing streamlets, say,  
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way  
From the flow'rets flying,  
To rocks and caverns hieing:  
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace,  
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

We wish that this was by any means a solitary instance; but the two following are equally trifling and *extravagant*, — at least in point of the space allotted to them.

' *To a Lady.*

' O happy who to thee can turn his eye!  
And happier who for thee, sweet maid! may sigh;  
But happiest he, — yes! his is joy supreme,  
Who hears thee, lovely damsel! sigh for him.'

' *To Clara.*

' Clara! to church, — your sad complaint  
Will find a remedy at least;  
For if your prayers won't move the saint,  
I know full well they'll move the priest.'

These trivial blemishes, — flaws in poetical gems of a fine water, — would not have required mention, had we not wished to afford the active and ingenious translator the future benefit which he may derive from a knowledge of his minute failings; in the same spirit in which we have before cautioned him to be on his guard against his own facility of genius, — his full, flowery, and somewhat unchastened style of writing. A little strength and severity, with less fluency, would render Mr. B. a shining example of acquired excellence: his poetry would never pall on the soul any more than on the ear; and it would equal the simplicity and vigor of his prose-writing.

ART. VI. *The English Flora*, by Sir James Edward Smith, M. D. F. R. S., Member of the Academies of Stockholm, Upsal, Turin, Lisbon, Philadelphia, New York, &c. &c.; the Imperial Acad. Naturæ Curiosorum, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; Honorary Member of the Horticultural Society of London; and President of the Linnæan Society. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 17. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

**I**n proportion as the writings of the distinguished President of the Linnæan Society have been submitted to our cognizance, we have borne our unhesitating testimony to the

high professional acquirements, the unwearied industry, and the amiable candor which they uniformly display. Within the last twenty years, so rapid have been the progress and diffusion of his favorite science, that the present publication may be regarded as an almost original work, embracing the latest discoveries, and some of the most important and ingenious observations relative to the vegetable kingdom: but it might, perhaps, with more propriety have been styled the *British* than the *English Flora*, as it includes species peculiar to Scotland, and abounds in references to localities in that country. Its composition in the vernacular tongue bespeaks the growing and popular demand for a systematic catalogue of our native plants; and the author has still farther accommodated his materials to the taste and attainments of the many, by divesting them of all unnecessary technical phraseology.

After a summary but discriminative view of the more reputable writers on the botany of Great Britain, from How and Merrett down to the present times, Sir J. E. Smith proceeds in his preface to explain the objects and the plan of the laborious undertaking in which he is now engaged, and of which only the first half has issued from the press.

'The reader,' he says, 'is requested to consider that the first object of this *English Flora* is botanical discrimination; by which I mean, not only the furnishing English readers with means for the easy and accurate determination of our species of native plants, but also to inculcate and exemplify principles capable of more extensive application. I wish to lead young botanists to the study of genera and species, with their true grounds of distinction and definition. Those who may take the trouble accurately to follow me, will find I have given my whole attention to these objects. I have also, for the first time in a general British Flora, introduced the natural orders of our plants, and have under each genus subjoined a compendious view of its natural habit, characters, and qualities, after the manner first attempted by Gouan, and carried to perfection in the *Systema* of De Candolle, a prodigy of knowledge and labour, and the greatest work of practical botany that this age, or perhaps any other, has produced. But I have offered no natural arrangement of the British plants. A Flora can afford but a broken and partial view of a natural system, nor can such a system answer the first purpose of a Flora, which is to enable unpractised students to investigate and determine unknown plants. Those English botanists who wish to become acquainted with the dependence of the natural orders on each other, as exemplified in the system of Jussieu, will find all they can desire in my *Grammar of Botany*, chiefly designed for that purpose. The artificial system of Linnæus, equally applicable to any Flora or catalogue of plants, is used in the present work;

that any botanist, by reducing a plant to its class and order, according to the perspicuous and easy rules of that system, may next compare it with the short essential characters of the genera, at the head of each class, which genera are there artificially disposed according to those characters. Having determined the genus, he will then find it, amongst its allies, duly numbered, in the body of the work, where its full characters, with all needful observations, and references to figures of the fructification, are given; the natural order, according to Linnæus, Jussieu, or others, being indicated. For the history of the natural order, and a view of the other genera belonging to it, the student may then turn to the Grammar. Having become acquainted with what relates to the genus of his plant, he will next compare his specimen with all the specific characters under that genus, till he ascertains its species, and confirms his determination of its name by reading the particular description, and consulting as many of the synonyms, or authors quoted, as he may have within his reach; thus finally becoming acquainted with all that is recorded concerning the plant he has gathered.'

By the omission of superfluous references, more room has been left for occasional citations from the elder botanists, and for indications of expressive cuts: but we have also to remark that the lists of synonyms have been carefully revised, corrected, and enlarged; and that neither time nor labor has been spared in drawing up the copious indexes to each volume. An useful catalogue is likewise prefixed of works consulted, or mentioned by abbreviated titles. — We cannot pretend to note any considerable portion of the alterations, improvements, or novel observations contained in these volumes, but we may be permitted to glance at a few of them.

Under *Monandria Monogymia*, we find four species of *Salicornia* distinctly set forth; namely, the *herbacea*, *procumbens*, *radicans*, and *fruticosa*: — but here, as in various instances besides which might be mentioned, are we certain that some of them do not graduate into one another by intermediate shades? Have the limits between species and varieties been, in all cases, definitely ascertained? or are not the more broad and obvious characteristics apt to become evanescent, as the productions of Flora are more closely scrutinized? — The author retains *Zostera* in its usual station, because he has observed the anthers and pistils to correspond with the structure of one flower; and he attributes occasional irregularities in this respect to deficient nourishment, rather than to the constitutional organization of the plant. — Among the rarer *Chara*, *C. translucens*, *C. nidifica*, and *C. gracilis* are particularized. The branches of these plants were long mistaken for real leaves.

In



In *Diandria Monogynia*, eighteen *Veronicae* are enumerated; the most local and uncommon being *spicata*, *hybrida*, *fruticulosa*, *saxatilis*, *alpina*, *hirsuta*, *triphyllus*, and *verna*. The only station quoted for *Pinguicula grandiflora* is 'on bogs in the south of Ireland;' but does such a residence intitle it to a place in an *English Flora*? For *Utricularia intermedia*, in like manner, we are referred only to ditches in Ireland and Scotland; and several similar cases might be noticed. — *Cladium mariscus* (*Schaenus mariscus*, Lin.) gives rise to the ensuing critical remark:

'The genus *Mariscus* of Haller is only the Linnæan *Schaenus* under another name. *Mariscus* of Vahl is a different genus, established by him, and retained by Mr. Brown, who first determined *Schaenus Cladium* of Solander, Swartz, and Vahl to be the same species as our *Cladium Mariscus*. Schrader is of a different opinion, and amongst other differences, which may be accounted for, asserts that the *fruit* is surrounded by bristles. Swartz says there are bristles at the sides of the inner *glume*, which surrounds the *germen*; and Dr. Browne before him had recorded the existence of two such, arising from the back of the *corolla*, towards its base. All the difficulty is removed by an examination in the Linnæan herbarium, of Dr. Browne's own Jamaica specimen, which, being in an early state of flowering, and each *spike* more or less perfectly two-flowered, the second or later *flower* is not opened; and its *stigma*, not yet put forth, constitutes these supposed bristles. I find the same thing in the English *Cladium Mariscus*, and no doubt remains of their being one species. Whether the second *flower*, or any rudiment of it, be always present or not, there is only one *drupa* perfected in each *spike* of the English plant, with something like an abortive flower now and then attached to it at one side. My Jamaica specimen has no fruit formed; but by Dr. Browne's description it appears that one *flower* only proves perfect, or fertile.'

Of seven British species of *Eriophorum*, *capitatum*, *alpinum*, *pubescens*, and *gracile*, are of comparatively rare occurrence. In his exposition of the characters of the Linnæan order *Calamariae*, of the natural family of *Gramina*, and of the *Umbelliferae*, Sir J. Smith has principally followed the acute distinctions of Mr. Brown, than whom it will be difficult to select a safer guide. The economical notes on the grasses, and other meadow-plants, may be occasionally consulted with advantage by the agriculturist: but we could have welcomed a more liberal allowance of such memorandums.

The difficult genus *Galium*, which foiled the penetration of Willdenow, is here unfolded, as far as it concerns the seventeen British species, with great precision. — Seven indigenous species of the highly elegant *Myosotis* are now discriminated;

and the *cæspitosa*, hitherto little noticed, is found to remain unaltered by cultivation. It affects watery places, and has been observed near Tunbridge, and at Binfield, in Berks. — We cite the article *Primula Scotica*, or *Scotish Primrose*, because its distinctive characters may be new to some of our botanical readers, this species having been long confounded with the *farinosa*, which it so much resembles in its general habit.

‘ Leaves finely toothed, even ; powdery on both sides. Limb of the corolla flat ; mouth with a notched border. Stigma five-cleft.

‘ *P. scotica*. Hook. Lond. t. 183.

‘ *P. stricta*. Fl. Dan. t. 1885.?

‘ In the north of Scotland ; the soil or situation not recorded.

‘ Found by Mr. Gibb of Inverness, on Holborn Head, near Thurso, in Caithness, abundantly, also in the way from Thurso to Dunbeath. Hooker.

‘ Perennial. July.

‘ Akin to *P. farinosa*, but the mealiness is said to be yellower, existing, more or less, on both surfaces of the leaves. Limb of the corolla violet ; its mouth not more glandular than my specimens of the last. But the calyx is rather more tumid, and the five-notched stigma, accompanied by a furrowed style, appears to constitute a sound specific character. The stamens being situated a little lower in the tube is of no consequence. The variableness of that circumstance is well known to cultivators of the Polyanthus. Whether this be the *P. stricta* of Fl. Dan. can only be ascertained by specimens, which I have not seen of either. It is much to be wished that specific names, taken from particular countries, perpetually introduced by gardeners, were not sanctioned by superior authorities. It will be fortunate if *stricta*, the older name, should prove to belong to this species.’

The synonyms of *Campanula rotundifolia* are carefully revised and corrected : but is it not, at length, time to discard the Linnéan trivial appellation, which refers only to the radical leaves, and they being so often concealed, or removed ? The *Verbascum* are more carefully discriminated than in other systematical works, and the following singular fact is related of one of the species :

‘ If the stem of *V. pulverulentum* be smartly struck, three or four times, with a stick, all the flowers then open will, in a few minutes, throw off their corolla, the calyx closing round the germen, so that after eight or ten minutes none will remain on the plant. This curious instance of irritability was first pointed out to me by Don Joseph Correa de Serra, late Portuguese ambassador to the United States, whose scientific knowledge, and philosophical views of every subject, have long procured him universal respect, and at length the notice and confidence of his sovereign.’

*Chenopodium acutifolium*, of the present writer, is the *polyspermum* of other British botanists: but the genuine *polyspermum* occurs in Cornwall.

From *Gentiana* to the end of *Pentandria Digynia* is ranged the natural order of *Umbellatæ* of Linné, and *Umbelliferae* of De Jussieu, which the author has taken the pains to arrange and characterize by the parts of fructification alone: thus adhering to the principles of the Swedish naturalist, even where the latter had practically deviated from them; and thus not only preserving uniformity and consistency of exposition, but imparting more precision to the discrimination of numerous genera and species, which were formerly too much confounded or imperfectly elucidated.

Of *Æthusa cynapium* it is observed;

‘Great ignorance and carelessness can alone cause this weed to be mistaken for the garden parsley; yet such an accident sometimes happens. The few long pendulous *bracteas*, under each *partial umbel*, distinguish it from all its tribe. Dr. Bigelow of Boston in New England observed this *Æthusa* to be without scent in America; but seeds transmitted by him produced plants with the same nauseous garlick flavour as those of Great Britain. Some curious facts of a similar nature have been observed. The flowers of *Hesperis matronalis*, as I have heard, lose their scent in America after the first generation.’

*Hydrocotyle* is translated *White-rot*, which, we admit, is one of its English appellations: but *Marsh Penny-wort* would have been less exceptionable, inasmuch as it is by no means ascertained that the plant in question is really the cause of the white-rot in sheep: on the contrary, these quadrupeds seem not to eat it; and it is never desirable to consecrate error in the nomenclature of science. We would not suppress old or even provisional names, but, in the selection of a principal or standard one, we should approve more discretion of taste than Sir J. Smith has always deemed it requisite to exercise.

After having exhibited the characters and synonyms of the *Barberry*, the author thus proceeds:

‘The *stamens* have been found irritable in one small spot near the base, on the inner side only, as explained by the writer of this in *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxviii. p. 158., and in a volume of *Tracts*. Many botanists mistake this phenomenon. Jussieu speaks of the filaments as elastic, and embraced for a while by the glands; neither of which has any foundation. They contract by irritability, like the muscles of animals, and thus throw the *pollen* on the *stigma*. Dr. Darwin, on my authority, attributes something of sympathy to the filaments, which does not exist, nor have I indicated any thing of that nature.

'Many agriculturists charge the Barberry-bush with causing barrenness, blight, or mildew, I cannot precisely say which; in wheat growing in its neighbourhood; which others as positively deny. Many highly respectable authorities, on each side, render me unable to form an opinion; nor am I aware of any hypothesis that could explain the fact.'

The masterly elucidation of twenty-five species of *Saxifraga*, including, however, the Scottish and Irish, is terminated by these sagacious and candid reflections:

'I have thus endeavored to furnish the British botanist with materials, at least, towards the history of this most difficult genus, correcting my own mistakes, but not presuming to reject, or to decide upon, any thing I have not examined. It cannot but be remarked that many of the specific characters are too indefinite, and not discriminative; the cause of which is that we are not as yet well acquainted with what constitutes a species in *Saxifraga*, nor how to define their differences. Notwithstanding the highly praise-worthy labours of Mr. Don, the exotic kinds, and especially the Swiss ones, require complete revision, by a comparison of original specimens with living ones, both wild and cultivated. The freaks of horticulture are eminently worth attention, as teaching us what to avoid; for distinctions that appear, and vanish again, before our eyes, cannot serve as indications of permanent species. Genuine specific characters ought to be as evident in dried as in living specimens. Varieties can rarely stand this test.'

In conformity with the ideas of De Jussieu and Brown, *Euphorbia* is now removed to *Monœcia Monandria*.

The ensuing remarks on the Rose tribe will be found highly deserving of perusal:

'This is the most favorite genus of the whole vegetable kingdom, on account of its beauty and fragrance, but one of the most difficult with respect to the determination of its species. Mr. Woods, in Trans. of Linn. Soc. vol. xii., and Mr. Lindley, in a more recent monograph, have greatly illustrated this subject. My learned friends Mr. Sabine and Mr. Edward Forster have also favoured me with many valuable remarks. With these guides, and my own experience of 23 years since the publication of this genus in the *Flora Britannica*, I proceed to a more accurate account of our British Roses. The terms I shall employ are such as are in familiar use through every department of botany, and therefore require no particular explanation.

'I am obliged to decline the use of one word, first introduced into English in the history of the present genus, but not by Mr. Woods, sepals, *sepala*, for the divisions, whether segments or leaves, of the calyx. Those who are much conversant with the system of Jussieu cannot but perceive the frequent difficulties that arise between him and Linnæus, in determining whether, in  
certain

certain genera, the calyx is of one piece or of many, and this question embroils the fundamental characters of some of Jussieu's orders. His distinguished follower, Professor De Candolle, has attempted to remove this difficulty, by adopting a common term for the leaves or the segments of a calyx; so that in future botanical language there shall be no distinction between them. But it is surely better to encounter some ambiguities in the study of nature, than to confound things or ideas that are essentially distinct; and it is better that any system, whether natural or artificial, should be honestly acknowledged defective, rather than that clear generic differences should be neglected or invalidated. In *Rosa* the fruit, or hip, is only in appearance intermediate in nature between its own natural order and the *Pomaceæ*. The calyx is of a single leaf, whose limb has five deep segments, and whose tube becomes, as Mr. Woods properly understands it, the receptacle of the seeds; but this tube is not itself a germen, like that of the *Pomaceæ*, though Linnæus so denominated it. The analogy of the whole order of *Rosaceæ* shows its real nature. So important a distinction requires to be marked, but the term *sepala* designedly leaves it ambiguous. This word itself, adopted from Necker, an obscure and paradoxical writer, might long puzzle a student, who would perhaps not conceive the highest veneration for its contriver, on finding *sepala* a lame anagram of *petala*. If such be the case, as I have been informed, it renders all further remarks superfluous.

Mr. Woods, I believe, first suggested the importance of glandular bristles, *setæ*, on the stems of Roses, as constituting a primary character. This, as far as I have had experience, is perfectly well founded. The presence of these bristles on the stem or branches constitutes the essential mark of my first section. The form of the prickles, *aculei*, whether straight and slender, suddenly originating from a broad depressed base, or hooked, dilated gradually downward, and more or less compressed, is perhaps of the next degree of importance. I do not so much regard the frequent inequality of these prickles. The transition of the upper stipulas into bracteas is nearly general in British Roses, and therefore less discriminative than Mr. Woods in some cases makes it. The simple or double serratures of the leaflets, and even their pubescence, are in my opinion duly appreciated by this judicious writer. The characters derived from hence do indeed occasionally vary, as is the case, more or less, with every botanical distinction. There is no mathematical certainty in natural history, our definitions being generally but a choice of difficulties. The occasional failure in particular instances, even of specific characters, generally most decisive, as opposite, or alternate, entire or serrated, leaves, does not unsettle our general confidence in those distinctions. So neither does a partial or occasional change in the leaves of Roses, from simple to compound serratures, prove such differences entirely futile. I am led, therefore, by a careful revision of the genus, to think the accidental mutations to which I allude have induced Mr. Lindley to combine too many species

species together; while Mr. Woods, by too absolute dependence on some characters, has perhaps now and then made species of varieties. In the study of a genus hitherto imperfectly understood, the latter is the least injurious error. Corrected judgment may, hereafter, combine what precise observation, in the first instance, has with due caution separated, and my specific definitions may then be curtailed. I trust that neither of my intelligent friends will feel offended if, in a matter of so much conjecture, uncertainty, and novelty, I, in a few instances, differ from them. What we have done may afford a clue for the guidance of others, who will try all our principles, by applying them to practical use. In the synonyms of foreign authors, unless verified by a comparison of specimens, I have been very sparing, seeing how many mistakes are daily made by compiling or copying, instead of observing.

The author's illustration of twenty-two native species of this popular family bespeaks much careful scrutiny and recon-dite criticism.

With due regard to the labors of Weihe and Nees, in their *Rubi Germanici*, and to the observations of Messrs. E. and T. F. Forster, Mr. Bicheno, &c., *Rubus* is distributed into fourteen species, several of which had been hitherto little noticed as distinct from *fruticosus*. — Under *Fragaria vesca*, the variety with white or cream-colored fruits might have been noticed; and some allusion might have been made to Linne's recommendation of mountain-strawberries in cases of gout: since, if we rightly recollect the terms of his diary, his opinion of their efficacy was founded on personal experience.

These two volumes, which bring down the system of our indigenous vegetation to *Icosandria Polygynia*, inclusive, are composed with such an intimate knowledge of the subject, with such an undeviating aim at accuracy, and with such an invariable respect for candor and for truth, that we look forwards to the completion of the work as to an event of national importance to the science of botany.

ART. VII. *The Albigenses*; a Romance. By the Author of "Bertram," a Tragedy; "Woman; or, Pour et Contre," &c. 12mo. 4 Vols. 11. 12s. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1824.

THE public are here presented with the last, and, we think, the most pleasing and successful effort of the late Mr. Maturin's talents; and talents he must be allowed to have possessed, far above the common order. As we have frequently had occasion to observe, however, they were not always most judiciously and happily directed, nor sufficiently under the control of good taste or chastised feeling; yet they displayed a degree

degree of spirit, energy, and resources, calculated to interest a large portion of the admirers and readers of modern romance. Displaying abilities, perhaps, second only in this species of composition to the greatest writer of his age in that department, it is rather singular that he did not produce a more striking impression on the public mind and favor, than that he should have acquired the sort of celebrity which he has enjoyed. With less enthusiasm and extravagance, and a little more discretion and sound taste, he would doubtless have attained a higher station in the rank of his literary contemporaries; and a station which his genius, properly tempered and controlled, was well qualified to fill and adorn.

To the peculiar cast of that genius, may be added a studied eagerness after novelty and display; which, by overshooting its own mark, more frequently tended to weary or to revolt his readers, than to rivet them with fresh earnestness to his pages. In his love for the mysterious and the marvellous, Mr. Maturin knew no bounds; and he was apt to imagine that he was consummating the triumph of his art when reveling in all the luxuriance of his fancy, or passing the extreme bounds of nature and probability. Thus, in his dramatic as well as his romantic compositions, instead of attempting to restrain the exuberance of his feelings, his invention seemed to be always on the stretch; and, by coloring his pictures to an excessive degree, he injured much of their natural beauty and effect. He never seemed to know when he had done well, nor when he had achieved enough; and his incidents, personages, and descriptions, howsoever ably conceived and embodied, are all liable to the same error, — all overloaded, until he cloy us with the very scenes and characters in which we had become really interested. All his works contain rich and full materials, moulded with the hand of genius but not of judgment; abundant proofs of which deficiency are to be found in his "*Melmoth*;" fewer in his tale of "*Woman*;" and perhaps least of all in the one which we have just perused.

We believe that we may ascribe this superiority of good taste in the romance before us chiefly to its historic character; which must have acted, in some degree, as a counterpoise to the usual wild and unfettered sallies of the writer's imagination. It certainly betrays a less wilful indulgence of his wonted mystery and extravagance: his descriptions, being confined to real scenery and manners, are less overwrought; the characters are more within keeping; and the whole tissue of the story and its adventures is less forced and unnatural. The period here selected for illustration, (viz. the commencement of the thirteenth century,) and the complexion of the times,

times, are too nearly connected with European history, and with the political and religious troubles that so long devastated the world, to require any preliminary notice from us. The Preface of the author, however, is calculated to awaken serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly hopes, and the unforeseen casualties of human life. He observes that 'this work is a part of a series, and is the first of THREE historical romances, illustrative of European feelings and manners in antient times, in middle, and in modern.' — In another part of this preface, which is at once simple, short, and modest, he alludes with justice to the unfair advantage taken of some of his writings, in the spirit of modern scandal and personality more than of lawful criticism, to throw a portion of the obloquy attached to some of his characters on his own fame: a weak and despicable error, which would expose the best and most immaculate persons in the world to the most absurd and base accusations.

We invariably find it associated with folly or malignity; and propagated, as in the case of Mr. Maturin, from the most cruel and ungenerous motives. It would seem, however, to be a sort of penalty levied on superior genius, from time immemorial to the present; on Sophocles, Ovid, Dryden, Pope, and Byron;—inasmuch that Mr. Maturin could scarcely complain in such company. 'No man,' he very properly remarks, 'less disregards public opinion; no man is less disposed to offer an insolent defiance to sincere criticism: but if an unoffending life cannot protect a writer from those dangerous imputations, I disdain defence, and leave them to their judgment by all generous and unprejudiced minds.'

Mr. M.'s design, in the proposed series of his new romances, was to shew the diversities of national and human character, in the chief points of view that are essential even to graver knowledge. 'The splendid barbarism of the feudal ages, with their wild superstitions and dubious Christianity, their knightly gallantry and baronial oppression, the native fierceness of the Gothic conqueror, mingled with the levity, bigotry, and baseness of his Italian and Gallic slave, offer powerful materials to the painter of manners with the pen. The more subtle policy, improved system of government, and commencing diffusion of literature in the second period, and the still more enlightened political system, confirmed knowledge, and popular influence that distinguish times near to our own, give obvious room for all that is picturesque, intelligent, and interesting in description.' — Such appears to have been the author's object, in this earliest and only specimen which his premature and lamented decease permitted him to accomplish. It undoubtedly, we think, discovers riper and more enlarged powers



powers than any single one among his former productions ; it displays wider views, with more information, reflection, and research ; and it is directed to higher and more important objects, viz. the inculcation of religious toleration, humanity, and peace, than we find in many of our modern historical romances.

Thus his animated descriptions of the leading characters, the champions of the church in the thirteenth century, — of the growing splendor of its pontiffs, — of the feudal and chivalric spirit excited against the zeal and fanaticism of all who were termed heretics, — are interweaved with a regular and interesting story ; and, in addition, we are presented with many able and judicious remarks on the policy, manners, and revolutions of the period described. The scene of course is placed in the somewhat hacknied and stale regions of Languedoc and Provence, and the chief actors are the very familiar and serviceable heroes to all romance writers, — Counts Raymond of Toulouse and Simon de Monfort. It is therefore only to the spirit and execution of his work that we are to attribute the author's success, which unites great variety of incident and information with no uninteresting fable. The story is formed wholly on a romantic, or we should say, chivalric basis ; for its hero is not merely the pink of courtesy, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, but a very grave, gentle, unassuming, and respectable young man ; — such an one as is too rarely to be found in modern mess-rooms, and wholly of the best antient polish, without a shade of alloy. He is also a very respectful and hearty lover, who far eclipses in his lady's favor all the military coxcombs of the day ; and he scruples not to enter the lists with the gigantic De Monfort himself, whose rude and overbearing spirit had not observed due respect even to the lady of Sir Paladour's love.

As it is on the adventures of this true hero and the Lady Isabelle that the interest of the story turns, the quarrel of the two knights will serve to bring the powers of the writer and of the actors into play, far better than venturing to enter into the details and horrors of the religious wars : for these, however well adapted to the frame-work of the story, which exhibits many of their most striking traits and characters in a clear point of view, are of too general and voluminous a character for us to deal with them here. The persecutions of the *Albigenses*, moreover, have for so long a period been the theme of poetry, of history, and of romance, that they do not call for farther exposition in this place ; otherwise than as connected with the manner in which the subject is treated, and which is at once intelligent, faithful, and liberal in an historical

cal point of view. Several of the more prominent characters, both traditional and fancied, stand forth in scarcely less powerful lights and bold relief than we discern in the more correct and masterly delineations of the author of "Waverley." In the portraits, indeed, of one or two of the Huguenot preachers, the author appears to have held his great contemporary in his eye; though it is rather on the same views and principles of historic romance than in traces of peculiar and servile imitation, that the resemblance is to be discovered.

To return to the knightly contest of which we spoke. — It would seem that the Count de Monfort had been despatched by King Philip of France on a mission to the castle of Courtenaye, to demand the hand of its wealthy heiress, the Lady Isabelle, that he might bestow it on some favorite lord. Of this despotic charge, the fierce champion of the church acquitted himself in so haughty and ungracious a manner, as to excite the censure of the fair lady's numerous friends and suitors, who were then banqueting at the castle: but none ventured to interfere; and the tears and the anger of the insulted beauty seemed alike to prove ineffectual, when the savage De Monfort, half in pity and half in jest, thus addresses her, and gives rise to the following animated scene:

"Marry! I know not well how to make my discourse pleasing to ladies' ears," said De Monfort, rocking himself on the bench where he sat; "but if a noble bridegroom and all courtly delights do thy fantasy such offence, there is a way of deliverance, as thou termost it, though scarce any may undertake that way without certain peril, or accomplish it without loss of life." It was said; that at these words certain of the knights who surrounded the chair of the lady recoiled. Perchance, her declaration that she would forfeit land and dower ere she would bow to the will of King Philip had been but cold fuel to the flame of their passion; and the condition of added mortal peril in her cause was, in ordinary estimation, not likely to rekindle it to a blaze. The Count de Monfort went on: — "Thy chance, I fear, is desperate, Lady; but to the tears of beauty I will not refuse to tell it, desperate though it be. As I parted from King Philip he said, as it were jestingly, 'Thou wilt find that fortalice guarded by many a strong warder, — see thou do thy devoir if my heart be disputed;' and I, answering him in the same humour of mirth, replied, 'My liege, I will forfeit my head, if among the suitors that besiege the castle of Courtenaye and its fair wardress there be one who in tilt and tourney can unhorse me, or draw blood from between the joints of mine harness.' If such champion may be found among thy gilded wooers, summon him, Lady, in God's name, to aid thine appeal, and here lies my gage;" and as he spoke, he flung down his glove of mail on the floor with a force that

that made the hall resound, and the Lord of Courtenay's rock and quiver in his chair of state.

"Gage for gage!" cried the Lady Isabelle, flinging down her glove of silk with desperate courage:—"Gage for gage!"—The fall of the soft light glove caused no sound, like the clank of De Monfort's heavy gauntlet; but ere the echo of the former had ceased, Sir Paladour had seized it, and brandishing it at De Monfort, announced his acceptance of the challenge, "if the Lady deigned to accept such champion of her right,"—and he bowed, with blushing and deferential awe to the fair being for whom he was perilling fame and life.

"Valiant Knight," said the Lady, her cheek glowing with a hue, and her form dilating to a grandeur more than mortal, as she saw the chosen of her heart, the first and boldest assertor of her rights;—"Valiant Knight, I accept thee for my champion, and God and our Lady nerve thine arm to strike in the right of the defenceless and persecuted! Meanwhile, take and wear this favour for my sake; and may it prove a shirt of mail to a breast so bold and true!" And detaching an embroidered scarf from her ivory shoulders, she flung it round those of her kneeling champion.—Long before this action of the Lady, the knights had started from their trance, and a hundred voices claimed the combat in the cause of the Lady Isabelle.

"Come on—come all!" exclaimed their giant-like antagonist, with a savage but gleeful shout of defiance,—tossing his huge arms like the branches of an oak in a storm:—"Mass! it were mere sport to encounter scores of such velvet bodies and heads of feather! I will requite their new fence with certain convincing touches of the old discipline of tourney:—I shall be but half-breathed to encounter a hundred of such in the career, and toss them about like tennis-balls;—mine health lacks such exercise. An' the court of the castle be not strewed to-morrow with scarfs and surcoats, plumes and favours, like a tapestried floor, or the path of a royal pageant, say there is no true manhood left in France."

"A boon, a boon, my Lord of Monfort!" cried the Lady Isabelle, in a voice whose wonted tone of imperious gaiety was exchanged for one of anxious supplication.

"And of what boon may not so fair a suitor be assured?" said De Monfort, involuntarily softened.

"I claim as a boon," said the Lady, "that your combat in the encounter to-morrow be the combat of courtesy, not the bloody and mortal fight *à l'outrance*." And she added, with a delicate and venial dissimulation, "Heaven forefend that the noble blood which should be cherished for the cause of holy church, were spent in the cause of a woman!"

"Thou wouldst have found thy boon hard to win," muttered De Monfort, "could I have guessed its purport. Ho, minion!" he added, in a tone of furious disappointment, to his page, striking at the Lady's glove rudely with his foot, "take up that toy, hang it on some pillar in the castle-court, and let him that dreads

dreads to die shun to touch it with his lance to-morrow. — *Early*; I doubt that this fence will prove sufficient barrier; — for how, in the combat of courtesy that thou hast claimed, can blood be drawn from betwixt the joints of my mail? otherwise my grant is bootless as thy boon was trivial."

"I put my trust in Heaven," replied the trembling beauty, raising her eyes upward; — a motion instantly followed by her attendants, who devoutly crossed themselves, uttering prayers to every saint for their Lady's rescue.

"For thee, boy," said De Monfort to Paladour, "I will turn pedagogue to thy vanity; and so whip this humour of valour out of thee, that thou shalt turn as pale at the sight of a lady's favour as thou wouldst at the array of a bannered host."

"The hue of death must be on my cheek," said Paladour, "ere it turn pale at the voice of defenceless beauty, or the stirring summons to battle; — for the former, I need no instinct as man, — for the latter, I lack no spirit as knight; — yea, knight I say, and warrior, approved in a field where thou foughtest not," he exclaimed, maddening at the sight of De Monfort's cold and savage sneer.

De Monfort sat amazed, if not awed, by the power of a voice that pealed round the hall, like "a trumpet with a silver sound;" he set down his untasted cup, in which he had been pledging the Abbot of Normoutier, and looked as if expecting the silent defiance he was about to meet.

Sir Paladour, after again kissing the scarf which the Lady had bestowed on him, and then proudly replacing it on his shoulders, crossed the hall, and stood full opposed to De Monfort, front to front, breast to breast, and eye to eye; for the Count had risen from his seat, and met this mute challenge of physical strength, by confronting the frame of an Atlas with that of an Antinous. Neither of them spoke, — their eyes only darkly flashing, and deeply fixed on each other, uttered a language more than audible — for it was felt by the spectators; — by the latter the issue of the combat was already anticipated, as they surveyed the contrasted figures of the champions, who still stood measuring each other with looks of mortal defiance.

The appearance of the champions in the lists, the terrific contest, and the victory of the Lady's knight, are all told with the same eloquence and vivacity; and there is an earnestness, a stirring life and action, in the whole of the writer's incidents and descriptions, which conveys a vivid impression, and seems to transport the reader back into the scenes that are past. The same may be said of many of his characters, which are strongly drawn and well contrasted; though certainly too numerous, and too arbitrarily brought into notice. The enlightened piety and kind feeling of the Monk of Montcalm, the heretical zeal of Mattathias and Boanerges, the military ardor of the Bishop of Toulouse, the fierce and violent

violent De Monfort, the noble Paladour, the wily and murderous Lord of Courtenaye, the foppish De Verac, and the humorous and honest Sir Aymer, are all well grouped and supported: they maintain their own peculiar traits throughout; and though many of the adventures and descriptions are carried beyond all probable bounds, the personages who figure in them are always distinct, natural, strong, and interesting. We could quote numerous dialogues, if our limits permitted, that are full of variety, and equally abound in strength, pathos, and humor. We think that the following, — the only one that we can afford to give of its kind, — will form an illustration of this last remark; though we ought, in justice, to add that other dialogues and passages display superior power and effect.

De Verac and Semonville had walked silently for an hour up and down; at length the latter turned abruptly on his companion, — “A thought, a sudden thought, has struck me deeply,” said he.

“That I should change my lilac scarf for one of crimson,” said De Verac, stopping.

“I thought of no such matter,” said Semonville, doggedly.

“And of what else couldst thou be thinking?” said he of the scarf.

“Not of thy complexion, I promise thee, — but whether we should be sworn brothers or foes —”

“Foes! — wherefore should we be foes?”

“Nay, I know not, nor do I much care. I had as lieve be foe as friend with any man, — I care not whom, — such is my humour. I see how matters fare in this castle, whither I was sent, chiefly at my grandame’s instance, to woo the Lady Isabelle. This Sir Paladour bears down all before him. He hath foiled De Monfort in the lists; he makes the Lord of Courtenaye tremble at his board-end, if he but glance at him. I have seen it.”

And here Verac was astonished at the acuteness which fools often display in the observation of circumstances and manners. He recollected the Lord of Courtenaye had more than once shown terror and aversion at the sight of Paladour, and he wondered at his not having first discovered and observed it. — As he stood silent —

“Thou art more busied,” said the blunt De Semonville, “twisting the scarf into folds than in listening to my words, — yet I tell thee the foldings of thy scarf were merely scorned in the tourney.”

“Scorned!” repeated De Verac instantly, roused by a reflection on his attire.

“Yea; and I tell thee, moreover, as thou rodest into the lists, the ladies said —”

“Said what? — What could they say? — My plumage was foreign, and of a most delicate fancy.”

" Fool as he was, Semonville felt he was now master of the key to which alone Verac's feelings uttered harmony or discord, and he pursued his advantage.

" Dame Marguerite, — I answer not for her taste, — Dame Marguerite likened your helmet to her fan ; a handle of silver, and a forest of feathers waving above and around."

" " Malicious hag, she lied ! The plumage was fair, curious, and well assorted."

" " Ay, and so were thine hose the night before, when thou wert dancing, and yet men say there might be better legs than thine."

" " I defy them !" said Verac, drawing up his hose, and showing a taper and well-formed limb. " I defy them ! I care not what they say of my form and feature, — let them call me uncomely, — any thing, — but let them not dispraise my scarf and attire."

" " Do I not point out the way to work thy will, and meet thy wish ?" said Semonville. " The Lady Isabelle scorns us both ; let us be brothers in arms for mere hatred, and sworn friends for mortal malice, — for methinks I would like to defeat that Paladour of his love."

" " Thou sayest well, and I accept thy pledge," said De Verac, after pausing a moment, and then he grasped eagerly the proffered hand of Semonville.

" At that moment a wild and horrid cry, the fierce yell of masculine agony, in its most horrid extremity, made Verac relax his grasp.

" " The work of hell is going on below," he cried, in the horror of sudden conviction : then, with an illapse of gallant feeling which was indeed natural to him, " Could brand or lance aid them, I would hack them to splinters on the dungeon-walls, wherein they have inclosed themselves ; but no mortal help may avail them now."

" " An I had my grandmother's spells," muttered Semonville. " I would no more heed fiends well inclosed in a vault, (where I might deal with them roundly, provided they never passed their bounds,) than I would a community of the heretics, whom I would indeed give their choice of death by flame or sword, or as they might wish, — for I always seek to be courteous in such matters ; — but in truth I will confess to thee, that mine hair stands almost upright. And I have no weapons," he added, half drawing his dagger, " for such an enemy as they are dealing with now." And he was hastening from the hall.

" " It were pity and shame to leave them in such strait," said Verac, his natural courage struggling with his superstitious feelings. Another horrid and indescribable sound bursting on his ears, made him catch Semonville's arms for support.

" " It were worse," said Semonville, pushing him out, " to have this huge hall crumble over our heads : — mine, I know, could never sustain the weight, however thicker skulls might fare. If this gear hold in the castle of Courtenaye, I would sooner couch in my grandmother's closet, which all know to be haunted,

than in the chamber of the Lady Isabelle. If one must needs be haunted, it were better by the ghosts of one's own family than by those of strangers. What the devil dalliest thou for?"

"I doubt I have left a certain favour behind me," said Verac, lingering: "it was a knot, *couleur-de-rose*, which I always bore on the sleeve of my purple tunic, since a fair hand ——"

"Tarry an thou wilt," said Semonville, hurrying away himself: "perchance, if thou delayest, no fair hand, but a fiery fang, will fasten on thee another kind of favour."

"The saints forbid!" cried Verac, darting through the passage.

"Amen, Amen!" quoth Semonville, who was first in the flight.

Rapidly as they sought and gained their apartments, the fearful sounds they had heard seemed to pursue them. They paused, — listened, — the sounds ceased on a sudden, — they plunged into their beds, and drawing their silken quilts high above their heads, ruttered their night-spells earnestly under the quivering coverlet.

In the third and fourth volumes, — but there ought not to have been four, according to the plan and progress of the plot, — we begin to be sensible rather too early of the diminishing interest of the work; and the hand of a master is wanting as we approach nearer to its final developement. All the heroes seem to possess a miraculous gift of life; for, when we are led to think that they are quietly laid in the earth, after having received wounds enough to "kill off" a regiment, we suddenly behold them figuring once more in the "tilted field," where they "fight all their battles o'er again," and "thrice they slay the slain." We are thus presented with the same incidents and characters, even to satiety; and we sigh to reach the *dénouement* of a story, which at the same time is but too easily foreseen. The most imminent danger which threatens the hero, Sir Paladour, ceases almost to excite commiseration, and the delicate situation and hair-breadth escapes of the Lady Isabelle do not impose on us for a moment. We perceive that they are both destined to triumph "over fate and time," and may safely defy the bitterest persecutions of a host of enemies; protected as they are by the shield of love and chivalry, whose miraculous power never deserts them until they are made finally happy.

ART. VIII. *Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and Residence there, during Part of the Years 1821, 1822, 1823.* By Maria Graham. 4to. pp. 340. With Eleven Plates and Nine Vignettes. 2l. 2s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

PERHAPS it may not be known to all those of our readers who have been gratified by the former productions of Mrs. Graham, (her *Journal and Letters from India, Life of Poussin, &c.*) that this observing and accomplished traveller was the wife of a captain in the British navy, with whom she undertook her distant and enterprizing voyages. It appears that she went to India in the *Hecate* sloop of war, of which Captain G. was then Commander, and subsequently accompanied him in the *Doris* frigate to Brazil. On the passage from Rio to Chile, a severe illness deprived her of her husband and protector; placing her in circumstances of reduced comfort and importance at an immense distance from her home, with spirits reduced and health injured by her loss. In Lord Cochrane, however, who had been a youthful mess-mate of Captain Graham, she found one of the kindest and most serviceable of friends; and it is no matter of wonder that she delights not only in recording his private friendship to her, but his public exploits in the naval service in which he was then engaged. Uninterested readers may think that she enters into these details with too flowing and too partial a pen: but it seems to us that her individual feelings and his Lordship's conduct towards her are alike honorable to each; and the man who views that officer's public career without interest, when driven from the service of his own country by a harsh proceeding, and engaged in supporting the cause of South American independence, cannot be much concerned in the transactions of the age in which he lives.

Mrs. G.'s *Letters from India*, which were noticed in our lxxviii. volume, p. 258., have acquired for her a high rank as a literary tourist. Less metaphysical, less eloquent, and less polished perhaps than *Madame de Staël*, she rivals that celebrated woman in picturesque delineation, sagacity of observation, and liberality of sentiment; while she surpasses her in comprehension of view, in scientific acquirement, and in that practical heroism which meets undisheartened the conflict with difficulty, with peril, with sickness, and with distress. If *Madame de Staël* was long the hostess and the mouth-piece of the baffled patriots of French emancipation, Mrs. Graham has been the unblemished companion of the heroes of South America; and if she has less assisted to direct, she has not less assisted to observe, this other important struggle of the



friends of freedom. A sketch of the History of Brazil, to the present time, occupies seventy-six introductory pages.

The *Doris* frigate left England on the 31st of July, 1821. Madeira and Teneriffe were visited during the voyage; and, on the 21st of September following, the ship reached Pernambuco, on the coast of Brazil. This city is well described, and tempted the Captain to about a month's stay. Warfare prevailing between the Royalists and the Patriots, it was then in a state of siege, and Mrs. Graham was advised by a Portuguese officer to remain altogether in the ship: but, as she says, she had never seen a town in such a state, and was determined to contemplate it. She accordingly landed, with some officers of the *Doris*.

'The name of Pernambuco, which is that of the captainship, is now generally applied to the capital, which consists of two parts; 1st, the city of Olinda, which was founded by the Portuguese, under Duarte Coelho Pedreiro, about 1530 or 1540, and, as its name implies, on a beautiful spot, where moderate but abrupt hills, a fine river, and thick wood, combine to charm the eye; but the approach to it by sea must always have been difficult, if not dangerous; and, 2dly, the town of Recife de Pernambuco, or the Reef of Pernambuco, built by the Dutch, under Maurice of Nassau, and by them called Maurice Town. It is a singular spot, well fitted for trade; it is situated upon several sand banks, divided by salt-water creeks and the mouth of two fresh-water rivers, connected by three bridges, and divided into as many parts: Recife, properly so called, where are the castles of defence, and the dock-yard, and the traders; Sant Antonio, where are the government-house, the two principal churches, one for the white and one for the black population; and Boa Vista, where the richer merchants, or more idle inhabitants, live among their gardens, and where convents, churches, and the bishop's palace, give an air of importance to the very neat town around them.

'All this I knew before I landed, and thought I was pretty well prepared for Pernambuco. But no previous knowledge could do away the wonder with which one must enter that very extraordinary port. From the ship, which is anchored three miles from the town, we see that vessels lie within a reef on which the sea is perpetually breaking, but till I was actually within that reef, I had not the least idea of the nature of the harbour: the swell going ashore would have seemed tremendous, had we not been prepared for it, and made our passage of three miles a very long one. We approached the sandy beach between Recife and Olinda so nearly, that I thought we were going to land there; when coming abreast of a tower on a rock, where the sea was breaking violently, we turned short round, and found ourselves within a marvellous natural break-water, heard the surf dashing without, and saw the spray, but we ourselves were sailing along smoothly and calmly, as if in a mill-pond. The rock of which the reef is formed, is said to be

coral; but it is so coated with barnacle and limpet above barnacle and limpet, that I can see nothing but the remainder of these shells for many feet down, and as deep into the rock as our hammers will break. It extends from a good way to the northward of Paraiba to Olinda, where it sinks under water, and then rises abruptly at Recife, and runs on to Cape St. Augustine, where it is interrupted by the bold granite head, that shoots through it into the ocean: it then re-appears, and continues, interruptedly, towards the south. The breadth of the harbour here between the reef and the main land varies from a few fathoms to three quarters of a mile; the water is deep close to the rock, and there the vessels often moor. There is a bar at the entrance of the harbour, over which there is, in ordinary tides, sixteen feet water, so that ships of considerable burden lie here. His Majesty's brig *Alacrity* lay some time within the reef; and two feet more water on the bar would have enabled the *Doris* to have entered, though, as far as I have seen, there would be no room to turn about if she wished to go out again. The reef is certainly one of the wonders of the world; it is scarcely sixteen feet broad at top. It slopes off more rapidly than the Plymouth break-water, to a great depth on the outside, and is perpendicular within, to many fathoms. Here and there, a few inequalities at the top must formerly have annoyed the harbour in high tides or strong winds, but Count Maurice remedied this, by laying huge blocks of granite into the faulty places; and has thus rendered the top level, and the harbour safe at all times. The Count had intended to build warehouses along the reef, but his removal from the government prevented his doing so. A small fort near the entrance defends it, and indeed always must, so narrow and sudden is the passage. Near it, a light-house is in a fair way of being soon finished, at the very extremity of the reef, and these are the only two buildings on this extraordinary line of rock. We rowed up the harbour among vessels of all nations, with the town on one side, and the reef on the other, until we came to one of the wide creeks, over which the Dutch built a fine stone bridge, now in decay. We were a good deal struck with the beauty of the scene; the buildings are pretty large, and white; the land low and sandy, spotted with bright green tufts of grass, and adorned with palm-trees. A few years ago a violent flood nearly destroyed the greater part of the centre of the bridge, yet the arches still serve to support light wooden galleries on each side of it, and the houses and gateways are still standing at either end. We landed pretty near the bridge.—

‘Having paid our visit to the Governor, we proceeded to walk about the town. The streets are paved partly with blueish pebbles from the beach, partly with red or grey granite. The houses are three or four stories high, built of a whitish stone, and all are white-washed, with door-posts and window-frames of brown stone. The ground floor consists of shops, or lodging for the negroes, and stables: the floor above is generally appropriated to counting-houses and ware-rooms; and the dwelling-house still higher, the kitchen

kitchen being universally at the top, by which means the lower part of the house is kept cool. I was surprised to find it so possible to walk out without inconvenience from the heat, so near the equator; but the constant sea-breeze, which sets in here every day at ten o'clock, preserves a temperature under which it is at all times possible to take exercise. The hot time of the day is from eight, when the land-breeze fails, to ten. As we were to pass the stone bridge on our way back to the boat, which was ordered to meet us at the point of Recife, because the receding tide would have left it dry in the creek where we landed, we left it on one hand, and walked through Sant Antonio towards Boa Vista. When we came to the wooden bridge, 350 paces long, connecting it with Sant Antonio, we found that it had been cut through the middle, and is only now passable by means of two planks easily withdrawn, in case the besiegers should get possession of Boa Vista. Nothing can be prettier of its kind than the fresh green landscape, with its broad river winding through it, which is seen on each hand from the bridge, and the white buildings of the treasury and mint, the convents, and private houses, most of which have gardens. The verdure is delightful to an English eye; and I doubt not that the flat meadows, and slowly-flowing water, were particularly attractive to the Dutch founders of Recife. We walked back by the stone bridge, 280 paces long, as we intended; in vain did we look for shops; not one was open, the shopkeepers being all on military duty. They form the militia, and, as many of them are from Europe, and as they all expect to be plundered should the country Brazilians take the town by force, they are most zealous in their attendance as soldiers.

At each end of every street we found a light gun, and at the heads of the bridges two, with lighted matches by them, and at each post we were challenged by the guard. At the end of the stone bridge, at the *Ponte dos tres Pontes*\*, next to Recife, the guards are more numerous and strict. In this quarter, the chief riches of the place are lodged, and that is the point most easily defended. It is very nearly surrounded with water, the houses are high, strongly built, and close together, the streets being very narrow; and the strong gateways at each end of the bridge might secure time to demolish it entirely, and thus render that part of the town secure, except by the sand-bank communicating with Olinda, and that is guarded by two considerable forts.

We had hardly gone fifty paces into Recife, when we were absolutely sickened by the first sight of a slave-market. It was the first time either the boys or I had been in a slave-country; and, however strong and poignant the feelings may be at home, when imagination pictures slavery, they are nothing compared to the staggering sight of a slave-market. It was thinly stocked, owing to the circumstances of the town; which cause most of the owners of new slaves to keep them closely shut up in the depôts. Yet about fifty young creatures, boys and girls, with all the appear-

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\* A little fort which defends the entrance to Recife.

ance' of disease and famine consequent upon scanty food and long confinement in unwholesome places, were sitting and lying about among the filthiest animals in the streets. The sight sent us home to the ship with the heart-ache; and resolution, "not loud but deep," that nothing in our power should be considered too little, or too great, that can tend to abolish or to alleviate slavery.'

Many interesting particulars, relative to this horrid subject of slavery, incidentally occur in various pages of the work. For instance:

'The other day I took up some old Bahia newspapers, numbers of the *Idade d'Ouro*, and I find in the list of ships entered during three months of this year,

	Alive.	Dead.
'1 slave-ship from Moyanbique, 25th March, with	313	180
'1 ditto - - 6th March	378	61
'1 ditto - - 30th May	293	10
'1 ditto - - 29th June from Molendo,	357	102
'1 ditto - - 26th June	293	21
	<u>1574</u>	<u>374</u>

So that of the cargoes of these five ships reckoned thus accidentally, more than one in five had died on the passage!

On the 17th of October following, the voyagers reached Bahia, to which nearly two months were devoted, and on December 15. they arrived at Rio de Janeiro.

'Nothing that I have ever seen,' exclaims Mrs. Graham, 'is comparable in beauty to this bay. Naples, the Firth of Forth, Bombay harbour, and Trincomalee, each of which I thought perfect in their beauty, all must yield to this, which surpasses each in its different way. Lofty mountains, rocks of clustered columns, luxuriant wood, bright flowery islands, green banks, all mixed with white buildings; each little eminence crowned with its church or fort; ships at anchor or in motion; and innumerable boats flitting about in such a delicious climate, — combine to render Rio de Janeiro the most enchanting scene that imagination can conceive. We anchored first close to a small island, called Villegagnon, about two miles from the entrance of the harbour. That island, however small, was the site of the first colony founded by the Frenchman Villegagnon, under the patronage of Coligny, whom he betrayed. The Admiral had intended it as a refuge for the persecuted Huguenots; but when Villegagnon had, by his means, formed the settlement, he began to persecute them also: the colony fell into decay, and became an easy conquest to Mem de Sa, the Portuguese captain-general of Brazil.'

At Rio, Mrs. G. met with Count Hogendorp, a Prussian, who had been a General Officer under Bonaparte, and migrated after his master's misfortunes.

'On

On the annexation of Holland to France, he entered the French service with the rank of full colonel. He was always a great favourite with Napoleon, to whom his honesty and disinterestedness in money matters seem to have been valuable, in proportion as these qualities were scarce among his followers. The Count's affection for him is excessive, I should have said unaccountable, had he not shewn me a letter written to him by the Emperor's own hand, on the death of his child, in which, besides much general kindness, there is even a touch of tenderness I had not looked for. During the disastrous expedition to Russia, Hogendorp was entrusted with the government of Poland, and kept his court at Wilna. His last public service was performed in the defence of Hamburg, where he was lieutenant-governor.

In a note, it is added :

Count Hogendorp died while I was in Chile. Napoleon had left him by his will five thousand pounds sterling, but the old man did not live to know this proof of the recollection of his old master. As he approached his end, the Emperor Don Pedro sent to him such assistance, and paid him such attention as his state required or admitted of, and had given orders concerning his funeral ; but it was found at his death that he was a Protestant, and one of the Protestant consuls therefore caused him to be properly interred in the English burial-ground. On undressing him after death, his body was found to be tattooed like those of the natives of the eastern islands.

A fortnight's cruise to Bahia interrupts the sojourn at Rio, which terminates March 10. 1822. A gentle hint to the British Admiralty is given in the journal.

Captain Graham not feeling well enough to leave the ship, I went with Captain Prescott of the *Aurora*, to visit the French Commodore Roussin on board the *Amazone*. I have seldom been better pleased. The captains of the other French ships were there, to receive us. All the urbanity of Frenchmen, joined with the delightful frankness of the profession, assured us we were welcome. The ship itself, every part of which we saw, is a model of all that can be done, either in the dock-yard at home, or by officers afloat, for comfort, health, and cleanliness, and is well as a man of war. Her captain, however, is a superior man ; and many ships of every and any nation might be visited before his equal would be met with. I wish it were possible that we should introduce into our ships the oven on the lower deck, which gives fresh bread twice a week for the whole ship's company, not only for the sake of the bread, but the heating it must air and ventilate the ship.

The voyage round Cape Horn was next undertaken, and a slow progress along the coast of Chile, where Captain Graham died ; an event which is recorded in a way that shews equal good feeling and good sense. This visit to Chile is narrated in a separate volume. Mrs. Graham returned with Lord Cochrane to Rio de Janeiro, which they reached 13th March, 1823.

1823. She stayed there nine months, and landed in England 18th December, 1823. Having, meanwhile, acquired the Portuguese language, her observations during this second stay apply more to the history and manners of the people, and less to the scenery and botany.

The late revolution is thus sketched:

\* The impossibility of continuing united to Portugal had become daily more apparent. All the southern provinces were eager to declare their independence. Pernambuco and its dependencies had long manifested a similar feeling, and the province of Bahia was equally inclined to freedom, although the city was full of Portuguese troops under General Madeira, and receiving constant reinforcements and supplies from Lisbon.

\* The Cortes seemed resolved on bringing matters to extremities; the language used in their sessions with respect to the Prince was highly indecent. Such commanders either by sea or land as obeyed him, unless by force, were declared traitors, and he was ordered home anew within four months, under pain of submitting to the future disposition of the Cortes; and they decreed that the whole means of government should be employed to enforce obedience. The Brazilian members did indeed remonstrate and protest formally against these proceedings; but they were over-ruled; and the spectators in the galleries, on one occasion, went so far as to cry "Down with the Brazilian!"

\* In the months of June and July, Madeira began to make sallies into the country around Bahia, as if it had been possessed by an enemy; and, indeed, he quickly found one most formidable. The town of Cachoeira, large and populous, and intimately connected with the hardy inhabitants of the Certam, soon became the head-quarters of crowds of patriots, who assembled there, and resolved to expel the Portuguese from their capital.

\* They began to form regular troops; but though they were abundantly supplied with beef and other provisions, they were in want of arms and ammunition, and sent to Rio de Janeiro to represent their situation to the Prince, and request assistance. They were also in great distress for salt to preserve their provisions; and as to accoutrements, raw hides supplied the place of almost every thing. An apothecary, in Cachoeira, shortly began to boil sea-water in sugar-coppers, to make salt, and soon reduced the price of that article, so that the quantity at first sold for ten pataccas (eighteen shillings) fell to seven vintems (seven-pence). The same apothecary, collecting all the saltpetre in the neighbourhood, applied himself to making of gunpowder, and a fortunate discovery of some hundred barrels smuggled into Itaparica by some English, was of essential use to them. But they had no cannon, no lead for ball for their muskets and matchlocks; the lead, indeed, and a quantity of gun-locks, their friends within the city contrived to smuggle to them; and their guns were supplied in the following manner. In each engenho, there was an old gun or two for the purpose of balancing some part of the machinery; these were at once sent to Cachoeira, where, being cleaned and  
bushed

bush by an ingenious blacksmith, they were rendered serviceable; and the patriots ventured to take the field against Madeira's parties, even before the arrival of any assistance from Rio.

Meantime, news of these transactions arrived at Rio, as well as notice of the decrees of the Cortes at Lisbon. The Prince and people no longer hesitated. His Royal Highness, together with the senate, issued proclamations on the 3d of June, calling together a representative and legislative assembly, to be composed of members from every province and town, to meet in the city of Rio; and on the 1st of August he published that noble manifesto, by which the independence of Brazil was openly asserted, the grounds of its claims clearly stated, and the people exhorted to let no voice but that of honour be heard among them, and to let the shores, from the Amazons to the Plata, resound with no cry but that of independence. On the same day, a decree was put forth to resist the hostilities of Portugal, containing the following articles:—1st, All troops sent by any country whatever, without leave obtained from the Prince, shall be accounted enemies: 2d, If they come in peace, they shall remain on board their ships, and shall not communicate with the shore; but, having received supplies, shall depart: 3d, That in case of disobedience, they shall be repulsed by force: 4th, If they force a landing in any weak point, the inhabitants shall retire to the interior, with all their moveables, and the militia shall make war as guerillas against the strangers: 5th, That all governors, &c. shall fortify their ports, &c.: 6th, Reports to be forthwith made of the state of the ports in Brazil, for that end.

This last decree had been anticipated by the Pernambucans, who had marched a body of troops to the assistance of the patriots of Cachoeira, and a most harassing warfare was commenced against the Portuguese in St. Salvador: these last had received a reinforcement of 700 men on the 8th of August; but they had hardly had time to exult in their arrival, when a squadron from Rio Janeiro disembarked at Alagoas 5000 guns, six field-pieces, 270,000 cartridges, 2000 pikes, 500 carbines, 500 pistols, 500 cutlasses, and 260 men, chiefly officers, under Brigadier-General Lebatu, who soon joined the patriots, and fixed his head-quarters at Cachoeira, having stretched a line of troops across the peninsula on which the town is placed, and thus cut it off from provisions on that side; but the sea being still open, supplies were abundant, not only from abroad, but from the opposite island of Itaparica. That fertile district, however, was soon occupied by the Brazilians; and Madeira had only his supplies from seaward, unless he could by force dislodge the Brazilians from their quarters on that island.

The cabinet of Rio became sensible that it was necessary to provide a naval force, if they wished to preserve the kingdom from the farther attacks of Portugal, or to dislodge the enemy from his strong hold in Bahia. Accordingly, the agents of the government in England were employed to engage officers and men: some were collected on the spot; others, such as Captain David Jewet, from Buenos Ayres and America, were instantly employed;

employed; and all exertions were made to repair such of the ships left behind by King John as would bear the repairs.

At length, on the 12th of October, the birth-day of the Prince, the troops being, as usual, assembled in the great square of Santa Anna, and a great concourse of people attending, the Prince was suddenly hailed Emperor of Brazil, and the kingdom changed in style and title, and all dependence on, or connection with, Portugal, for ever abjured.

This event seemed to give new spirit to the war of Bahia: as it exasperated the Portuguese, so it encouraged the Brazilians, now assured of independence. Madeira, resolved, if possible, to gain a communication with Nazareth on one of the rivers of the Reconcave, which is most fertile, and furnishes abundance of farinha, sent one hundred men of the Caçadores, under Colonel Russel, to attempt to gain possession of the Ilha do Medo, which commands the Funil, or passage between the mainland and Itaparica leading to Nazareth; but their boats grounded, and they were obliged to wait for the tide, while the Brazilians, who are excellent marksmen, and were concealed among the bushes ashore, picked them off at leisure. Another expedition, equally unfortunate, was sent with a large gun-vessel to Cachoeira, and arrived off the public square, just as it was filled with people proclaiming the Emperor. The guns began to play on the mob; but the tide was low, and the shot, instead of reaching the people, only struck the quays, and did little damage. The Brazilian soldiers now crowded to the wharfs, and thence commenced so brisk a fire on the enemy, that the commander of the vessel retreated hastily without killing a man, though he lost many. In this action Dona Maria de Jesus distinguished herself; for the spirit of patriotism had not confined itself to the men.

The most considerable expedition sent by Madeira from Bahia was to the Ponto de Itaparica, the possession of which was becoming daily more important, as the provisions in the town diminished. For this purpose 1500 men were embarked on board the Promtadao, and two other brigs of war; they were to land half on one side, and half on the other of the little peninsula forming the Ponto, on which there is a small fort and town, which the troops were to attack while the brigs fired on the fort. The passage from Bahia to this point is usually of six or seven hours at most, allowing for a contrary wind; but these vessels were two days in reaching it, by which time the Brazilians had thrown up heaps of sand; behind which they lay concealed, and deliberately fired on the Lusitanians as they passed, and committed great slaughter, without the loss of a man, though they had several wounded. This action, if it may be called so, took place on the 2d of January, 1823, and lasted from noon till sunset.

Meantime, the land-side of the city had been harassed by continual attacks; and the troops worn out with constant watching; for the Brazilians were continually riding about in the woods, and beating marches, and causing their trumpets to sound to charge in the night, and by the time the enemy could reach the spot they were



were fled. On the 18th of November, 1822, however, Madeira made a sortie, and was met by the Brazilians at Piraja, between two and three leagues from the city, when a severe action took place, with some loss on both sides, and both claimed the victory; but as the Lusitanians retired to the town, and the Brazilians took up new positions close to the city gates, the advantage must undoubtedly have been on the side of the latter. Meantime, the scarcity of fresh provisions was such, that all the foreign merchants who had families, and who could by any means remove, did so. All the country-houses were abandoned; and the people crowded into the town. The heaviest contributions were levied on all natives and foreigners, and the misery of a siege was coming upon the city.

Rio de Janeiro presented a very different spectacle. The inhabitants were decorating their town with triumphal arches for the coronation of their Emperor, who, on the 1st of December, was solemnly crowned in the chapel of the palace, which serves as the cathedral; and it is no exaggeration to say, that the whole of southern Brazil presented one scene of joy.

The ministers, no less than the monarch, were beloved. The finances began to assume a most flourishing aspect: large subscriptions flowed in from all quarters for the equipment of a fleet; and an invitation had been sent to Lord Cochrane to command it. The Emperor had accepted the most moderate income that ever crowned head was contented with\*, in order to spare his people. He visited his dock-yards and arsenals himself; attended business of every kind; encouraged improvements in every department; and Brazil had begun to assume a most flourishing aspect.

Mrs. Graham was honored with the attention of the Emperor and Empress, and appointed preceptress to the young Princess. — We must now attend to her account of Chile.

ART. IX. *Journal of a Residence in Chile, during the Year 1822; and a Voyage from Chile to Brazil in 1823.* By Maria Graham. 4to. pp. 520. With Fourteen Plates and Ten Vignettes. 2l. 12s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1824.

It appears to us that Mrs. Graham has acted with great judgment in separating wholly her account of Chile from her account of Brazil; and, although the date of her journal respecting the western shores of South America intervenes between her two visits to Rio Janeiro, yet the entire distinctness of topic renders this disunion welcome. The introduction to the description of Chile, which occupies above a hundred pages, is a valuable historical document. Of the first six years of its revolution, no account had been given to

\* Less than 20,000l. sterling a year.

the European public by any of the actors or spectators of the scene; and even the official records made on the spot were on some occasion burnt, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Spaniards: but it was Mrs. Graham's good fortune, while in that country, to become acquainted with several persons who were practically engaged in the great conflict, and who allowed her to write down from their verbal account the main particulars which she has here detailed. Her narrative, therefore, is strictly original testimony, the record of the evidence of living witnesses; and it will probably be consulted by the future historians of Chile, as fundamental authority for describing the first tottering steps of the infant-giant Independence. To the Director O'Higgins she was especially indebted for a series of facts which passed under his own eyes, and which, from his supreme station, he could contemplate in the most comprehensive and luminous point of view. From this introduction we shall make an extract, characteristic of the local savage characters which have occasionally acquired importance in these imperfectly civilized districts.

'It is now time to return to the domestic affairs of Chile. Benevidies still kept up an active and cruel warfare in the south; and Jose Miguel Carrera, improved by the experience of eight years, and thirsting for revenge on the destroyers of his brothers, was at the head of a small but determined army, and had fought his way across the continent of South America, making alliances with the Indians, and keeping up a correspondence with Benevidies by their means as well as with numerous discontented persons in Chile. Benevidies had met with various success, but upon the whole had lost ground. The patriot commanders, of whom Freiré was certainly the most distinguished, had gradually closed in upon him, and though he had incited the Indians to commit great ravages, and to burn the farms and carry off the produce of the southern provinces, he received no such aid from them as could prevent his final destruction, unless he received assistance from abroad, which the superiority of the Chilean squadron rendered almost hopeless.

'On the 31st of August, Carrera's army, reduced by its very victories, and now consisting only of 500 soldiers, but embarrassed with a number of women and other followers, was completely routed.

'Carrera himself, and his second in command Don Jose Maria Benevente, with twenty-three other officers, were taken at the Punta del Medano, and carried to Mendoza, where he and several of his principal officers were shot in the public market-place, by, in my opinion, a piece of the most unjustifiable cruelty and false policy. I refer to Mr. Yates's paper in the Appendix for the reason of Benevente's safety, and the particulars of the death of Jose Miguel:

**Miguel:** the gazettes in which these things were announced to the public breathe a fierce and atrocious spirit of revenge, diabolical to the leaders of the nation and to the age.

Don Jose Miguel Carrera was only thirty-five years of age. His person was remarkably handsome, and his countenance beautiful and prepossessing. I have heard that his eyes seemed even to possess a power of fascination over those he addressed. Among all who have arisen to notice in the struggle for South American independence, he was undoubtedly the most amiable; his genius was versatile, his imagination lively, and his powers great, where he chose to apply them. I have heard that while at Montevideo, he wished to print some papers for distribution, and not having the means to do so, he shut himself up for weeks, and actually constructed a press, and printed his manifesto himself. His spirit was gay and cheerful, and his body indefatigable; but he had little prudence and no reserve, so that he was as little to be trusted with the plans of others as depended on in his own, which, however, were always conceived with precision and energy, and bore directly on the point he aimed at; but then he proclaimed them too openly. He wanted education, for he had neither principles nor reading to direct him; and his character altogether appears to me to resemble no one so much as that of Charles the Second's Duke of Buckingham. It is no wonder, therefore, that he did not succeed in placing himself, or rather in keeping himself, at the head of any of the newly freed states of South America. His love of pleasure led him into expenses which swallowed up the means of either bribing or paying followers, and his careless, easy nature prevented his securing those who might be dangerous to him.

After his death, his principal followers and some of his nearer connexions were put in close confinement, others were banished, and some escaped to the woods and mountains, where they lived precariously till they were either able to get to some friendly place, or till the act of oblivion of September, 1822, allowed them to return to their houses.

The fortune of Chile was thus delivered from the dangers arising from that powerful and active family. The father had died shortly after the execution of his other two sons, and now the last and greatest of his house was gone. Of those bearing the same name, Don Carlos, a quiet citizen, lived at his farm at Viña a la Mar, near Valparaiso, without meddling in politics, and of his three sons, one only survived, whose low habits and mean mind seemed to secure him from either doing or experiencing evil. Of the other two, one had perished early in the revolution, and the other had been killed in an insurrection at Juan Fernandez, whither he had been banished.

The tranquillity of the state was still farther secured by the total overthrow of Benevides, in the month of December. This man was the son of the inspector of the prison of Quirihue of Concepcion, and had been a foot-soldier in the first army of the patriots; having been made prisoner by the royalists, he entered their

their army, and was taken soon after by Makenna, who sent him to head-quarters on the banks of the Maule, to be tried as a deserter: thence he escaped, by setting fire to the hut in which he was confined, and returned to the royalists, when he soon distinguished himself by his talents, and bore an honourable rank in the army of Osorio at the battle of Maypù. There he was again taken prisoner, and was condemned to death as a deserter, in company with many others: he fell among the dead, but did not die as was supposed; and in a romantic way he sent to request an interview with San Martín, who appointed to meet him in the *plaza* alone, and the signal of recognition to be three sparks from the *mechero*.\* Benevidies struck the signal, San Martín presented his pistol in return; Benevidies put it aside, and observing him start, assured him, he did not wish to murder, but to serve him, which he could do effectually by his local knowledge of the southern provinces, and his personal acquaintance with the troops there. San Martín accepted his services, but retained the dread of him, which his sudden and ghastly appearance before him had excited; and, therefore, although there was not the slightest ground for supposing he meant to betray him, he began to suspect him, and attempted to seize his person once more. But the spirit of Benevidies revolted at this: being accused of treachery he turned traitor, if it can be called so, and openly joined Osorio; animated by a fierce desire of revenge, which, once awakened, never slept in his bosom. Hence arose the cruelties, and they are monstrous, with which he is charged. He murdered his prisoners in cold blood; and his great delight was to invite the captured officers to an elegant entertainment, and after they had eaten and drunk, march them into his court-yard, while he stood at the window to see them shot. Some to whom he had promised safety he delivered over to the Indians, whose cruel customs with regard to prisoners of war he well knew; and they were horribly murdered. When General Prieto wrote to inform him of the fall of Lima, and the hopelessness of his further perseverance in warfare, he answered, that he would "struggle against Chile with his last soldier, even although it should be acknowledged by the king and the nation." He fitted out a privateer to cruise against every flag, and so to provide himself with food and ammunition; and at length, on the first of February, 1822, finding he could hold out no longer, he attempted to escape to some of the Spanish ports in a small boat, but being obliged to put into Topocalma for water, he was recognised, seized, and sent to Santiago, where, on the 21st, he was tried and sentenced to death.

On the 29d he was dragged from prison, tied to the tail of a mule, and then hanged in the palace square: his head and hands were cut off, to be exposed in the towns he had ravaged in the south, and such indignities offered to his remains as appeared

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\* The *mechero* is the apparatus for striking fire to light the segars, which every person in Chile carries with him.

more like the revenge of savages than the punishment of a just government in the nineteenth century.

However, though the Director gave way to this execution, he *forbid* any of the followers of Benevidies to be punished with death, as the continental part of Chile was now free from enemies; and there only remained the troops under Quintanilla, who still held out in Chiloe.

The journal kept by Mrs. Graham on the coast of Chile is more copious and complete than that which regards the coast of Brazil, or it has been published with fewer omissions. A curious paragraph occurs on the botany of Valparaiso, which is farther illustrated in the appendix.

First, the Culen, or *Cytisus arborea*, good for complaints in the bowels, and indigestion, and a charm against witchcraft. The litri, the leaves of which blister the hands, nay, so acrid is the plant, that persons but passing by, have their faces swelled by it, and it is dangerous to sleep in its shade. Nevertheless, a drink made from its berries is considered wholesome: the wood is hard as iron, and is used for plough-shares. The algarobilla, a pretty small acacia, yields a black dye, and common writing-ink is made from it. *Quilo*, a small flowering trailing shrub, the flower is greenish-white, succeeded by a berry, or rather seed, enclosed in a fleshy cup, divided into five segments, and exposing the seed: the whole berry is of the size of a currant, and of a pleasant sub-acid taste: the roots, when boiled, are used to restore grey hair to its original colour. The floripondio, (*Datura Arborea*), whose beautiful funnel-shaped flower, milk white, ten inches long and four broad, smells sweet as the sun goes down. Some beautiful varieties of lady's slipper, (*Calceolarea*), romarillo or bastard rosemary, an infusion of which is drank to strengthen the stomach. Palqui, the yellow and the lilac-flowered; the last smells like jasmine during the night, but is disagreeable after sun-rise: the plant is hurtful taken inwardly, but useful as a lotion, for swellings and cutaneous eruptions: it is chiefly used for making soap, as it yields the finest ashes, and in the greatest quantities of any plant here. Yerva Mora is a variety of solanum, a specific for complaints in the eyes: there is a beautiful azure-blue variety, with deeply-indented leaves. Manzanilla, so called from its smelling of apples, is a strong bitter, like camomile, and is used in the same manner. It looks like camomile with the outer florets stripped off: the true camomile is called *Manzanilla de Castilla*. The maravilla or shrubby sunflower, grows abundantly on all the hills around, and affords excellent browsing for the cattle. Mayu, whose pods furnish a dark powder that makes excellent writing-ink. Pimentella, a kind of sage, with splendid flowers but dull grey leaves, used for rheumatic pains. The quillo quilloe, or white lychnis and tornatilla, a mallow, are also used in medicine; and I saw in the house bundles of dried *Cachanlangue*, or lesser herb-centaury, which I was assured was a sovereign remedy in spitting blood. Besides all these useful plants, I had gathered the *Flor de Soldado*, (scarlet celsia),

celsia,) the *Barba de Viejo*, a shrub with a small aggregate flower growing in clusters, and smelling like queen of the meadow, andromeda, and the lesser fuchsia: so that, considering that it is not yet the season of flowers, I had been pretty successful. I am sorry I know so little of botany, because I am really fond of plants. But I love to see their habits, and to know their countries and their uses; and it appears to me that the nomenclature of botany is contrived to keep people at a distance from any real acquaintance with one of the most beautiful classes of objects in nature. What have harsh hundred-syllabled names to do with such lovely things as roses, jasmines, and violets?

A case is related at p. 225. of a goitre reduced to insignificance by washing it with *eau de Cologne*.

The baths of Colinas in the neighbourhood of Santiago may serve to indicate the low stage of civilization to which the country has attained.

Sept. 2. At ten o'clock Mr. Prevost, Mr. de Roos, Doña Mariquita, Don Jose Antonio, and I, set off to see the baths of Colinas, about ten leagues or a little more from the city. The first three leagues of road are on that which leads to Mendoza, and lie along a plain, for the most part stony, with the exception of a little rise, called the Portesuelo or Gap, by which we passed between two hills to another part of the plain; the part near the city is covered principally with garden grounds, irrigated from the Salta de Agua: beyond the Portesuelo, we came to a very extensive hacienda belonging to one of the Izquierdas, where every thing was in preparation for the annual rodeo. The scenery of a cattle-farm, being like that of our forest-lands at home, is much more picturesque than any other; but it is wilder, and gives less the air of civilisation. We passed along by the foot of a high mountain projecting immediately from the Andes for about four leagues more, and then entered the Gargana, or gorge of the mountain in which the baths are situated. The approach to it is marked by wider channels of floods, now partially dried, higher trees, and more varied though confined scenery. We had passed in the morning several farm-houses; at one of which we had stopped to rest and get refreshments. The farm-servants being all about, gave an air of liveliness and interest. But now we lost sight of all marks of habitation, and proceeded along the gorge by a narrow path made with some labour, but scarcely safe for five or six miles, when we came to the baths. Nothing can be more desolate than their appearance now, and perhaps the dulness of the day contributed to that effect. Midwinter still reigns; no grass enlivens the red mountain-side; but here and there an ever-green shrub, with its spiry buds still closely folded, overhangs the valley below. A bright beautiful stream breaks its way down the whole vale, and the sources of this are the celebrated baths. From under the living rock, several copious springs gush out at a temperature not below 100° of Fahrenheit. The water is perfectly limpid, and without peculiar taste or smell, but is said to acquire

acquire both if bottled up a few hours. Over the fountain-heads, two little ranges of brick-buildings, each divided into several rooms, (three I think in one, and four in the other, or three in each,) are built to protect the baths from rain or from dust: the water is lodged in hollows of the rock, with a brick facing, in which there is a square outlet to permit it to run out freely; so that through each basin there is a constant stream passing, and not communicating with any other. The quantity of hot water is so great, that on flowing out of the baths, with the addition of one small branch, it forms the river Colinas, which has a meandering course of upwards of thirty leagues, and feeds the lake of Pudaguel. Adjoining to the baths are three long ranges of buildings, each containing ten or twelve apartments, and a general veranda along the front of the whole; and these furnish the accommodation for the bathers who frequent Colinas in the summer, that is, from November till June. The waters are considered good for rheumatism, jaundice, scrofula, and all cutaneous diseases. One range of buildings is for the accommodation of the poorer sort, and there the rooms are about six feet by seven; and into each a whole family will creep; having first built a shed for a kitchen in some contiguous spot. The rich are accommodated in the same manner, only that their rooms are larger, some of them being fifteen feet square. But while at Colinas, people live chiefly out of doors; for then the mountain-side is beautiful with flowers, and the woods are dry and shady. The little chapel occupies the prettiest spot in the valley; but now it is shut up, neither priest nor parishioner being tempted to winter here among the snow and barrenness. So in the first week in June, or earlier, the patients withdraw, the doors are shut up, the priest takes the key of his chapel, and all is left in solitude.

We seated ourselves in one of the verandas, and ate the luncheon we had brought with us; and I was so cold that I was glad to drink the warm water from the spring with my wine, and warm my hands in it. While the horses were getting ready, Doña Mariquita and I had the curiosity to enter one of the rooms which we found open, and dearly we paid for our curiosity; for we were instantly covered with myriads of fleas, who I suppose had had no fresh food for several months, for they attacked us so unmercifully, that I thought I had some violent eruption on my skin. After we had mounted and reached the little knoll behind the chapel, I stood a moment to look back at the tenantless houses, deserted fane, bare bleak banks, and now darkly lowering clouds; so different from the cheerful character which I have been told belongs to it in summer, when the sick and old who come in quest of health and vigour bear a small proportion to the young and strong who come in search of pleasure or beauty, which last the Colinas waters are firmly believed to bestow: but though Doña Mariquita and I applied them to our faces, we were not sensible of any change; and so had no fairy tales to tell after our journey. As soon as we quitted

the gorge, instead of pursuing the road back to the city, we turned to the right; and after a gallop of three leagues arrived at the village of Colinas, the first stage from St. Iago to Mendoza, and about half way between the city and the famous field of Chacabuco.

'About half a mile beyond the church of Colinas is the hacienda of Don Jorge Godoy, with whose lady and daughter I am well acquainted. There we were to sleep, and so return home in the morning. We found the old gentleman sitting at his door after the fatigues of the day in his cap and slippers, and poncho. He very rarely goes to town, but resides here with his nephew, like a patriarch in the midst of his husbandmen. It began to rain heavily, to the credit of St. Isidore, as soon as we got into the house; and we congratulated ourselves on being sheltered from the storm, and having the comfort of a huge brassero of coals, and sheepskins laid under our feet while we took matee, more refreshing still than tea after a day's journey.

'In due time a most plentiful supper appeared, beginning with eggs in various forms, followed by stews and ollas of beef, mutton, and fowls, and terminated by apples.'

Under the head Valparaiso, an excellent account is given of the constitution of Chile, which retains too many traces of the antiquated prejudices in favor of commercial monopoly. It declares Valparaiso to be the only free port, and limits the course of traffic to the pass of Santa Rosa.

The dreadful frequency of earthquakes in this region is made very manifest in Mrs. Graham's journal; of which the following extract will be only a specimen.\* Mr. Glennie, who is mentioned in it, was a young officer of the Doris, related to Mrs. G., who had been invalidated from the ship in consequence of having burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and was watched and attended by her with maternal kindness.

'Nov. 20. 1822. — Yesterday, after dinner, Glennie having fallen into a sound sleep in his arm-chair by the fire-side, Mr. Bennet and I, attracted by the fineness of the evening, took out seats to the veranda overlooking the bay; and, for the first time since my arrival in Chile, I saw it lighten. The lightning continued to play uninterruptedly over the Andes until after dark, when a delightful and calm moonlight-night followed a quiet and moderately warm day. We returned reluctantly to the house on account of the invalid, and were sitting quietly conversing, when, at a quarter past ten, the house received a violent shock, with a noise like the explosion of a mine; and Mr. Bennet starting up, ran out, exclaiming, "An earthquake, an earthquake! for God's sake follow me!" I, feeling more for Glennie than any thing,

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\* It will be observed that Mrs. G. was much more sensible to the motions of the earth than Captain Hall. See our last Number, p. 52.



and fearing the night-air for him, sat still: he, looking at me to see what I would do, did the same; until, the vibration still increasing, the chimneys fell, and I saw the walls of the house open. Mr. Bennet again cried from without, "For God's sake, come away from the house!" So we rose and went to the veranda, meaning, of course, to go by the steps; but the vibration increased with such violence, that hearing the fall of a wall behind us, we jumped down from the little platform to the ground; and were scarcely there, when the motion of the earth changed from a quick vibration to a rolling like that of a ship at sea, so that it was with difficulty that Mr. Bennet and I supported Glennie. The shock lasted three minutes; and, by the time it was over, every body in and about the house had collected on the lawn, excepting two persons; one the wife of a mason, who was shut up in a small room which she could not open; the other Carillo, who, in escaping from his room by the wall which fell, was buried in the ruins, but happily preserved by the lintel falling across him.

Never shall I forget the horrible sensation of that night. In all other convulsions of nature we feel or fancy that some exertion may be made to avert or mitigate danger; but from an earthquake there is neither shelter nor escape: the "mad disquietude" that agitates every heart, and looks out in every eye, seems to me as awful as the last judgment can be; and I regret that my anxiety for my patient overcoming other feelings, I had not my due portion of that sublime terror: but I looked round and I saw it. Amid the noise of the destruction before and around us, I heard the lowings of the cattle all the night through; and I heard, too, the screaming of the sea-fowl, which ceased not till morning. There was not a breath of air; yet the trees were so agitated, that their topmost branches seemed on the point of touching the ground. It was some time ere our spirits recovered so as to ask each other what was to be done; but we placed Glennie, who had had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs instantly, under a tree in an arm-chair. I stood by him while Mr. B. entered the house and procured spirits and water, of which we all took a little; and a tent was then pitched for the sick man, and we fetched out a sofa and blankets for him. Then I got a man to hold a light, and venture with me to the inner rooms to fetch medicine. A second and a third shock had by this time taken place, but so much less violent than the first, that we had reasonable hopes that the worst was over; and we proceeded through the ruined sitting-rooms to cross the court where the wall had fallen, and as we reached the top of the ruins, another smart shock seemed to roll them under our feet. At length we reached the first door of the sleeping apartments; and on entering I saw the furniture displaced from the walls, but paid little attention to it. In the second room, however, the disorder, or rather the displacing, was more striking; and then it seemed to me that there was a regularity in the disposal of every thing: this was still more apparent in my own room; and after having got the

medicines and bedding I went for, I observed the furniture in the different rooms, and found that it had all been moved in the same direction. This morning I took in my compass, and found that direction to be north-west and south-east. The night still continued serene; and though the moon went down early, the sky was light, and there was a faint aurora australis. Having made Glennie lie down in the tent, I put my mattress on the ground by him. Mr. Bennet, and the overseer, and the workmen, lay down with such bedding as they could get round the tent. It was now twelve o'clock: the earth was still *at unrest*; and shocks, accompanied by noises like the explosion of gunpowder, or rather like those accompanying the jets of fire from a volcano, returned every two minutes. I lay with my watch in my hand counting them for forty-five minutes; and then, wearied out, I fell asleep: but a little before two o'clock a loud explosion and tremendous shock roused every one; and a horse and a pig broke loose, and came to take refuge among us. At four o'clock there was another violent shock; and the interval had been filled with a constant trembling, with now and then a sort of cross-motion, the general direction of the undulations being north and south. At a quarter past six there was another shock, which at another time would have been felt severely; since that hour, though there has been a continued series of agitations, such as to shake and even spill water from a glass, and though the ground is still trembling under me, there has been nothing to alarm us. *I write at four o'clock P M.*—

*Thursday, Nov. 21.*—At half past two A. M. I was awoke by a severe shock. At ten minutes before three a tremendous one, which made us feel anew that utter helplessness which is so appalling. At a quarter before eight, another, not so severe; a quarter past nine, another. At half past ten and a quarter past one, they were repeated; one at twenty minutes before two with very loud noise, lasting a minute and a half; and the last remarkable one to-day at a quarter past ten. These were all that were in any degree alarming, but slight shocks occurred every twenty or thirty minutes.

On her passage from Chile to Rio, Mrs. Graham and her friends, Lord Cochrane being of the party, landed and staid three days on the island of Juan Fernandez, so celebrated as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's residence.

The valleys are exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious streams, which occasionally form small marshes, where the panke grows very luxuriantly, as well as water-cress and other aquatic plants. The soil is generally of a reddish brown: there are several small hills and banks of bright-red clay; and I thought I found puzzolano, and some fragments of coarse pumice-stone. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is exceedingly beautiful. It is full of fruit trees, and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild: near the shore it is covered with radish and sea-side oats. The colony of Juan Fernandez had been used as a place of

confinement for state-prisoners. I do not know in what precise year it was founded; but it could not have been long before the revolution in Chile, as I find over the door of the ruined church the following inscription:—

“ *La casa de Dios es la puerta del cielo y  
Se coloco, 24 Setembre, de 1811.* ”

‘ A small fort was situated on the sea-shore, of which there is now nothing visible but the ditches and part of one wall. Another, of considerable size for the place, is on a high and commanding spot: it contained barracks for soldiers, which, as well as the greater part of the fort, are ruined; but the flag-staff, front wall, and a turret are standing; and at the foot of the flag-staff lies a very handsome brass gun, cast in Spain A.D. 1614. A few houses and cottages are still in tolerable condition, though most of the doors, windows, and roofs have been taken away or used as fuel, by whalers and other ships touching here.

‘ The colony was in a tolerably flourishing condition for some years, and the exiles had found means to cultivate vegetables and fruit, which thrive so well here that many of the kinds have become wild, to such an extent as, by supplying ships, to obtain additional comforts in their exile. Some jealousy was, however, entertained against this, and the banished men were forbidden the indulgence. The cultivation of the grape, which was found to thrive wonderfully, was also prohibited; and dogs were sent over to the island to hunt the cattle out of the woods, in order that the settlers might not become too independent. Still, however, the settlement was kept up, and ships frequently touched there, especially for water, which is much better and more abundant than at Valparaiso, and keeps well at sea; but the island, no longer permitted to raise provisions, was victualled from Chile. At length, in the middle of 1821, an insurrection against the governor, headed by one Brandt, a North American, took place; in which it was believed that one of the unhappy Carreras of Viña a la Mar was implicated. This young man had been banished to the island for some political crime, and was killed in the very first of the disturbances; so that it is extremely doubtful whether he had any thing to do with the conspiracy. I have heard, indeed, that one of the exiles, who was jealous of him, not without reason, took the opportunity afforded by the disturbance of revenging himself. The insurgents having confined the governor and overcome the garrison, seized the boats of an American whaler which had touched there, with the intention of going on board the ship, and so escaping to some foreign land. The whaler left her boats, and brought news of the state of the island to Valparaiso.

‘ This insurrection of Brandt's determined the government of Chile to abandon the settlement. The garrison was consequently withdrawn, the fort dismantled, and the place rendered as far as possible unfit for future inhabitants. Nevertheless, early this year the government of Chile published a manifesto, setting forth its

claim to the place, and forbidding any persons whatsoever to settle there, or to kill the cattle, or take the wood of the island.'—

Having completed our water, we sailed from Juan Fernandez, highly pleased with our visit. Cattle, and wine, and vegetables, might be produced here to a great extent; but any nation that takes possession of it as a harbour would have to import corn. The island might maintain easily 2000 persons, exchanging the surplus beef, wines, and brandy, for bread and clothing; and its wood and its water, besides its other conveniences, would render it valuable as a port in the Pacific: as it is, our whalers resort thither continually. The three bays called the East, the West, and the Middle Roads, are all under the lee of the island, so that the water is always smooth; they are all well watered, and very beautiful.

An appendix of 150 pages contains a 'Relation of Facts and Circumstances connected with the Family of the Carreras in Chile,' by Mr. Yates; Extracts from Lord Cochrane's Correspondence, Official Proclamations, &c.; and 'An Account of the *useful* Trees and Shrubs in Chile,' drawn up for the court of Spain by Don Jude Thaddeus de Reyes, in the year 1789. Though it is admitted by Mrs. G. to be incomplete, this list, like the paragraph quoted by us in p. 193., will probably be consulted with *curiosity* by our naturalists: but they will not perhaps be much interested in the *uses* assigned to the plants by Don Jude, either mechanical or medicinal. In the latter respect, we should conjecture that some exaggeration prevails: but the statements shew the reliance which is so generally placed, and no doubt *often* justly, on the application of herbs in the cure of diseases and wounds, by the natives of uncivilized or half civilized regions.

In conclusion, we have to observe that Mrs. Graham's journal is every where entertaining and full of novel delineations, which are illustrated by numerous vignettes and engravings copied from her drawings: that her historical narratives are truly instructive; and that the entire work does the highest honor to her talents, feelings, and judgment.— We regret to add, however, that, in point of composition, more attention to polish and even accuracy of language would have been advisable; and that neither of these volumes is furnished with an index, or even a table of contents, or heads of chapters. This omission is as unjust to the merits of the books themselves as it is inconvenient to the reader; especially when, after perusal, he may wish to recur to any particular topic or passage.

ART. X. *Peter Schlemihl*: from the German of La Motte-Fouquet.  
With Plates by George Cruickshank. 12mo. pp. 166. Boards.  
Whittaker. 1824.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

A MORE appropriate use of this observation of Hamlet could scarcely have been made, than in its application to the work to which it is here prefixed as a motto. It sounds a note, "a dreadful note of preparation," for the half-tragic and half-ludicrous scenes that follow, in the true spirit of a German traditional romance. On this ground it is that we are induced to enter into its conventional kind of merit, in the arbitrary illusions which it is intended to create; — for otherwise, at the plea of sober reason alone, we should feel bound to dismiss it very concisely from our attention. We trust, however, that we are too well acquainted with the fanciful character, the national peculiarities, and the supernatural taste of its author, as exemplified in his tales of *Sintram*, *Undine*, *The Field of Terror*, *The Magic Ring*, and various other unearthly names, to think of trying him according to the received rules of common criticism, and much less of common sense. We would almost rather boast of being one of the *initiated*, versed in all the mysteries of transcendental *diablerie*, and confessing the wild sway of the mine and the mountain kings, than actually set ourselves up in the stiff and starch pride of critical judgment and orthodoxy, and submit the most fanciful and amusing effusions of the poet and romancer to the cruel ordeal of actual experience, and of things as they are and must be. How should we get beyond "this weary intercourse of daily life," with all its cold and dull realities, were they to be taken as the model and criteria of imaginative spirits, and their happiest and most daring fictions be clipt down to suit the exact dimensions of sober truth and reason? If we would always maintain this ground, there must be an end to allegory, to parables, to almost every species of fiction and poetry, and to the most beautiful language — that of figurative allusion — in the world.

Where, then, it may be asked, is the distinction to be drawn, between the most wild and extravagant absurdities and the finest efforts of genius and good taste? Are not nature and probability to be preserved, even while the most romantic writers indulge their loftiest and most fanciful flights; — are we not to find order, "a meaning and a moral," in whatever high-wrought fictions they may please to indulge? —

To

To such questions, we would reply by pointing out the real distinction which, we contend, should be observed in all writings of a fictitious cast, and those of pure reason and philosophy; viz. that, though the former are bound to maintain a certain kind of nature and probability, it is only in reference to the arbitrary and illusory data, — the ideal groundwork, — which must first be granted to them: while the latter ought to depend altogether for their results on clear reasoning, facts, and logical deductions.

Let this fairy-foundation, as it were, be once allowed to us, and we freely admit the necessity of a corresponding nature and probability, as essential to the beauty and perfection of the whole: — but it is a relative, not an abstract propriety and nature which we here require, and in this view only will it be open to critical animadversion, and liable to critical rules. Now such is the great characteristic of nearly the whole of M. La Motte Fouqué's romances: it is the soul of his fables, comprehending their action and their moral; and without this imaginative principle, with which the rest of the story must agree in nature and probability of incident, they would certainly be what to many persons they do now at first sight appear to be, errant nonsense. This singular writer, we must confess, is inclined to stretch such a prerogative to the utmost; and he places his "*beau idéal*" of fiction on such very high and fanciful ground, that he is often at a loss how to reconcile it even to the nature and semblance of his assumed adventures and characters. Such is, in particular, the defect of the little work before us; which, however illustrative of his imaginary system as above explained, with regard to a *shadowy* meaning and a moral, fails in justness and coherence of parts, and in assimilating what we are to suppose to be real and incidental with what he assumes as purely fictitious in the outset. Thus, while we grant him the power of conferring on a certain *black* gentleman the figure of 'a meagre, pale, tall, elderly, *grey* man,' as he is here described to us, who boasts the singular art of purchasing and pocketing a person's own shadow, by loosening it from the body in the manner in which Mr. Cruickshank has represented it, we cannot so easily go along with the author in his supposition of the subsequent disadvantages and disabilities, under which the hero so absurdly labors in consequence of such a deprivation. We can admit the supernatural part of the story, agreeably to certain arbitrary and established laws: but, this done, the subsequent incidents and results should be natural and probable. Now the inconveniences and miseries attributed by the author to his hero, on so singular a loss, are  
not

not such as would naturally occur: they are somewhat more serious, we think, and disastrous. Such a circumstance, in the first place, would fail to attract universal notice; and much less would the shadowless being subject himself to the derision and persecution of the world, and to a matrimonial disappointment, as long as he held the unlimited powers of purse which are here given to him. It is this defect in the framework and composition, casting a ludicrous and improbable air over the whole, which prevents the creation of the degree of illusion that is requisite in all works of fancy, before we can enter into the spirit and humor of the scene. In this respect, also, the present tale is inferior to most of the author's former productions; which exhibit a kind of *vraisemblance* and harmony of incident and action, founded on the supernatural ground-work, in a very superior degree.

The other features of this *shadowy* story, however, are better preserved: it is told with ease and simplicity of language; and the interest, such as it is, grows on us as we proceed, to a certain point. The hero is always in perplexity; still struggling to get free, yet falling deeper into the scrape; to shew us that, when a man has committed one error, he has prepared the way for a thousand. Yet this is only a part of the moral, of the mock-heroic kind, which runs through the whole: for what may not be expected to happen to the fool who enters into a bargain with so mysterious a stranger, even for such a trifling sort of appendage as *his shadow*? When he had sold that, he might be certain that the wily purchaser would look for something more, and hardly be content with the shadow without the substance. It shews the folly, then, of entering into a rash engagement, and meddling with things which we do not understand; of trusting a character that we have good reason to suspect; and of making a grand money-speculation, because the devil offers some South-Sea scheme. — If this be not a moral, we know not what is; and if M. La Motte Fouqué did not intend it for such, he ought to have done so, and to thank us for having discovered it for him. To say more would be injustice to the hero, the wretch who sold his shadow; and it is time that he should tell something of his own story: but we intreat that our readers will preserve an eye to the moral, in order to avoid similar speculations, and will look with laudable shyness on every tempting and dubious offer.

Peter, just returned from a voyage, went to pay his respects to the rich Mr. Jones, who received him '*tolerably well*, as a rich man is wont to receive a poor dependent;' and he accompanied that gentleman in his walk into his grounds with his other

other guests, among whom he observes a singular person in a grey coat. He is astonished when he sees this man draw from his clothes the rarest articles, for the amusement of the company, at the instant when they are wanted: — a fine telescope, a Turkey carpet, a rich pavilion, and three noble steeds, all ready caparisoned, successively appearing from the narrow precincts of ‘the grey man’s pocket.’ Yet nobody seemed in the least surprized at what passed: Mr. Jones received these favors as if they were his due; and our hero was left alone to indulge his wonder. At length, he ventured to inquire who this courteous gentleman was, but received no other answer than “I do not know him.” — The company at last broke up, and Peter was going away on his solitary ramble, when he was startled at seeing the old man in the grey coat coming behind him, and shook with terror as he approached. They accosted each other, however, very politely; and the grey man said, “I have a request to make, but pray pardon.” — In the name of heaven, Sir, I cried out in my anguish, what can I do for one who — We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply.’ By degrees they enter into negotiation, and Schlemihl is fated to lose his shadow. When the singular proposal is made, Peter at first laughs at it, but the stranger produces his fortune-bag, and the temptation becomes serious. Unable to resist the ten pieces of gold, ten more, and yet ten more, springing out *ad infinitum* from Fortunatus’s purse, he stretches out his hand, and says, “Done! the bargain is made; I give you *my* shadow for *your* purse.” He grasped my hand, kneeled down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot; he lifted it up; he rolled it together and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I held, however, the purse tight by its strings; — the earth was sun-bright all around me; — and my senses were still wholly confused.’

Congratulating himself on the possession of such immense wealth, and heaping up his countless hoards in secret, Peter soon begins however, to taste the bitter fruits of his bargain. Whenever he is unlucky enough to walk in the sunshine, he is sure of being taunted by the people with the loss of his shadow: the school-boys hoot him, respectable persons avoid him, and the ladies view him with mingled contempt and abhorrence. ‘My inward emotion,’ he says, ‘suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable than gold itself; and that as I had sacrificed my riches to my in-



tegrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth; and what ought, what would become of me? He had soon the good fortune to obtain a faithful servant, to whom he confided the mysterious secret; and who is so much grieved at his master's sufferings, as to volunteer his efforts to find out the old grey man, and by fair or foul means to recover the lost treasure. He did indeed meet with him, though without recognizing him, and was merely intrusted with only the following message: "Say to Mr. Peter Schlemihl, he will see me here no more, as I am going to cross the sea; and a favorable wind beckons me to the haven. But after a year and a day I shall have the honor to seek him out, and perhaps to propose to him another arrangement which may then be to his liking. Remember me most obediently to him, and assure him of my thanks." I asked him who he was; and he replied that you knew.'

Experiencing still greater and greater trouble as he attempted to conceal his loss, Schlemihl was almost overwhelmed at these tidings. He dared no longer walk out either in the day or the night, lest the sun or the moon should betray his secret, by casting no shadow on the ground where he stood. He had also the misfortune to fall in love, and to render himself agreeable to the object of his vows.

'According to my custom, one lovely evening I had assembled a large company in an illuminated garden. I was wandering about with my divinity arm in arm, separated from the rest of the guests, and endeavoring to amuse her with well-timed conversation; she looked modestly towards the ground, and gently returned the pressure of my hand. At this moment the moon unexpectedly burst through the clouds: *her* shadow alone was there; — she started, looked alarmed at me, then at the earth, as if her eyes were asking for my shadow; — all her emotions were painted so faithfully on her countenance, that I should have burst into a loud laugh, had I not felt an icy chillness creeping over me.'

The match was of course broken off, and the hero departed post-haste from the distracting scene. His style of travelling, and his astonishing munificence, led people to believe that he was "majesty in disguise:" — "the Count, the Count!" they cried; and our hero immediately availed himself of the hint, and became Lord Peter: a title which, with the help of his friendly servant Bendel, he for some time maintained with the most extraordinary grandeur, acting the incognito king to perfection. With thoughtful foresight, he made it a rule that no one except Bendel should, on any pretence, enter the chamber which he occupied; and, as long as the sun shone, he remained there locked in. People then said, "The

‘ “The Count is engaged in his cabinet.” — The crowds of couriers were kept in communication by these occupations, for I dispatched and received them on the most trifling business.’

The time was now fast approaching for the re-appearance of the terrible being, according to promise, who had rendered him a shadowless man; and, as he was one day walking along a sunny heath, he found himself held by the sleeve by the grey-coated stranger, who appeared to have followed him till he was out of breath. A fresh negotiation was soon begun, in spite of poor Schlemihl's struggles and objections, to the following tenor: “I hereby promise to deliver over my soul to the bearer, after its natural separation from my body;” and this promissory note the grey man handed to our hero for his signature. — ‘Who are you, then?’ I at last inquired. “What does that matter?” he answered. “Don't you see what I am? a poor devil; a sort of philosopher or alchemist, who receives spare thanks, for great favors he confers on his friends; — but sign I pray; — aye, just there, on the right.” Farther to prevail on him, the “Grey Unknown” proposed to return him his shadow, when he might be enabled to secure the affections of the fair Mina: but Peter, who began to see how affairs stood, continued resolute in his refusal; and the stranger, again pocketing his poor shadow, strode away, the faithful Bendel in vain pursuing him with threats.

In this sort of way, Schlemihl's evil spirit continues to torment him, being always at his elbow, and ready to take advantage of every opportunity to tempt him with the offer of his shadow, to sign away his soul. It must be a consolation, however, to the reader, to find that his enemy is not permitted wholly to prevail against him, though subjecting him to a variety of pains and penalties in consequence of his primary error: till at length the grey gentleman abandons the chase in despair, contenting himself with his shadow, and the ghastly shade of the rich Mr. Jones, which he exhibits to Peter's terrified contemplation. The rest of his adventures have too striking a resemblance to those of the celebrated Munchausen. He purchases, before he commences his new tour, a pair of boots, which turn out to be the famous “Seven-league-boots,” from the ease with which he appears to traverse both known and unknown seas and lands.

‘Wonderful varieties of countries, fields, meadows, mountains, wastes, and sandy deserts rolled along before my astounded sight. I fell down on my knees in speechless devotion, and shed tears of gratitude: — my future destiny seemed bright in my soul: — I stood upon the mountains of Thibet, and the sun, which had risen a few hours before, was now sinking in the evening sky. I journeyed

neyed from the east towards the west of Asia, overtaking the sun in his progress, and passed the boundaries of Africa. — As I glanced over the old pyramids and temples of Egypt, I observed in the deserts, near the hundred-gated Thebes, the caverns once occupied by Christian anchorites: — instantly it occurred impressively and distinctly to me, — there is my abode. I chose one of the most concealed, which was at the same time roomy, convenient, and inaccessible to the jackalls, for my future dwelling, and moved forward with my staff.

Here, with no sort of reluctance, we must leave Mr. Peter Schlemihl to his own lucubrations; for we confess that we find less and less interest, except in Mr. Cruickshank's amusing designs, as we approach nearer to the conclusion. We can gather little either entertaining or edifying from his travels, which are of a very wild and anomalous description, and told in the same mock-heroic spirit that runs more or less throughout the whole work; which occasionally wants the shadow of a meaning as much as its hero wanted the shadow of his own substance. — The translation evidently proceeds from the same hand which has lately given us so many specimens of the poetry and romance of the most opposite people of Europe. We need scarcely name Mr. Bowring; one of whose productions of that kind is mentioned in Art. V. of this Review.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1825.

### POETRY and the DRAMA.

Art. 11. *Ludolph*; or, The Light of Nature. A Poem. By Charlotte Caroline Richardson, Author of "Harvest," "The Soldier's Child," &c. 8vo. pp. 127. Sherwood and Co.

We have here to add one more to the long list of romantic effusions that swell the columns of our daily, weekly, and monthly Advertisers; and it will be found nearly of the same stamp: — that is, it exhibits very pretty poetry in its way, and very suitable to our Della Cruscan age of authorship thirty or forty years ago. The genius of that age, however, is gone by; and tolerable verses are become so familiar to all readers, and to all writers, that they are almost fairly to be considered as intolerable. Even youth and inexperience, those antient apologists for many errors and indiscretions, will no longer be accepted as valid pleas in this matter: for even in works of secondary merit we all eagerly look for the spirit of poetry as well as the name. Mere flow of language, smooth versification, and tender or romantic sentiment, if destitute of solid strength and genius, are no longer sought: they are

are become worse than "a twice-told tale." Some great modern writers have given us so high a standard of poetic excellence, that the public cannot relish any thing like the general run of productions which characterize the present day. Yet many of them may boast a positive degree of merit, which, in the absence of their high models, might attract considerable interest and attention; and we doubt not that we should then have perused 'Ludolph; or, The Light of Nature,' with a degree of relish and gratification which now we cannot acknowledge.

We must suggest, then, that, though superior to some of the *Laura Matildas* of past times, the poetry of Miss or Mrs. Richardson is hardly calculated to please or to interest contemporary readers of taste. Of the story and its characters we can say nothing favorable; and we extract the following specimen only for the sake of proving how very trivial, and common, smooth and easy versification is now become, and of warning the more young and inexperienced that it is not wise to listen to such dubious inspirations of the muse:

" There a pure celestial light !  
 A guiding star, serene and bright !  
 And all the humble Ina knows  
 From its refulgent radiance flows ;  
 A light in holy records given,  
 To draw our erring race to Heaven ; —  
 A kind, inviting, gracious voice,  
 That offers to our willing choice  
 An easy yoke, a burden light, —  
 A task of duty and delight :  
 There, dear Ludolph, I long to lead  
 Thy wav'ring steps ; to bid thee tread  
 The path of pleasantness and peace, —  
 The road that leads to perfect bliss.  
 But night's brown shadows veil the plain : —  
 We part, Ludolph, to meet again :  
 To-morrow, in this bless'd retreat,  
 Ina her visit will repeat.  
 Yet, dearest youth, ere I depart, —  
 Since thus thine uninstructed heart  
 Hath pierc'd the mystery divine,  
 And seen thy great Creator shine  
 In all his works, — I would inquire,  
 What feeling does the thought inspire ?"  
 " This," the enraptur'd youth replies,  
 Devotion kindling in his eyes, —  
 " This, if I rightly comprehend, —  
 That, thus with rev'rence as I bend,  
 My soul her transports should express,  
 Adore and honour, praise and bless,  
 And yield the Fount of every good  
 Her humble all of gratitude !"

' Young

' Young Ina, kindling at the thought,  
 Knelt by his side, with rapture fraught :  
 As pure their mutual off'ring rose  
 As that immortal strain which flows  
 Around the throne eternal, sung  
 To angel-harp by cherub-tongue :  
 And if, by cordial fond embrace,  
 Celestial Pow'rs their love express,  
 'Twas thus unto his grateful breast  
 Ludolph the gentle Ina press'd.  
 Exchanging kind adieus in haste,  
 The maid with timid sweetness paced  
 The vale unmindful of the hour  
 That brought her to Morena's tow'r.  
 Florilda mark'd her late return ;  
 With kind affectionate concern  
 She mildly chid her long delay,  
 And of her unaccustom'd stay  
 Inquir'd the cause. Unus'd to guile,  
 Ina repress'd with careless smile  
 Florilda's fears, Alberto's sighs,  
 And banish'd each unkind surmise.'

Art. 12. *The Temple of Truth*, an Allegorical Poem. By the  
 Author of "Village Conversations; or, The Vicar's Fireside."  
 8vo. pp. 99. Cox.

Miss Renou, the author of this poem, is known to the public  
 by her former writings, and her "Conversations" in particular  
 have merited a favorable report in our pages. The simple but  
 pleasing and useful line of composition, however, which she has  
 before shewn herself so well calculated to adopt, is more to our  
 taste than the poetical ethics now before us, thrown into an alle-  
 gorical dress, with the view of attracting a superior degree of  
 regard. Allegorical poems, at the best, are very apt to weary  
 and cloy the attention, when carried beyond a certain extent ;  
 and it requires all the fancy and feeling of Spenser to convey us,  
 with our eyes open, half through his "Faërie Queene." This,  
 however, is in great degree a matter of individual feeling ; and,  
 while others may not attribute the allegorical system here pur-  
 sued to an error of judgment, we are happy to observe that, in  
 point of poetic merit, the work is respectably executed.

The pervading motives of Miss R.'s compositions are always  
 good, the objects attempted being of the most useful and prac-  
 tical kind ; while the skill which she displays on higher and more  
 difficult subjects, than such as are on a level with the capacities  
 of youth, prove that she possesses an understanding of some  
 comprehension and vigor. This remark will apply to her former  
 "Conversations" as well as to the present work ; the opening of  
 which, in the Invocation to Truth, will form no displeasing speci-  
 men of her powers :

*'Invocation to Truth.*

' Spirit of Truth! who, throned in glory bright,  
 Fill'st the vast vault of heaven's empyreal sky,  
 With one clear glimpse of thy celestial light,  
 Deign to illume my intellectual eye:  
 Give me, all-potent Power! one beam divine,  
 That I through realms of boundless space may fly,  
 To worship to thy pure refulgent shrine,  
 And soar in thought to vast Infinity.  
 On chaste Imagination's hallowed wing,  
 To light ethereal let me now ascend;  
 With thy pellucid rays my bosom fill,  
 As I with incense at thy altar bend.  
 Spirit Divine! inspire and waft my soul  
 To those eternal mansions circling high,  
 Where Thou, enthroned in glory, reign'st alone,  
 In one bright blaze of cloudless majesty.'

Art. 13. *Perditus, the Misanthrope. A Metrical Tale.* 8vo. pp. 57. Printed at Sudbury; and sold by Baldwin and Co., London. 1824.

The author has dedicated his misanthropical performance to three young ladies, who, he observes, 'kindly revised and corrected the MS. copy;' and it were to be wished that, in addition to their editorial services, his fair critics had obligingly imparted a portion of fire and poetic vigor to the effusions of the writer whom they so far deigned to honor. No where does the tone of passion or of feeling rise above mediocrity; and the story is not merely of the most simple but the most scanty texture and materials. The whole merit of the invention may thus be said to consist in a news-paper-paragraph, which is poetically stated in the following manner:

' On Monday last, in Hymen's bands, were joined  
 Lieutenant Bertram, and that lovely lass,  
 His cousin Eliza, daughter of Sir James.'

The misanthrope was greatly smitten with this lovely lass, and had in fact received a promise of marriage from her: but, instead of prosecuting for the breach of it, he grows sulky, and banishes himself from the world. In his retreat, or den, he is at length visited by two personages who are curious to hear his adventures, but whom he dismisses with very little satisfaction; not being "in the vein" to relate his griefs. The gentlemen are therefore compelled to call again; and when he at last condescends to treat them with a sample of his misanthropy, its causes, and effects, it turns out that he is a certain captain in the navy, by name Frankland, and that he had been driven to so deplorable a condition by the mistake of a news-paper-editor, who had somewhat whimsically confounded the name of Eliza with that of Isabella, and had led the Captain erroneously to suppose that his lady-love was false! !

" I saw

" I saw no more, — deprived of reason, sense,  
And recollection, nothing more I knew,  
Until I found myself upon a couch,  
And one attending me: — his face was strange,  
And all around me seemed, as though a sad  
And soul-distressing dream, oppressed me still.

" Ere long, my strength of body was renewed;  
But still I felt my mind depressed, unstrung,  
My hopes were blighted, and the world contained  
Nothing for me, but sorrow and despair. —  
To screen me from the gaze of happier men,  
This spot I chose, and here I thought to end,  
Unknown to all, my miserable life."

" Scarce had he brought his story to an end,  
Ere Bertram said, — " In me behold a friend:  
Frankland, I know thee: — come, thy name resume,  
Cast off thy sorrow, — banish all thy gloom.  
Well I remember on the night you parted,  
And left Eliza almost broken-hearted,  
How earnestly you strove her fears to quell,  
When, to the ground, the lily-blossom fell.  
Perform thy promise now, — and raise the flower,  
Which fell between you in an evil hour. —  
Fresh joys await thee, — haste, thy mind prepare,  
Once more the gaities of life to share: —  
Eliza, still from all engagements free,  
Retains her heart, in singleness, for thee. —  
The marriage which has caused thy deep distress,  
Was when her cousin deigned myself to bless;  
Eliza's name, by some mistake, was placed,  
Where Isabella should the page have graced."

Art. 14. *Odes, Original and translated.* With other Poems.  
12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Underwoods. 1824.

Lyrical poetry, in any language, requires the loftiest imagination and the most commanding genius: but in our own, which is not naturally flowing and vocal, and which is shut up by so great a redundancy of consonants, it is a still more arduous enterprize. The ode must rush forth with the impetuosity of the mountain-torrent. If it drags itself along like an artificial canal, — if, in short, it is the hammered fabrication of the brain, instead of bursting immediately from the heart, — it loses all its life and potency, and will find no echo in the bosom of the reader. It was said of Cumberland's Odes, that they might be read backwards without any injury to the sense. We do not think that the same sarcasm is applicable to those before us, for several of them are not devoid of beauty and elegance: but we miss, in the productions of this anonymous poet, the "*ferret immensusque ruit*," the enthusiasm, the rapidity, the majestic flow of the ode; and, where these are wanting, there may be a pretty "copy of verses," but no ode. For instance, considerable merit is exhibited in the ode on the coronation of his present Majesty: but the great requisites, to

which we have been adverting, are not to be found in it. The following stanzas, however, are animated and flowing :

‘ But where is he, the Northern Bard ?  
 Why sleep his lyre and lute ?  
 Where he of memory, he alike of hope,  
 Who sung ? Why, too, are mute  
 Those strains that once were heard  
 Of Teian music amid green Erin’s bowers ?  
 Why sleeps that giant son of song, whose scope  
 Not nature’s self can bound ?  
 Why is the laureate-harp, too, found  
 Unwreathed with choicest flowers ?  
 All, — all are hushed, — breathes no respondent tone,  
 But leaves the fearful task to me, and me alone.

‘ Come then, my lyre ! obey the call,  
 No longer pendent on the cypress bough ;  
 I ask not plaintive measures now.  
 Be thine to sing a rival empire’s fall ;  
 Tell how a bold usurper dared,  
 With flag unfurled and falchion bared,  
 Spread o’er a prostrate world his tyrant sway.  
 Come then, my lyre ! away ! away !  
 The fadeless laurel shall thy chords enwreath,  
 For thou must sing of war and death ;  
 How heroes rushed to fight and die,  
 And saw from every blow flash fame and victory.’

We fear that a poet, who could insert the ensuing stanzas in an ode commemorative of the late coronation, is not likely to succeed to the laureate-ship, should it become vacant :

‘ See ! there, in his chair of state,  
 Circled by the good and great,  
 Britain’s sceptred monarch placed ;  
 In whom concentrated are met,  
 And with the worth of either graced,  
 The lines of Stuart and Plantagenet. —  
 Yes ; noble as his noble Sire,  
 He joys to see around him stand,  
 With looks of love and eyes of fire,  
 The guardians of his native land, —  
 That land, which, while around was spread  
 Destructive war, unhurt, upreared her starry head.  
 Soft let the strain be now,  
 And sweeter flowerets twine ;  
 Say, where is she that once, with smiling brow,  
 Was proudly wont to shine,  
 And grace a royal court ?  
 Of Fate and Fortune now the sport,  
 Though offspring of a scept’red line,  
 Oppression treads her down.  
 Oh ! if she must not share the crown,

At



At least let dark oblivion spread  
 Her veil in pity o'er her head !  
 Britain, what Pity asks let Mercy grant.  
 Oppression's crew far hence avault !  
 Away with yon deriding smile !  
 Oppression ill befits the brave of Freedom's isle.

' A name may pass away,  
 As ages onward move;  
 E'en so may hers decay,  
 But not the memory of maternal love ;  
 For daughters yet unborn shall read and weep.  
 And thou, celestial spirit, who look'st down  
 With anxious gaze on Britain's varying scene, —  
 Thou born t'expect, but not to wear, her crown, —  
 Thou who, had fate but spared, hadst been her Queen !  
 Oh ! give one look upon thy natal isle !  
 For dear to those on earth an angel-spirit's smile.  
 Yes, — from thy throne on high,  
 Look down ! look down ! — it is a mother's sigh !  
 And, Princess, she was one to thee,  
 That Rome or Athens had been proud t' have own'd.  
 Oh ! had she as a consort such been found,  
 From dark suspicion fair and free,  
 Chaste as th' unblushing babe that wakes from sleep,  
 Pure as the mountain-stream her course of life ! —  
 " Not e'en Suspicion's gale must dare taint Cæsar's wife."

The miscellaneous poems of this little collection are by far the best ; and among these we have noticed some lines on Stonehenge with very strong approbation.

## RELIGIOUS.

Art. 15. *The Christian armed against Infidelity*, for the Defence of all Denominations of Believers. By the Authors of "Body and Soul." 12mo. pp. 506. 5s. Boards. Longman and Co.

It is announced in the preface, that the matter which forms this little volume was delivered in a course of lectures from the pulpit by a vicar and his curate, in a very populous parish in a large manufacturing town ; and the volume is dedicated to the Chancellor of the diocese of York. The arguments of Watson and Paley are here collected and embodied in a new form with considerable ability : other reasonings are intermixed ; and, though the authors profess not to introduce any opinions on controverted doctrines, twenty pages are occupied in support of the doctrine of the Trinity. That tenet is described as ' the doctrine of Scripture pervading the entire volume of Holy Writ from its commencement to the very end, and involving the deepest mystery ; a doctrine of such vital importance to man that he is not at liberty to speculate and reason, to reject or accept it, with safety at his own pleasure : but it is actually a subject, the belief of which brings with it life eternal, and the rejection of it subjects him to the displeasure of Heaven : for " He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,

and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." We forbear from making any comments on the qualifying terms under which inquiry is prohibited, or on the application of the text just cited, respecting the intent of which the learned authors might have made themselves better informed by means of any of the sensible commentators on the New Testament:— but we cannot refrain from expressing our doubt how the authors can, in common honesty, reconcile twenty pages of polemical discussion on such a subject with the declaration in the preface, that the work is intended for 'a manual such as all ranks of Christians may use without violence to their particular feelings and belief;' and that 'no one point canvassed by Christians is agitated, but what peculiarly belongs to them in opposition to infidelity.'

We spoke of the 2d vol. of "*Body and Soul*," in our Number for August last; and we learn from the present work, that the body and soul of that production owe their form and existence to the joint efforts of the two clergymen mentioned at the commencement of this article.

Art. 16. *The Two Rectors*. 12mo. pp. 458. 10s. 6d. Boards! Longman and Co. 1824.

The object of this volume, which is written in a pleasing and popular manner, is to reconcile religion with cheerfulness, and to afford an antidote to those gloomy doctrines which the Calvinistic party in the church are disseminating with so much zeal and so little knowledge. The story and characters are not of much importance, but are used in the same manner as in the volumes of "*Body and Soul*" which we lately noticed, merely as a means of introducing the conversations which compose the work. We should count among the best chapters those on Social Inter-course and on Amusements; which contain a proper estimate of the importance of social habits in generating friendly feelings and promoting rational happiness, at the same time that they secure the urbanity and courtesies of life.

The following appears to us a very correct and pleasing picture of society, as it may be found in some of the principal towns of this kingdom, remote from the metropolis; and perhaps the contrast with some of the London routs may be considered as equally just:

'Upon our reaching Mrs. Archer's house, we found the party assembled; and large importations of tea and coffee moving about upon arm-stretching trays, accompanied by plates less transparent than the bread and butter upon them, in all the pageantry of drawing-room pomp and splendour. Mrs. Archer received us with the most manifest tokens of pleasure: indeed, the whole company, expressing their surprise, came, in the kindest manner, to greet my friends, and evinced a regard for them unfeignedly warm. This was not done in that rapturous, insincere, good-for-nothing way in which the lady of a house in town receives her company, or they greet her and their acquaintance, most of whom are busied in making calculations upon the numbers that have squeezed into the room, and the crowds likely to be detained on the

the staircase, without getting into the presence-chamber at all; or of running off, as soon as they have made obeisance, for another such party, in another part of the town, equally full, equally vain and preposterous. But here were to be seen the greetings of those among whom not merely acquaintance, but friendly regard subsisted, and who were now assembled for the real and rational enjoyment of each other's company, and to renew the courtesies of life. And here, too, was the difference between this friendly social meeting, and those midnight assemblies where crowds infest the hot rooms, and breathe the retained contaminated atmosphere of the thronged apartments of a London "Evening at home," where scarcely one-fourth part of the company are acquainted with each other, and more than three-fourths are indifferent whether they ever meet the individuals composing it again; and where the guests return to their own homes after an unsatisfactory, useless, heartless visit, in which they have met with no rational amusement, nothing in the way of useful knowledge from others, and have contributed nothing themselves: while the hostess has either risen or fallen in the estimation of her party in exact proportion to the numbers and rank of those who have entered in, and rushed out of her house. But here, they whose avocations had engrossed the time of study or business, met together and renewed their friendships. Here a party of four or five men were gaining from each other all that could be collected of the passing occurrences of the day; another set were on the subjects of commerce and discoveries in mechanics. One was recounting to another group the pleasing and interesting incidents and occurrences of a journey into a distant part of the country, commenting upon the variations of the mode of agriculture, or the manner of manufacturing articles of different descriptions; while another was detailing to those around him the peculiar circumstances of such judicial proceedings as were passing in the courts of law; and a third, explaining the treatment of various cases of sickness prevalent in their neighbourhood. Ladies were conversing with ladies on the shape and colour of dress: others were enquiring into the nature of the popular works of the day; in short, all were agreeably busied, and cheerfulness, good humour, and contentment sat smiling upon the countenances of all. The room, spacious as it was, was full without being crowded; card-tables were set out, and upon others were placed splendid works, fine engravings, scrap-books, albums, and the like: and in a short time all the company was occupied. Mrs. Allworthy had fallen into a *coterie* of matrons, to whom she was listening while they descanted on the merits of the various masters who attended their daughters, or as they discoursed upon local and domestic topics of interest. I found Louisa and Julia perfectly at a loss what to do: of music they knew *nothing*, although they delighted in hearing it: of cards they knew *less*, for they could not tell one from another: few of the men, and none of the younger among them, ventured to converse with them; not feeling themselves serious enough to engage in any such conversation as they deemed suitable to their taste.

I took them, therefore, to the table on which were placed the books; and, seating them, I opened the volumes, and explained the several subjects of the pictures, pointed out the beauties of their composition, and the masterly points of art. This brought some few stragglers around us, who began to be as much interested as ourselves: my two friends were thus encouraged to make observations in their turn, and sufficiently displayed their taste and judgment by the sensible remarks they made, and the pertinent questions they asked; and I clearly saw this not only raised them in the estimation of such as were observing what was passing, but gradually opened the way to a communication with them. This served to amuse us for a length of time: I then drew them to the large table to stand over the circle now engaged in playing a round game, the object of which they soon understood, and were not only pleased, but contributed to the general interest by their additional merriment; seeing, as all did, that none were actuated by any paltry desire to obtain a pecuniary trifle, but that, with perfect indifference as to the result, all were combining to keep up a harmless interest by every act of good nature, by every polite desire to give way to each other, and to promote the good understanding and harmony that prevailed among them. From the round table I took them to that where the parties were playing whist: although they could not enter into the spirit and meaning of the game, yet they saw that all were deeply engaged, and deeply calculating how they might obtain the points for which they were earnestly, but amicably; contending, looking upon the result, not as it brought a sum of money not worth the trouble of any contest, but as it proved the superiority of deep consideration, and as it displayed skill and ingenuity, and the exercise of the thinking faculties. We were roused from our meditation by the burst of merriment proceeding from the round table as it broke up, upon the success of one young lady, to whom the prize, such as it was, fell, and who received it in a manner to show, that she would have been just as well pleased had it fallen to the lot of any other.

One half of them now repaired to the table to look at the books we had before turned over, incited by the observations that were made while they were otherwise engaged. The other half went to the piano in a small adjoining apartment, and amused themselves and others by singing and playing. Julia was perfectly delighted at the easy way and agreeable manner in which other young women, without entreaty and solicitation, contributed to the general amusement; and the younger men observing this, now entered freely into conversation with her, and, by their attention, showed how pleased, also, they were with her artless and engaging manners. The kind hostess, during this time, had ordered a light elegant repast, of which those who were disposed, and as they were liberated from their several engagements, partook. This heightened the common feeling: conversation became general; reserve was banished; and it seemed as if the several branches of the same family had been assembled for the purposes of promoting cheerful, unoffending mirth, and the interchange of reciprocal

reciprocal sentiments; and all, at length, retired, though late in the evening, not only in perfect harmony of feeling for each other, but with the links of friendship and mutual regard more firmly and closely rivetted.

In the section on the repentant criminal, the author has availed himself of many of the arguments used by Jeremy Taylor on the danger and fallacy of a death-bed repentance; and, in the last chapter, he acknowledges his obligations to the same writer for several passages extracted from his beautiful sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment.

Having stated in the text an instance of a young lady's self-sufficiency in denouncing the doctrines avowed by her deceased father, the writer subjoins this note:

'This, like other allusions here made, refers to no imaginary circumstance, but is founded upon common practice; and among many instances of the kind, the writer is acquainted with the abhorrent fact of a son, a clergyman of Calvinistic principles, having declared to his mother, at the moment of her becoming a widow, that the soul of her husband, his father, was gone to the dreadful doom he merited, by having led those committed to his pastoral care to destruction by his preaching and doctrines, although that father discharged his duties honestly and conscientiously.'

In the chapter, also, on the repentant criminal, the author records in a note the following facts, the last of which, in particular, deserves very serious consideration:

'In "Bowles's Letter to Sir James Mackintosh, on the Increase of Crime," the circumstance is recorded of the woman who had lived in a state of affection with her husband for forty years, and murdered him, and was tried at Winchester, when, having set up the plea of insanity and it failed, she fearlessly proclaimed, that "though condemned here, she was certain of her acceptance with the Almighty." At the place of execution, she preserved the same tone of assurance, and said, "They might do what they liked with her, as she was one of the elect."

'To this may be added the instances of Nicholson, the murderer of his humane and aged master and mistress, who, also, at the place of execution, declared his assurance of pardon at the throne of God; and of Kendal, who was executed for the robbery of the Leeds mail, of which offence he asserted his innocence, although he acknowledged having committed other crimes of equal magnitude. He maintained the assurance of meeting his friends and relatives in heaven, "where," said he, "I have no doubt I shall be on Friday." It was of this man that a Methodist teacher wrote an account, entitled, "A Brand plucked out of the Fire;" in which he states, that he "died in Christ;" "we hope he is with the dying thief in Paradise;" "he was one who was converted at the eleventh hour." This teacher joined in a hymn at the gallows, of which this is one stanza:

'Did not the penitential thief,  
In his last moments find relief?  
Christ is the same, O may his pow'r  
Save me, tho' at th' eleventh hour!"

And,

And, as a climax to the whole, the case of Simpson may be adduced, a Calvinistic teacher, executed in Lancaster, in 1806, who confessed to fifty burglaries; to having stolen thirty horses, and being concerned in innumerable highway robberies, in one of which he plundered his own father; yet this man blest God, "that he could meet the king of terrors with triumph." By his own experiences he foretold the downfall of the blind, who "think to win heaven by *moral rectitude*."

Several trifling errors attracted our notice, which we presume must have arisen from the obscurity of the author's manuscript. Thus, in page 5. line 7.; the word 'citadel' occurs instead of *capital*. Page 90. line 5., 'their incredibility' for *incredulity*; and in the note above extracted from page 98. 'abhorrent' is put for *horrible* or *abominable*. We think, also, that the most orthodox ear must be a little startled with the author's assertion in page 394., that 'Jesus is "a name above every name," *even above that of Creator.*'

## NOVEL.

Art. 17. *Frederick Morland*; by the Author of "Lochiel; or the Field of Culloden," &c. &c. 12mo. 2 Vols. 14s. Boards. Whittaker. 1824.

We spoke with approbation of this writer's previous work, intitled "Lochiel," and are sorry that we cannot bestow equal commendation on the present tale. Since the appearance of it, the author's death has taken place, and his name has been revealed. He was Mr. David Carey, editor of "The Statesman," and parent of many literary bantlings. He died Oct. 9. 1824. It is not necessary now to say much of the volumes before us, the scene of which is laid principally in Scotland, and the whole of which is professed to be a picture of the world as it is, and as the writer has himself experienced it. 'A want of *truth* in the picture,' therefore, he says, 'will not be found among its greatest blemishes.' If, however, there be any truth or probability in it, as a fiction it cannot be said to claim much merit; for it has scarcely a hero or a heroine, plot, or character.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 18. *Notes of the War in Spain*; detailing Occurrences Military and Political, in Galicia, and at Gibraltar and Cadiz. From the Fall of Corunna to the Occupation of Cadiz by the French. By Thomas Steele, Esq., M. A. of Magdalene-College, Cambridge, a Member of the Spanish Committee. 12mo. Sherwood and Co. 1824.

This is one among the various publications which followed the late disastrous events in Spain, and is calculated, however unavailingly, to throw light on some occurrences and some particulars which have not been so minutely detailed in works of a similar kind. Its object, however, seems rather to have been that of rendering an account of the agency of Mr. Steele and his friend Mr. Dickson in supplying the patriots with arms, under the authority of the Committee, than to furnish any fresh facts and

and materials connected with the Spanish revolution; though (as we have intimated) it presents some details of the proceedings of Sir R. Wilson, and other spirited English officers, which are rather more full and particular than we recollect to have seen elsewhere.

The following conversation is somewhat elucidatory of the sudden surrender of Cadiz, which cast strong imputations on all parties connected with it at its first announcement. This event seems to have been wholly owing to the wretched state of the financial affairs of the patriots; which, by producing distress and disaffection among the troops, opened the way to all their subsequent calamities. The extract will, at the same time, place the shameless duplicity and treachery of Ferdinand in that strong point of view, in which it cannot too frequently be held up to the execration both of our contemporaries and our posterity.

'The *dénouement*,' says Mr. S., 'is now approaching; and I cannot do better than insert part of a note written at my particular request by Major Dickson, of a conversation between him, Manzanares, and Torres, respecting the occurrences which preceded the surrender of Cadiz.

'Walking with General Quiroga, I requested of him to tell me what could have induced the Spanish ministers to give up Cadiz, and allow the King to go over to the French army? He said, "I will call one who can answer your question better than I can myself," and then called Colonel Torres, to whom he communicated my inquiry. Torres instantly entered into particulars, and commenced by saying that about the beginning of September they had not a dollar in the treasury to pay the troops, and in a few days after they found by the reports of the Generals and other officers, that the army was disaffected, and that the troops upon the Isla were talking of a separate arrangement with the French. In consequence of this and other information, it was determined that a flag of truce should be sent to the Duke of Angoulême, who upon that occasion seemed to be reasonable, and disposed to enter into negotiations. The Spaniards wanted a two months' cessation of hostilities, which was not at that time absolutely refused. During the time taken for deliberation upon this subject, Santi Petri fell into the hands of the French, and when he (Torres) and General Alava went over a second time, they found the tone of the Duke of Angoulême very different from what it had been before, and he was so very extravagant in his demands, that Alava and Torres both rose from their seats at the same moment, to take their leave. One of the conditions was, that San Sebastian (the light-house battery) should be immediately put into the possession of the French. Finding it impossible to treat, they returned and consulted their colleagues, who taking all things into consideration, particularly the revolt of the regiment San Marcial (seven of whom were shot), and the defection of the regiment La Reina, thought it best to make a treaty. The regiment La Reina had offered to arrest the ministers and all the members of the Cortes, if the King would allow them. Taking all

all these things into consideration, Torres said that they thought it best to submit to the King, as the course which was most to their honor, as they had never acknowledged the right of the French to interfere between them and their sovereign. In consequence of this, a paper was drawn up, and Manzanares and Yandiola, the minister of finance, waited upon the King, stated to him the determination of his ministers, to submit to him in preference to the French, and that he from that moment was free. The King asked if he might be allowed to quit Cadiz? and was answered, most certainly, that very moment, if he pleased. He was then asked if he would give any document which would convey to the people an idea of his disposition towards them? to which he replied, THAT HE WAS ANXIOUS TO DO SO; and that if any paper was drawn up which he approved of, he would willingly sign it. Manzanares upon this produced a paper, which he requested his Majesty would look over, and make such erasures as he might think proper, or if he objected to the whole, to order such a one to be drawn up as he might approve of. Ferdinand then took a pen, and erased some sentences, particularly one relating to the Constitution. He said "*he could not consent to that, because it might not be allowed.*" At length the paper was worded according to his own pleasure, his signature was attached to it, and it was then given to Manzanares. This minister again repeated, that if it were in any manner objectionable, he trusted his Majesty would again alter it, and concluded by requesting, that if it were not perfectly agreeable to his feelings, he would order him to destroy it. The King answered, that so far from this, it perfectly accorded with his feelings, and so far from wishing to destroy it, he declared, in the most solemn manner, that he particularly desired it should be published. He then requested that the publication might take place without loss of time, assuring the ministers of his attachment, and anxiety to have them about his person. He desired them to believe him, when he assured them, upon his honour, that their personal liberty and property should be respected; and he made a request that they would have the most perfect confidence in his assurances, particularly as he had pledged himself in so solemn a manner.

' This conversation was confirmed by Manzanares himself, who joined us at the moment, with this addition, that upwards of ten times did they receive assurances from him to the above effect. (I have seen the paper, and King's signature.)'

A map of Cadiz and a plan of Corunna are affixed to this work, which will interest all who take any part in the events related in it; — and who are they who will confess that they do not?

Art. 19. *Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.*

By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of "*Julian, a Tragedy.*"  
Post 8vo. pp. 292. 7s. 6d. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

The tragedy of *Julian* was mentioned in our Number for April, 1823, with the limited commendation which we were obliged to apportion as its due; and the reason for such limitation, considering



ing the talents that were acknowledged to belong to the fair author, seems to be explained by the publication before us. Tragedy is not Miss Mitford's *forte*: deeds of horror and words of phrenzy suit not her mind; which is here evidently delighting itself, and we will say delighting others, in the contemplation of the quiet beauties of nature in the vegetable world, and the simple characteristics of the animal man, as exhibited in village-life. We do not know when we have read a production with which we have been so much pleased, in this point of view; for it displays to equal advantage the amiable and lively disposition of the author, and her power of writing with touching simplicity, acute observation, and effective expression.

In separate essays or chapters, Miss M. relates the little adventures of *Walks in the Country* at various seasons, on the several employments of collecting rural flowers and nuts, or making visits; while in others she delineates individual characters, male and female, cricket-matches, rural balls, or May-days. We must quote a few passages to shew how well she *paints in ink*, without daubing her fingers or her portraits, and with how pointed an effect she delineates every feature and lineament. — *A Talking Lady*, who has been at the house four days, is thus drawn:

' This visitor is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honour to her dancing-master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair, and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not in the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for any thing but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid. She took us in her way from London to the west of England; and being, as she wrote, "not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guests might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasuse of our conversation all to herself," — (*Ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!) — "and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman." Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter it has been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's, and grand-nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality, which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king at arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares, that in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news too! It must be intuition.'

On a *Natting* excursion, we have this sprightly and feeling account of a *rencontre* with the humble *Periwinkle*, a native British flower :

‘ Ah ! here is the hedge along which the *periwinkle* wreathes and twines so profusely, with its ever-green leaves shining like the *myrtle*, and its starry blue flowers. It is seldom found wild in this part of England ; but, when we do meet with it, it is so abundant and so welcome, — the very *robin-redbreast* of flowers, a winter friend. Unless in those unfrequent frosts which destroy all vegetation, it blossoms from September to June, surviving the last lingering *crane’s bill*, forerunning the earliest *primrose*, hardier even than the *mountain-daisy*, — peeping out from beneath the snow, looking at itself in the ice, smiling through the tempests of life, and yet welcoming and enjoying the sunbeams. Oh, to be like that flower !’

A description of the inhabitants of the village introduces us to a beautiful young biped and its playmate, a graceful little quadruped.

‘ Next door lives a carpenter, “ famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame :” few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter *Lizzy*, the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages every body in the place, her school-mistress included ; turns the wheeler’s children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her ; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop-window ; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her ; does any thing she pleases ; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, “ Come !” You must go : you cannot help it. Another part of the charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of *Napoleon*, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes, too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom ; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty ! Yes, *Lizzy* is queen of the village ! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white grey-hound called *May-flower*, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human. They are both coming with me, *Lizzy* and *Lizzy’s* “ pretty *May*.”’ —

‘ On the outer edge of the paling, hanging over the bank that skirts the road, is an old thorn ; — such a thorn ! The long sprays covered

covered with snowy blossoms, so graceful, so elegant, so light-some, and yet so rich! There only wants a pool under the thorn to give a still lovelier reflection, quivering and trembling, like a tuft of feathers, whiter and greener than the life, and more prettily mixed with the bright blue sky. There should indeed be a pool; but on the dark grass-plot, under the high bank, which is crowned by that magnificent plume, there is something that does almost as well, — Lizzy and May-flower in the midst of a game at romps, “making a sunshine in a shady place;” Lizzy rolling, laughing, clapping her hands, and glowing like a rose; May-flower playing about her like summer lightning, dazzling the eyes with her sudden turns, her leaps, her bounds, her attacks and her escapes. She darts round the lovely little girl, with the same momentary touch that the swallow skims over the water, and has exactly the same power of flight, the same matchless ease and strength and grace.

The pithiness of Miss Mitford's style is often shewn in a few words:

‘Our landlord has a stirring wife, a hopeful son, and a daughter, the belle of the village; not so pretty as the fair nymph of the shoe-shop, and far less elegant, but ten times as fine; all curl-papers in the morning, like a porcupine, all curls in the afternoon, like a poodle, with more flounces than curl-papers, and more lovers than curls.’ —

‘The wife was frankness itself; entirely free from prickly defiance, or bristling self-love. She never took offence or gave it; never thought of herself or of what others would think of her; had never been afflicted with the besetting sins of her station, a dread of the vulgar, or an aspiration after the genteel. Those “words of fear” had never disturbed her delightful heartiness.’

Among the portraits, is one of an Old Bachelor, admirably executed, and without a particle of ill nature, (Miss M. *cannot* be an *Old Maid*,) unless in the unfortunate choice of the phrase *that disconsolate* condition. The fair writer may suppose that we have many old Bachelors among us, and we could almost wish to be characterized by her if she would but have compassion on that same ‘disconsolate’ point.

We have not room, however, to render half the justice due to these sketches by quotations, and must now refrain: not without adding a few drops of critical lemon-juice to our Japan ink, to prevent our praise from having *too* glossy an appearance. Miss Mitford, then, we would intimate, (using a word of her own,) is a *leetle* too fond of *Oh*s! and *Ah*s!, and sometimes a *leetle* careless in her language; as when she says, (p. 8.) ‘There are two carts *there* now, and mine host is serving *them* with beer:’ — ‘the fir-plantations (p. 71.) *whose* balmy odour,’ &c.; and when she talks of *pionies* instead of *pæonies*; besides an occasional confusion in metaphor, which usually she handles with so much skill.

Art. 20. *Richmond, and its Vicinity*: with a Glance at Twickenham, Strawberry-Hill, and Hampton-Court. By John Evans, I.L.D. Embellished with Views of the Bridge and of the ancient

ancient Palace at Richmond; of the Pagoda in Kew Gardens; together with Thomson's House and Alcove. 12mo. 4s. Boards. Simpkin and Co. 1824.

Richmond is a place of much natural beauty, and connected with many interesting recollections both historical and classical. It is not surprizing, therefore, that it should often have excited the attention of the topographer, the tourist, and the poet: nor that it should now have added Dr. Evans to the list of its celebrators, who knows so well how to avail himself of all preceding materials, and who lets nothing escape him wherever he goes. He has accordingly made the most of every spot, person, and topic, within his view and reach on the present occasion; and he has not only adverted to all those which might be expected to employ his pen, but has converted his little topography of Richmond into a complete *Watering-Place-Guide*: enumerating all the professional men, trades-people, principal residents, inns, libraries, coaches, &c. &c. of the place. This may be in part good policy: for persons like to see their names *in print*; and many that find themselves brought forwards in this book, who never hoped for such celebrity, may in gratitude and complaisance purchase the obliging record of their local renown.

We have so often reported the varied productions of Dr. Evans, that he must be well known as an author to our readers; and our account of his excursion to Brighton, &c., in the Review for March, 1823, will so thoroughly apply to the volume before us, that we need say little farther about it. We will, however, add, in general terms, that the inhabitant and the visitor of Richmond will equally consult with pleasure this description of it; and that, throughout its pages, Dr. E. continues to manifest the same good principles, kind disposition, and amiable feelings, which are visible in all his publications.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

*O. P.* is very obliging, and therefore we are sorry that it is not in our power to comply with his request.

*R. L.* should have paid the postage of his letter. Such things are trifles, but they shew something of a person's disposition. We give him no farther answer.

\* \* \* The APPENDIX to Vol. cv. was published with our last Number, and contains accounts of various important FOREIGN WORKS; with the *Title, Index, &c.* for the Volume.



# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For MARCH, 1825.

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**ART. I.** *The Tragedies of Sophocles*, translated into English Verse, by the Reverend Thomas Dale, of C. C. College, Cambridge. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1l. 5s. Boards. Richardson. 1824.

**I**T is the great characteristic of the Greek tragedy to be true to itself, to keep within its appropriate limits, and rigorously to exclude every thing that is extrinsic to its nature. In consequence, it forms one harmonious and coherent whole, unbroken by those details which would at once impair its dignity and lower its elevation; presenting a lofty and noble conception, drawn from the highest heaven of invention; and, in the hands of its two greatest masters, offering a pathetic but salutary lesson to soften and ameliorate the human heart.

If Sophocles was in any degree inferior to Æschylus in boldness and grandeur, he was more chaste and polished in his poetry; and he excelled his master in the dexterity which is evinced throughout the mechanism of his drama, in the exact adaptation and proportion of its several parts, and in the progress and developement of the various circumstances by which the catastrophe is elicited. Scarcely an incident occurs, however trifling, that does not conduce to some important object, or augment the unquiet and agitated curiosity with which we watch the events of the drama; and not a character is brought forward which does not contribute essentially to the chief business of the piece. The destiny of Sophocles, indeed, rarely happens to man: for he appears to have united all the blessings of nature with all the accomplishments of art. "It seemed as if Providence, in the example of one individual, intended to shew the whole race of man how susceptible their nature may be made of happiness and dignity." This is a remark of Schlegel, and is confirmed by the whole life of this charming poet. He inherited great wealth; he was a citizen of the freest and most enlightened of the Grecian commonwealths; he was endowed, it is said, with the advantages of personal beauty, which he enjoyed to the latest term of an existence that was protracted

many years beyond the ordinary duration ; and he was honoured through life with the love and admiration of his country. In his dramatic contests, it is generally admitted that he was more fortunate than Æschylus and Euripides ; for, of 120 tragedies, which he is supposed to have written, 24 obtained the prize : while Æschylus, out of 100, triumphed only in 12 ; and Euripides, who wrote 80 dramas, gained that honor for no more than five.\*

‘ It is not, however, as a poet alone,’ Mr. Dale observes in a sensible and well-written introduction, ‘ that Sophocles is illustrious in the annals of his country ; he was scarcely less eminent as a warrior. He was the companion in arms of Thucydides and of Pericles, with whom he was associated in reducing to obedience the island of Samos. It is affirmed, that he was afterwards complimented with the government of this new conquest on the representation of his Antigone. — Sophocles was the only one of the three great tragedians who succeeded in preserving the attachment of a people so characteristically fickle as the Athenians. Æschylus and Euripides both died in exile, while Sophocles, in full enjoyment of the love of his fellow-citizens, and with unabated poetical favour, survived in the bosom of his country to an extreme old age. The only bitter ingredient which mingled in his overflowing cup of happiness was the ingratitude of his children, who accused him before the magistrates of being incompetent, by reason of the decay of his faculties, to the management of his own affairs. This accusation he triumphantly refuted by reading to the judges his *Œdipus at Colonus*, one of the most interesting of his productions ; and full of that calm and gentle beauty which might be expected from his age and habits. The marvellous incidents which are related by Plutarch, Cicero, and others, however unworthy of credit or repetition, are at least sufficient to prove that Sophocles, on account of the excellence of his character, was considered the peculiar favourite of the gods. And as this great man had been fortunate in his life, so was he happy in his death ; he had witnessed the glories of his country in the zenith of her

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\* Quinctilian has no doubt in assigning the superiority between Æschylus and Sophocles to the latter, but seems to refrain from deciding between Sophocles and Euripides, on the plea that such a question was not immediately before him. He observes : “ *Tragedias primus in lucem Æschylus protulit, sublimis et gravis, et grandiloquus sæpe usque ad vitium, sed rudis in plerisque et incompositus : propter quod correctas ejus fabulas in certamen deferre posterioribus poetis Athenienses permisere, suntque eo modo multi coronati. Sed longe clarius illustraverunt hoc opus Sophocles atque Euripides ; quorum in dispari dicendi via uter sit poeta melior, inter plurimos quæritur. Idque ego sane, quoniam ad præsentem materiam nihil pertinet, injudicatum relinquo. Illud quidem nemo non fateatur necesse est, iis, qui se ad agendum comparant, utiliorem longe Euripidem fore.*” — QUINCT. lib. x. cap. i. ed. Burman.

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grandeur, but he was spared the bitter pang of beholding her degradation. He expired but a short time before Athens was taken by Lysander, choked, as some relate, by a grape-stone, or overpowered, according to others, by excess of joy on having obtained the prize. This latter account we are inclined to question, because his rivals Æschylus and Euripides were already deceased, and had left behind them no antagonist over whom Sophocles could be *honoured* by a triumph. So high was the estimation in which this great man was held throughout Greece, that even the rough and perfidious Lysander intermitted for a short period the siege of Athens, that he might afford her citizens an opportunity of celebrating the obsequies of the last and most venerated of their bards.'

The first version of Sophocles into English was executed by Francklin. Its notes are valuable: but its fidelity to the literal meaning of the poet was fatal to his vigor and sublimity; and no body could discern his matchless graces through a coarse incrustation of familiar and insipid diction. Something more, therefore, was required, and this was achieved in the highly poetical and spirited translation of Potter. Still, however, it had its drawbacks; and if (see the first article of our preceding Number) we have faults to allege against his version of Æschylus, the same blemishes, though of less frequent recurrence, are unhappily not excluded from his Sophocles. Mr. Dale has, we think, rated that performance too highly. That it is replete with poetic beauties not unworthy of the original, we willingly admit: but we cannot concur with Mr. D. when he remarks that the choral odes, as they are rendered by that translator, are distinguished by a close adherence to the sense of Sophocles. If that fidelity with respect to the choral odes had been strictly observed, it would have inclined us to consider another translation as superfluous: but it is in the lyrical passages that Potter is most loose and paraphrastic, and runs into the widest aberrations from his author. This circumstance has long induced us to hope for a more correct and scrupulous translation of his text, and in that hope we have not been disappointed; for it is our unfeigned opinion that the present writer has supplied the desideratum. Though he may not have the same compass of poetic language which his predecessor could command, he keeps a more sustained flight; and the beauties of his great master, if not fully reflected to the English reader, are at least not replaced by others at variance with both the diction and the sentiment of the poet.

Mr. Dale judiciously rejects the ordinary collocations of the dramas of Sophocles, and begins with the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. In what tragedy are to be found a completer com-

mentary on the fatalism which pervades the Greek tragic drama, and a more distinct elucidation of it? Imagination cannot conceive a calamity exceeded by that of a curse ordained by the Fates for an early forfeit; and that forfeit itself predestined, which a long course of generations can neither redeem nor mitigate, and which is wholly inexpiable but by the final destruction of the house in which the offence originated. The devoted being on whom this irredeemable wretchedness is entailed vainly struggles to avert it; for the stern and inexorable fiat has been registered in the black records of a power which knows no pity, and which nothing divine or human can resist. He has to combat with a decree, the execution of which is rather accelerated than retarded by the free will that is indulged to man, sufficient as it is to conduct him safely through the ordinary chances of life. The effect of a drama founded on the mythological fatality of the antients, whether heard by an Athenian auditory or read by a modern scholar, is therefore almost more than the spirit and nerves can sustain. Fate, in their sense of the word, is that personification of evil to which, in our gloomy temperaments, the mind most naturally lends itself; and, during the commission of the criminal act, the sophistries of self-love easily blind us to its consequences. The consummation of the evil is the dark despair which we feel when we are writhing, after many exhausting struggles, under the calamity which we have brought down on our heads, and find that it is irreversible. To this period, we have been allowed little more than a vague indefinite dread of the future, but none of the foresight of it that might have enabled us to overcome or avoid the perplexities in which we are involved. Such a picture, and *Cædipus* is that picture, fills us with alternate horror and pity. How many are there to whom it shadows out the history of their own sufferings;—when every budding of hope is blasted, and every social charity withered;—when that cold sterile winter of man's heart reigns over it, which chills every feeling within him but the sense of his own wretchedness, and he lies down in a cold churlish submission to the misery which no human prudence or human strength can resist!

“ Οὐδ' ὑποκλαίων, δὲ ὑπολείβων,  
 Οὔτε δακρύων, ἀπύρων ἱερῶν  
 Ὀργὰς ἀτενεῖς παραδέλξει.”

*ÆSCH. Agamem. 69.*

All the precautions devised by the parents of *Cædipus*, or by himself, to protect him from the predestinated crimes into which a blind fatality propels him, turn out to be the very means



means which urge him to commit them. If any thing can soften our commiseration for this unfortunate monarch, it is his despotic and violent conduct towards Creon : but he rises again in our esteem when we remark his paternal affection for his people, and the heroic and sincere zeal with which he accelerates his own destruction by taking so much pains to discover the murder of Laius. We perfectly concur in Mr. Dale's remarks on the tragedy of *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

' This tragedy has been honoured with the concurrent approbation of the most acute and judicious critics of every age : it was adopted by Aristotle as a perfect model of dramatic excellence, and few of the modern commentators have been less enthusiastic in their encomiums. It is affirmed to bear the same relation to tragic which the *Iliad* bears to epic poetry. It is said to stand alone and unrivalled, while all other efforts of tragic writers can only be successful in proportion as they approximate more or less to this, their common standard and criterion.

' Indeed, when we consider the admirable dexterity which is evinced in the mechanism of the piece, the mutual consistency and harmonious combination of its parts, the gradual and progressive development of the various circumstances which unite to elicit the catastrophe, it must be acknowledged that this tragedy is absolutely perfect. Not an incident occurs, however trivial in appearance, which does not conduce to some appropriate and important end ; not a character is introduced which does not sustain some part of vital and essential interest in the grand business of the drama. The poet never loses sight of the *end* in the prosecution of the *means*. If a momentary hope be excited, it tends but to deepen the impending and inevitable despair ; if a ray of light dart rapidly athwart the gloom, it only displays, in all its horror, the approaching "blackness of darkness." The denunciations of *Oedipus* against the criminal, so worded from the first as to apply peculiarly to himself ; the ambiguous response brought by Creon from the oracle of Delphi ; the reluctant compliance of *Tiresias* with the first summons of the monarch, as though he were constrained by some mighty and mysterious agency, which he vainly struggled to control ; his subsequent vehemence of prophetic indignation ; the profane and arrogant exultation which bursts from *Jocasta* on the apparent confutation of the oracle by the death of *Polybus* ; the faint solitary hope, to which the shuddering monarch clings in that pause of agonizing suspense, while he is awaiting the arrival of the Theban slave ; the resistless and overwhelming conviction which flashes upon his soul at the clear unequivocal testimony of this last fatal witness ; — all these circumstances are successively described in a manner so lively and natural, that the interest never languishes for an instant. We are prepossessed from the first in favour of the unhappy prince ; we feel with him and for him ; we are continually agitated between hope and fear ; and, though we know from the beginning that the catastrophe is inevitable, we are scarcely less startled and surprised

prised by the appalling discovery, than if it had been totally unexpected and unforeseen.'

The description of the pestilence by the priest of Jupiter is an admirable specimen of translation. It is nearly literal, yet not unfaithful to the spirit of the original.

' O Œdipus, imperial lord of Thebes !  
 Thou seest our sad estate, and how we sit  
 Before thine altars \* ; some, whose callow wings  
 Refuse a lengthened flight ; — some, bowed with age,  
 Priests of the gods, — myself the priest of Jove,  
 And some, the flower of all our Theban youth.  
 Another band their suppliant boughs extend  
 At the two fanes of Pallas†, and the shrine  
 Oracular, by fair Ismenus' stream.  
 The state — as thou may'st witness — with the storm  
 Is struggling, and in vain essays to rear  
 Her head emergent from the blood-stained wave.  
 Her fruits are blasted in the opening bud ;  
 Her herds, infected, perish ; her weak births  
 Are blighted immature. The fiery god ‡,  
 Loathed Pestilence, o'er this devoted city  
 Hangs imminent, and desolates th' abode  
 Of Cadmus, while in shrieks and piercing groans  
 Dark Pluto richly revels. Hence I bend,  
 With these sad youths, a suppliant at thine altars ;  
 Not that we deem thee equal to the gods,  
 But in the sad vicissitudes of life,  
 Or visitations of the angry gods,  
 Account thee first of men. At Thebes arriving,  
 Thou didst redeem us from the tax imposed  
 By that relentless monster §, uninformed,  
 Untaught of us ; by pitying Heaven alone  
 We deem thee sent our glory to restore.  
 Now, worthiest Œdipus ! on thee we fix

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\* \* The altars here intended were not consecrated to Œdipus, but simply erected before the doors of his palace; and, most probably, dedicated to Apollo.'

† † In Thebes, there were two temples of Minerva erected to her under the names of Onœa and Ismenia. Apollo had a temple on the banks of the Ismenus, and from the flames and ashes of its altars his priests drew prophecies; hence 'Ισμήνης σποδοῖς, the prophetic ashes of Ismenus.'

‡ ‡ The "fiery god," according to Musgrave, is Mars. The ground of his conjecture is the application of the epithet *πυρρός* to the planet bearing the name of that divinity. It appears more probable, however, that the expression poetically denotes a personification of Pestilence.'

§ § 'Αειδοῦ, literally, songstress; so called, because her enigmas were propounded in verse.'

Our supplicating eyes,—O find us aid,  
Or from the sure responses of the gods,  
Or man's experienced wisdom.'

The chorus beginning 'Ω Δῖος ἀδυνάτης πάρι is very competently rendered, but it is impossible to do full justice to strains so exquisite. We subjoin a part of it; hinting, however, that a lighter and more airy measure would have been better suited to the monostrophics.

*' Antistrophe 1.*

' Daughter of Jove, immortal Pallas! hear  
The suppliant vows that first to thee are paid;  
Thy sister Dian next, earth-ruling maid,  
Who 'mid the forum her proud throne doth rear;  
And the far-darting Phœbus! Mighty Three!  
Appear — avert our misery!  
If from our Thebes her former woe  
Your guardian-care dispelled, O come to aid us now!

*' Strophe 2.*

' Alas! unnumbered ills we bear;  
Dismay and anguish reign  
Through all our state; and wisdom's care  
Strives, 'mid dejection and despair,  
To bring relief in vain.  
Nor ripen now the fruits of earth,  
Nor mothers, in th' untimely birth,  
The struggling throes sustain.  
Swift as the wild bird's rapid flight,  
Or flames that flash through circling night,  
Unnumber'd spectres sink, a joyless train,  
To the dark shores of Pluto's dreary reign.

*' Antistrophe 2.*

' Thus doth th' unpeopled city sigh,  
Wide o'er whose pavements spread  
The lifeless heaps unheeded lie,  
Ungraced with pious obsequy,  
Or tear in pity shed.  
Matrons and wives, a mournful band,  
Suppliant around the altars stand;  
With groans of piercing dread,  
Their votive strains to Heaven ascend,  
And sighs with louder pæans blend.  
Bright daughter of the Mightiest! fair-eyed maid,  
Rise in thy might, and send thy people aid!

When Œdipus begins to solve the dreadful enigma of his fate which had been darkly unveiled by Tiresias, and when he asks Jocasta as to the countenance and age of Laius,

“ ——— φύσιν  
Τιν εἴχες, φράζε· τίνα δ' ἀμύνει βίης ἔχων” (760.)

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his despair is truly terrific. Mr. Dale has translated that dialogue with equal spirit and correctness.

‘ *Æd.* Almighty Jove ! to what hast thou reserved me ?

‘ *Jo.* My *Ædipus*, what means this wild dismay ?

‘ *Æd.* Oh, ask not, ask not, tell me of this *Laius*.

What was his aspect, what his age, O speak !

‘ *Jo.* His port was lofty, the first snows of age  
Had tinged his locks, his form resembled thine.

‘ *Æd.* Wretch that I am, on mine own head, it seems,  
Have I called down this dread destroying curse.

‘ *Jo.* How say’st thou, King ! I tremble to behold thee.

‘ *Æd.* I fear the prophet saw, alas ! too clearly.

One question more, and all will be disclosed.

‘ *Jo.* I tremble ; — but will truly tell thee all.’

He begins to be apprehensive that the stranger whom he had killed was *Laius* : the dreadful truth that he had not only destroyed his father but wedded his mother was now darkly peering in his mind ; and he already sinks into the gloomy desperation of soul which no hope can cheer or mitigate. The conviction rushes on him : but the herdsman is still wanting to complete the chain of testimony, and a gleam of probability, faint and feeble, yet glimmers in the darkness of his despair.

—— ‘ But if this stranger prove

The murdered *Laius*, who of all mankind

Exists more deeply wretched than myself,

Oh ! who more hateful to th’ avenging gods ?

Nor citizen nor stranger to my need

Henceforth may grant the refuge of a home ;

None may accost, but all must spurn me from them ;

And I, O how unconscious, on myself

Invoked the withering curse. I, by whose hand

His blood was shed, pollute his nuptial couch : —

Am I not all abandoned, all defiled ?

If I must fly, and, flying, ne’er behold

My best-loved friends, or tread my natal earth,

Or else am doomed, in most unnatural ties,

To wed my mother, and my father slay,

Good *Polybus*, who gave me life and nurture,

Would he not rightly judge who deemed these woes

The work of some inexorable god ?

Never, O never, ye most holy powers,

May I behold that day. O may I sink

To death’s more friendly darkness, ere my life

Be marked and sullied by a stain so foul.’

To the construction of this noble drama, a want of probability has been objected ; for it is almost contrary to the ordinary course of human events that *Ædipus* should never  
before

before have been informed of the murder of Laius; and that the marks in his feet, as well as the name which he bore, should have suggested no suspicion to Jocasta. The ancients, however, in the execution of their great works, did not (says Schlegel) submit it to a prosaic and calculating criticism; — and an improbability, which can only be discovered by analysis, would not be felt in the rapidity with which the poet rushed forwards himself, and dragged his auditors with him, to the dreadful catastrophe of the piece. Œdipus enters the apartment in which Jocasta had committed suicide, (an incident narrated, not exhibited,) puts out his own eyes, and then, supported by his daughter Antigone, departs a miserable outcast from his family and his throne.

These events bring us to the *Œdipus at Colonus*, a tragedy in which the softer emotions of love and tenderness are the chief characteristics; for the lyre of Sophocles at one time breathes sounds as gentle as if the passing winds had sighed over its chords, and at another swells into the loftiest and sublimest accents of terror and despair. This exquisite drama is the celebration of the last moments of the afflicted wanderer; — a highly wrought dirge, equally solemn and pathetic, in which religion and pity mourn over the destined victim of fate, when he is consigned to that repose for which his wearied nature had long sighed. Sophocles, whose whole life was dedicated to religion and virtue, imparted in the death of Œdipus a lesson of pious submission to the will of heaven. He dies within the awful precincts of the grove consecrated to the Furies; his will had no part in the crimes which he was impelled to commit; he has never stifled within his bosom the cries of conscience, and is no longer pursued by remorse: he closes his eyes therefore in peace, and sinks into a holy repose in those fearful places, inhabited by the daughters of earth and darkness, who have been from the beginning of time the inexorable scourges only of the guilty.

‘He bore a “charmed life,”’ says Mr. Dale; ‘a life exempted, as it were, from the common assaults of mortality, and only to be terminated by some signal and unprecedented interposition of Divinity. Such is indeed the “*dignus vindicæ nodus*,” which sanctions supernatural interference. Accordingly, the earth convulsed and trembling, the appalling and incessant thunder, the glare of lightning, and the howling of the storm, the solemn intervals of silence, in which the voice of some invisible messenger is heard to murmur from beneath a summons to the devoted monarch, the consternation even of the resolute and intrepid Theseus; all these tend to produce a scene, which, for loftiness of conception and magnificence of execution, is not excelled by any relic  
of

of the Grecian drama, even in the compositions of the wild and terrific *Æschylus*.

The opening of *Œdipus at Colonus* probably suggested to Milton a similar scene in his *Sampson Agonistes*. *Œdipus*, reclining on the arm of the affectionate *Antigone*, arrives at the sacred grove of the *Eumenides*; which was near *Colonus*, and in the neighbourhood of *Athens*. *Colonus* was the native place of *Sophocles*, and he has sketched the landscape with all the softest strokes of poetic description.

“ Πάτερ ταλαίπωρ Οιδίπου, πύργοι μεν.” κ. τ. λ.

‘ O *Œdipus*,

My much-afflicted father, the high towers,  
Which girt the city, rise in distant view :  
The spot on which we stand, I deem, is holy.  
Here laurels, olives, vines, in one green shade  
Are close inwoven ; and within the grove  
The nightingales make frequent melody.  
Rest now thy faltering limbs on this rude stone ;  
Such lengthened wanderings ill befit thine age.’

Mr. Dale has translated with the most scrupulous fidelity, and with great powers of poetic diction, the inimitable scene in which the Chorus converses with *Antigone* and her unhappy father. When they discover that it was the murderer of *Laius* with whom they were speaking, they warn him from the land as an accursed being. There is an exquisite pathos in *Antigone*’s address to the Chorus, (aged citizens of *Athens*,) in behalf of her wretched sire, which is well preserved by Mr. Dale.

‘ O venerable strangers, though ye shrunk

Recoiling from the tale  
Of my poor aged sire,  
Speaking of dark involuntary deeds,  
I do conjure you, turn not thus from me,  
Me, while in suppliant anguish, I implore  
Compassion for a father, and regard  
Your steadfast gaze with unaverted eye.  
Ah ! deem me now as one  
Of your own kindred, and let pity wake  
To aid the lost. On you, as on the gods,  
Our hopes depend. Oh ! then relent, and grant  
This unexpected boon.  
I here adjure you by each hallowed tie,  
Your child, your wife, your duty, and your God.  
Where will ye find the man who can escape,  
When Fate’s stern hand constrains him to despair ?’

We can make no other extract from this play than the translation of the exquisite ode in which the fancy of *Sophocles*

phocles revels amid the delightful scenery of Colonus. It begins Εὐίππε, ξέγε, τᾶσδε χώρας, and the whole passage is justly dear to the Greek reader.

‘ *Strophe* 1.

- Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,  
Stranger, to this field of fame,  
Birth-place of the generous steed,  
Graced by white Colonus' name.  
Frequent in the dewy glade  
Here the nightingale is dwelling;  
Through embowering ivy's shade,  
Here her plaintive notes are swelling;  
Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,  
Where unnumbered fruits are blushing —  
From the summer sun secure,  
Screened from wintry whirlwinds rushing;  
Where, with his fostering nymphs, amid the grove,  
The sportive Bacchus joys to revel or to rove.

‘ *Antistrophe* 1.

- Bathed in heaven's ambrosial dew,  
Here the fair narcissus flowers,  
Graced each morn with clusters new,  
Ancient crown of mightiest powers;  
Here the golden crocus blows;  
Here exhaustless fountains gushing,  
Where the cool Cephissus flows,  
Restless o'er the plains are rushing;  
Ever as the crystal flood  
Winds in pure transparent lightness;  
Fresher herbage decks the sod,  
Flowers spring forth in lovelier brightness;  
Here dance the Muses; and the Queen of Love  
Oft guides her golden car through this enchanting grove.'

Why the Narcissus was sacred to the Furies is a question which is not sufficiently solved. The scholiast has wasted many words ineffectually on the passage: but, when Mr. Dale translates *μεγαλαιν θεαιν* by 'mightiest powers,' the English reader would never suppose that the words meant *the Furies*. They should have been more distinctly designated. Sophocles, with a holy dread, calls them the great goddesses; and every Greek, who was versed in the mythology of his country, immediately felt that they were the awful powers whom it was impious to name by any more direct appellation. In our own language, however, the prepositive article ought to have accompanied 'mightiest powers.' This is minor criticism: but, as the passage now stands, it is not by any means evident to whom the poet referred.

The

The last of this dramatic trilogy is *Antigone*. It awakens less emotion than the preceding dramas, yet is highly interesting and pathetic. It turns chiefly on a sentiment peculiar to the Greeks, the superstitious importance which they attached to the privation of sepulture; for Antigone sacrifices her own life to the mere interment of her brother. She is an ideal woman; endued with a fortitude and resolution seldom witnessed in her sex, and in strong contrast to the pious and hallowed affections which inspire her conduct. Creon had issued a cruel decree, devoting to death any one who should dare to give to the remains of her brother Polynices the rites of sepulture: but, in defiance of this order, she contrives to elude the vigilance of the centinels, and performs over his mangled corse the usual ceremonies. When she is brought before the tyrant, the tone in which she addresses him, and urges him to the execution of his decree, displays the unshaken intrepidity of a hero: — but all is softened by the gentler tints of her character. As soon as her death is irrevocably doomed, the tears and the anguish of a female bosom are profusely indulged; and she bewails her youth, and the privation of every youthful hope, — of the hymeneal rites, and all the blessings from which she was about to be torn. Her love for Hæmon is not once expressed, but is preserved in holy silence within her bosom. In pursuance of Creon's orders, she is shut up in a cavern, to die of want. — The expiatory retribution of this play is highly satisfactory, for the immolation of this pious victim is avenged by the destruction of Creon's family; and, without this awful catastrophe, the sufferings of Antigone, like those of Cordelia, would have been revolting to humanity. We can insert but one extract:

‘ CHORUS.

‘ *Strophe*.

‘ Love! unsubdued, unconquerable Love!  
On wealth descending; — whose repose  
Is in the virgin's cheeks of rose; —  
Alike o'er trackless ocean dost thou rove,  
Or 'mid the lowly dwellings of the grove.  
None of th' immortals throned on high,  
From thy pervading power can fly;  
Nor man, frail being of a fleeting day!  
The heart that feels thee yields to frenzy's sway.

‘ *Antistrophe*.

‘ Thy spells delusive turn the just aside  
To baseness — and attendant shame;  
Thine arts this mortal strife inflame  
In men, by nature's dearest ties allied.

From



From the soft glances of his lovely bride  
 Revealed, desire subdues his soul ;  
 Desire, usurping high control  
 O'er Heaven's primordial laws ; matchless in might,  
 In sport like this fair Venus takes delight.

[Antigone is brought in guarded.]

I, too, beyond controlling laws  
 Am hurried ; for I cannot check  
 The gushing tears, as I behold  
 Antigone thus borne away  
 To share our common couch, the joyless tomb.

‘ ANTIGONE, CHORUS.

‘ *Strophe* 1.

‘ *Ant.* Behold me, princes of my native land !  
 Treading the last sad path,  
 And gazing on the latest beam  
 Of yon resplendent sun —  
 To gaze no more for ever ! The stern hand  
 Of all-entombing Death  
 Impels me — living still —  
 To Acheron's bleak shore — ungraced  
 By nuptial rites ; — no hymeneal strain  
 Hath hymned my hour of bliss,  
 And joyless Death will be my bridegroom now.

‘ *Ch.* Therefore, with endless praise renowned,  
 To those drear regions wilt thou pass ;  
 Unwasted aught by slow disease,  
 Unwounded by avenging sword.  
 Spontaneous, living, sole of mortal birth,  
 Shalt thou to Death descend.

‘ *Antistrophe* 1.

‘ *Ant.* Yes ! I have heard by how severe a doom  
 The Phrygian stranger died  
 On Sipylus' bleak brow sublime ;  
 Whom, in its cold embrace,  
 The creeping rock, like wreathing ivy, strained.  
 Her, in chill dews dissolved,  
 As antique legends tell,  
 Ne'er do th' exhaustless snows desert,  
 Nor from her eyes do trickling torrents cease  
 To gush. A doom like her's,  
 Alas, how like ! hath fate reserved for me.’

We must now close our remarks by repeating our commendations of this translation of the Attic poet : — of which the second volume is occupied by the *Trachiniæ*, *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Electra*. None of the Greek tragedians has descended to us with a text so clear and unmutilated as Sophocles ;

phocles; and Mr. Dale's notes, therefore, are few, but judicious and sound. We heartily recommend the work to those readers who are desirous of perusing in the English language some of the greatest master-pieces of antiquity; and we lament that we cannot indulge them with citations from the other tragedies.

ART. II. *Memoirs of Jeanne d'Arc, surnamed La Pucelle d'Orleans*; with the History of her Times. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 16s. Boards. Harding, Triphook, and Co. 1824.

As all history is curious and important, points of fact in our records are objects of great attention; and the industrious author of these Memoirs has done well in directing his labors to a detailed examination of the eventful life of the Maid of Orleans;—that young and devoted heroine whose achievements were the glory of France, and whose fate reflects so much ignominy and shame on England. In a recent article, however, we have in some measure anticipated the subject, and introduced observations which might otherwise have been appropriately inserted here.\* We then adverted to the operation of certain predisposing causes which, not improbably, would have produced the same sudden reverses in the fortunes of the English in France that actually accompanied the inspiring presence of the Maiden herself; and these, it will be recollected, were, *first*, the entire defection of the clergy from our interests, occasioned by the Duke of Bedford's proposal to an Assembly of Notables to revoke all grants made to the church within forty years, for the purpose of raising supplies; and, *secondly*, the *secret* defection of the Duke of Burgundy, in consequence of a personal disappointment and mortification which he had sustained from the Duke of Gloucester. Strictly speaking, indeed, the Duke of Burgundy's defection was only meditated in the lifetime of La Pucelle, for she was finally taken prisoner in a sortie from Compiègne, a garrison-town, when it was attacked by the Duke himself; and his actual defection did not take place till September, 1435, four years after her death: but his designs had long been suspected, and doubtless had prepared the destruction of the English interests.

That there was a large portion of enthusiasm in the character of Jeanne d'Arc can scarcely be disputed; and whether or not she believed herself commissioned by Heaven to save

\* See our account of the third volume of Mr. Turner's History of England, Monthly Review for November last, vol. cv. p. 298.

her country, it is equally certain that the soldiers of both armies gave her credit for preternatural inspiration: — the only difference in opinion was as to the *source* from which she derived her power; the French viewing her as an angel from heaven, and the English regarding her as a demon sent from hell. The enthusiasm of a female, young, beautiful, supposed to be spotless, and inspired, was irresistibly infectious; its subtle odor impregnated the surrounding air, and animated to intoxication all who breathed it. To see a modern Bellona, her hair and vestments stained with blood, running with lighted torch through the ranks of an army drawn up in battle array\*, would astonish the Napoleons, and Wellingtons, and Bluchers, of our days: but in old times warfare was conducted differently: besides regular battles, and the siege of cities, personal combats were fought, and contests carried on between garrisons or bands of adventurers who occupied castles and strong holds; and the chivalrous history of those days affords abundant instances of females who have exhibited astonishing proofs of bravery, and who by their own example have rallied the fainting spirits of all around them. Two or three of these rise in our recollection, suggested by the heroine of Orleans, and it may not be unamusing either to relate or to read them.

During the civil wars of France at the close of the sixteenth century, Saland Marquis de Bourbon, Governor of Montargis in behalf of the League, in the year 1590, besieged in her castle of Chatillon *Margaret d'Ailly*, wife of Francis de Coligny who was then with the King. Saland had already obtained possession of the village and the lower court of the castle: but the courageous wife of Chatillon, placing herself at the head of a small band of soldiers, made a sortie on the assailants, killed several, drove away more, recovered the booty with which they had already loaded several carts, and succeeded in making Saland himself prisoner of war, from whom she exacted a very heavy ransom for his temerity. In the following year, another French heroine gave proofs of equal intrepidity. La Chatré, on the part of the League, besieged the small town of Aubigny with 2000 men; and, having effected a breach, on the third day he attempted to take the place by assault. The garrison, consisting of only 800 men, animated by the enthusiasm of *Catherine de Balzac*, a female as generous as she was beautiful, overthrew the assailants,

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\* “ *Ipsa facem quatiens et flavam sanguine multo,  
Sparsa comam, medias acies Bellona pererrat.*”

pressed them with so much vigor that they were driven into their encampments, and thus the place was saved. When the Elector of Saxony had been defeated and taken prisoner by the Emperor Charles V., his wife, *Sybilla of Cleves*, instead of abandoning herself to tears and lamentations, shut herself up in Wittemburg, and by her example, as well as exhortations, encouraged the citizens to a vigorous and resolute resistance ; warning the Emperor to behave towards his exalted captive with the respect due to his rank, as she was resolved to treat Albert of Brandenburg, then a prisoner in her hands, precisely in the same manner in which he should treat her husband. Another heroine, more fortunate indeed than Jeanne d'Arc, but in whose history some circumstances resemble those of the Maid of Orleans, was Donna *Maria Pacheco*, the illustrious widow of Padilla, an undaunted General who often led to victory the forces of the Holy Junta, during the civil war of Spain in 1522. Though not entirely a match for the priesthood, she possessed more knowledge of human nature than the English Regent of France, the Duke of Bedford : whose proposal to raise supplies by appropriating grants that had been made to the church was excessively barefaced, and could never have been palatable, though it might have been somewhat softened by being decently disguised. When her husband was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the Junta, without money to pay his troops, Donna Maria, with a boldness superior to those superstitious fears which often influence her sex, proposed to seize all the rich and magnificent ornaments in the cathedral of Toledo : but, lest the action might offend the people by its appearance of impiety, she and her retinue marched to the church in solemn procession, in mourning habits, with tears in their eyes, and beating their bosoms ; then, falling on their knees, they implored the pardon of the saints whose shrines they were about to violate. By this artifice, which screened Donna Maria from the imputation of sacrilege, and persuaded the people that necessity and zeal for a good cause had constrained her reluctantly to venture on such an action, she stripped the cathedral of every thing that was valuable, and procured a considerable sum of money for the Junta. Padilla, however, was defeated, taken prisoner, and basely led to execution. His widow then bewailed not with any womanish sorrow the death of a husband to whom she was most ardently attached, but prepared to prosecute that noble cause in which he had suffered with redoubled energy. While town after town opened its gates before the arms of the conqueror, the city of Toledo alone, inspired by her, set him at defiance. Her  
courage

courage and abilities, united to the memory of her husband's virtues and his fate, secured her ascendancy over the people: she levied soldiers, and exacted money from the clergy to support them; she employed every artifice that could interest and inflame the populace; for this purpose, exactly like Jeanne d'Arc, she ordered crucifixes to be used by her troops instead of colours, as if they had been at war with infidels and enemies of religion; and she marched through the streets of Toledo with her son, a young child clad in deep mourning, representing the manner of her husband's execution. So obstinate and intrepid was her courage, that the united efforts of force, stratagem, and bribery proved vain against the gates of the city; until the clergy, whose property she had employed in defending the liberties of her country, turned against her, and persuaded the people that she — again like the Maid of Orleans, — had acquired her influence over them by the force of enchantment, that she was assisted by a familiar demon which attended her in the form of a Negro-maid, and that by its suggestion she regulated every part of her conduct.

Jeanne d'Arc was supposed by the English to have the King of Hell for her ally; and this was an alliance which she might well be anxious to disown, although for military purposes it would have answered all her views: but there is every reason to believe that she was strongly imbued with religious feeling; and it was more congenial with her nature, her devotional habits, and her high calling, to fancy herself an instrument chosen for the deliverance of her country by the King of Heaven, while it was an alliance more worthy of her cause and of her character. — It was the fate of the very contemptible and pusillanimous Charles VII., surrounded as he was by a worthless and profligate set of courtiers, to be indebted for every thing to females. *Jacqueline of Hainault* disunited his enemies; *Mary of Anjou*, and *Agnes Sorel*, invigorated his sluggish courage; and *Jeanne d'Arc* led him on to glory and to triumph. Mary of Anjou, his wife, used every effort to raise her imbecile husband above himself; and with this view she laid asleep the jealousy which she must have entertained of *Agnes Sorel*, (*la Dame de Beauté*, as this favorite mistress of the monarch was surnamed,) and co-operated with her rival in rousing him to a sense of what was due to his own dignity and the safety of his persecuted subjects.

Charles caused a complete suit of armour to be prepared, which was made to fit the person of Jeanne; the sword with which she armed herself bore the impression of five crosses; and on her standard was depicted the Saviour of mankind,

seated in his tribunal among the clouds of heaven, and supporting a globe in his hands, while to the right and to the left were represented two angels in the act of adoration.

She set out from Tours and arrived at Blois, followed by her whole retinue, having compelled her chaplain to promise that he would never quit her from that period. She had received from the King the authority attached to a General of the army; and he also especially commanded that nothing should be undertaken without her having been previously consulted.

The Marshals de Rais and Saint Severe, to whose care the escort of the expedition had been confided, soon arrived in safety at Blois. La Pucelle continued in that city for two or three days; during which period she for the first time arrayed herself in armour. Being desirous that a certain number of priests should attend the convoy, she issued orders to her almoner to have a banner prepared, as a particular rallying point for those ecclesiastics; which standard was to bear a representation of Christ upon the cross. These commands were punctually executed. Assembled under this pacific banner, the priests chanted anthems and sacred hymns; while Jeanne d'Arc, prostrate in the midst of them, mingled with their solemn strains the most fervent prayers to Heaven. No warrior was permitted to have any rank in this saintly corps, if he had not on that very day presented himself before the tribunal of penitence. Jeanne strenuously exhorted the soldiers to render themselves worthy of constituting a part of this holy battalion. Every disposition thus made was conformable to the spirit of that era, and could not fail to produce a very lively sensation among the troops; which soon became apparent, as the religious enthusiasm of La Pucelle infused into the soldiery a firm belief that it was impossible they could fail of the victory.

Florent d'Illiers, a very brave captain who commanded at Châteaudun, joined the forces with a certain number of intrepid warriors; who, accompanied by La Hire, made an attempt to enter Orleans with 400 combatants, and succeeded in this enterprise on Thursday the 28th April, 1429.

At this juncture, as we have before stated, the inhabitants of Orleans were reduced to such cruel extremity that their only hope was in obtaining assistance from Heaven: the arrival, therefore, of Jeanne d'Arc, announced as the envoy of God, was ardently looked for. La Pucelle used every effort to set forward from Blois with the expedition, and it was from that city she in the first instance summoned the English to abandon the siege of Orleans.

We said at the beginning of this article that it was not our intention to engage in a detailed history of La Pucelle's life: but they who are so disposed will be amply rewarded by reading these volumes, which contain a large mass of curious and recondite documents, exhibiting on the part of the author a very penetrating and indefatigable spirit of research. There are, how-

however, two or three debatable points in her history, on which we feel disposed, slightly indeed, to touch: but first let us be allowed a word or two, if not in vindication of Shakspeare, at least in mitigation of judgment for the aspersions which he contributed to circulate.

Many of our antient chronicles disgraced themselves by stigmatizing the memory of an unfortunate girl, whose only crime was, — the highest of virtues, — devotion to her country. Some of them, too, wrote after the reversal of her sentence in consequence of depositions from many of the most illustrious and honorable men in France, refuting the slanders which baseness and credulity had grafted on cowardice. The author of the work before us, in an especial manner, expresses his concern that our divine dramatist tarnished his pages by the repetition of the statement propagated by the Chronicles of Caxton and Higden, that, after her trial, the Maid of Orleans adduced the plea of pregnancy in order to escape, or at least to delay her execution. It was doubted whether Shakspeare wrote the First Part of Henry VI.\*: but, be the author who he might, he has undoubtedly so far shaded the lustre of her character; although, in her perilous predicament, the plea of pregnancy would not be generally deemed an unpardonable crime. Shakspeare adopted, in compliance probably with the prejudices of his English audience, the popular tradition that Jeanne, in agony of fear at the horrible death to which she was doomed, pleaded that she was pregnant in order to obtain a respite: — but, on the other hand, what noble sentiments does he put into her mouth. If we listen to her parley with the Duke of Burgundy before the gates of Rouen, can we say that Shakspeare did not intend to pay the highest homage to her patriotism? We must not insert the whole passage, but it opens thus, in a strain of 'soft entreaty and mild expostulation:'

" Bravé Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.  
Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defaced  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
When death doth close his tender, dying eyes,  
See, see, the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds  
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!  
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way!

\* See Malone's Dissertation on this subject, where it is contended that he did not.

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !  
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,  
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;  
 Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
 And wash away thy country's stained spots !"

Act iii. scene 3.

In the fourth scene of the same act, where the heroine is brought captive into the English camp, she is made to portray her own character thus strikingly, and in colors of conscious purity, in her address to the judges :

" Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,  
 By inspiration of celestial grace,  
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
 I never had to do with wicked spirits :  
 But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,  
 Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —  
 Because you want the grace that others have,  
 You judge it straight a thing impossible  
 To compass wonders but by help of devils.  
 No ; — misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in every thought ;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven."

Mr. Southey opens the preface to his epic poem on Joan of Arc by remarking that her history " is one of those problems that render investigation fruitless ; that she believed herself inspired few will deny ; that she was inspired no one will venture to assert." If her life was a problem, so likewise was her death. Besides the question of inspiration, there seem to be three doubtful points in the history of La Pucelle. *First*, the period of her birth ; *secondly*, her virgin purity ; and, *thirdly*, the manner of her death. The *first* question is, chiefly interesting as it bears on the second. Not only do different authors disagree about the date of Jeanne's birth, but one and the same author does not always agree with himself. Monstrelet, a contemporary on whom Rapin most relies in his Dissertation, says, " Now, in the year above mentioned, came to the King at Chinon a young damsel about twenty years old, called Joan," &c. : but, in a note on this passage, Rapin says, " She was then twenty-seven years of age, for in her examination in the year 1431 she declared she was twenty-nine years old, consequently when she came to the King in 1429 she was then twenty-seven years of age." According to this, she must have been born in 1402 : but Rapin, in a note on the first passage in which her name is mentioned, states



states that "she was born in 1407, in the parish of Greux upon the Meuse, in Domremy." So much for his consistency. Thus also the author of the work before us says, in one place, that 'the precise period of the birth of Jeanne d'Arc has not been ascertained, but from what can be gathered in the course of her answers during the trial she was born at Domremy in the month of February or March, in the year 1411.' It is somewhat singular that her own answers on the trial should be quoted as evidence of the truth of two contradictory statements: but the present author, after having stated that the precise period of her birth has not been ascertained, observes at the close of the second volume, in his remarks on M. Guilbert's *Eloge Historique*, 'these assertions are laconic and decisive, but it is necessary to consider some of them: Jean d'Arc was, for a certainty, born in 1412; consequently she was only eighteen.' We cannot adjust these anachronisms: but there is such an overwhelming preponderance of *allusion* to extreme youth in the heroine of Orleans among historians who have written concerning her, and the testimony of Mönstrelet, who was one of the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy, and had himself seen her\*, is so strong, that it would seem perverseness to contend that she was born before the year 1412 or 1411.

With regard to the *second* question, the virgin chastity of Jeanne d'Arc, we alluded in our notice of Mr. Turner's History to the appearance of a female of the same name, some time after Jeanne's execution, who married into a distinguished family, the Armoisies; and who, on being introduced to Charles VII., was most graciously and cordially received by him. We hinted, at the same time, at an obvious inference which some persons would draw, namely, that this female was no other than a natural child which Jeanne had borne in her youth. It would be no difficult matter to propagate such a story: the English had disgraced themselves to the very last degree in their ungenerous and brutal conduct towards the heroine who had vanquished them; and they vied with each other in heaping every imaginable calumny on her character. Who this personage might also be, we shall mention under the next question. If we argue in favor of Jeanne's virginity, it may be observed that it was of the utmost consequence to Charles that the female, undertaking to effect his deliverance, should be of spotless purity; for

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\* He says, "The Duke went to see her at the place where she was lodged (after she was taken), and spoke to her some words, which I have forgot, *though I was present.*"

certain prophecies were current among the people at this period, which went to state that the kingdom of France, lost by a woman, (Isabella of Bavaria,) would be saved by a virgin of the marches of Lorraine. This was current among the English; "*auxquelles révélations estoient jointes les prophéties des Anglois, qui disoient qu'ils avoient une certaine prophétie de Merlin, leur prophète, qui leur prédisoit qu'ils devoient estre destruits en France par une PUCELLE.*" Jeanne was supposed to be inspired, but a sorceress would be inspired by Lucifer; and, according to the notions of those times, the Devil could not enter into any compact with a virgin. The English, therefore, were interested in circulating reports to the prejudice of her chastity, while it would have been an act of folly in Charles to have employed any one as his agent whose chastity was impeachable. Accordingly, Jeanne was obliged to submit to an examination by some of her own sex, at which the Queen of Sicily, Iolande of Arragon, and the ladies de Gaucourt and de Treves, presided; when she was pronounced pure. She was visited likewise by medical authorities; after which a report was made to the King, purporting that she was "*entière et vraie pucelle.*" Before he definitively employed Jeanne, Charles resolved, moreover, on sending into her native country to ascertain the life which she had led, her character, and her morals; and these were found to be irreproachable. Had she given birth to a child at that time, the fact must have been known in her neighbourhood, and the living evidence would soon have been brought forwards by those who were interested in the discovery.

The tribunal, before which Joan was tried, held its fifteenth meeting on the 17th March, 1431;

‘ On which occasion the subject of Jeanne’s male apparel was resumed, when she assigned the following reasons for adopting and retaining it: First, that she had received an order from Heaven to assume it; secondly, that such a dress was better calculated than that of a woman to secure her from the insults of the soldiery; and, thirdly, that her chastity was thereby more surely preserved.

‘ These reasons were well supported by previous facts; for Jeanne had been assailed during her imprisonment by the violence of an English nobleman, (as she solemnly declared to Brother Martin L’Advenu, who was present until her last moments,) as well as by the brutal guards who attended her. Of these evils Jeanne had complained to the Earl of Warwick and the Bishop of Beauvais; but finding that her representations were unavailing, she had been compelled, for the sake of self-preservation, to resume and retain the habiliments of a man, in which she constantly slept.

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The boldness of Jeanne's answers was construed into contumacy by her judges, who consequently pronounced her a relapse.

These brutal proceedings, as we have already stated, continued until the Duchess of Bedford, sister of the Duke of Burgundy, after ascertaining the virgin-state of Jeanne d'Arc, prevented their repetition; and during the whole of the trial her purity was never once called in question.\*

The *third* debatable point is that about which there might seem to be little or no doubt, namely, the manner of her death. In such haste were the English to witness her execution, that scaffoldings were erected in the market-place of Rouen, and the implements of death were prepared, before the sentence of death was finally pronounced.

Two serjeants then repaired to conduct the prisoner from the scaffold upon which she had first been stationed; when she kissed the crucifix, bowed to the assistants, and descended of her own accord, followed by Brother Martin L'Advenu. A troop of armed Englishmen then seized upon the prisoner, and dragged her to the stake with every mark of furious exultation. The Seneschal of Rouen and his Lieutenant were not allowed time to pronounce any sentence against the accused; they were not even consulted; but Jeanne was hurried away to death, invoking the name of the Almighty, and frequently exclaiming: "*Ah! Rouen, Rouen! seras-tu ma dernière demeure? — Ah! Rouen, Rouen! wilt thou be my last residence?*"

At the foot of the stake the mitre of the Inquisition was placed upon her brows, whereon were written these words: "HERETIC, RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRESS;" and on a tablet in front of the scaffold the following lines were traced in large characters:—

JEHANNE, QUI SE FAIT NOMMER LA PUCELLE, MEURTERESSE, PERNICIEUSE, ABUSERESSE DE PEUPLE, DEVINERESSE, SUPERSTITIEUSE, BLASPHEMERESSE DE DIEU, MALCREANT DE LA FOI DE JESUS CHRIST, VENTERESSE, IDOLATRE, CRUELLE, DISSOLUE, INVOCATRICE DE DIABLES, SCISMATIQUE, ET HERETIQUE.

Many of the crowd, whose feelings forbade them to view the consummation of this cruel spectacle, hurried away from the scene of horror. As soon as the wretched Jeanne was fastened to the stake, the executioner set fire to the faggots. On witnessing the approach of the flames, Jeanne cried out in a loud voice, "Jesus!" Brother Martin L'Advenu was so anxiously engaged in preparing the unhappy sufferer to meet her fate with Christian resignation, that he did not perceive the fire rapidly gaining on his

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\* Carte, (in Lenglet, vol. iii. p. 139.) who is silent respecting the atrocious iniquity of the judgment, confesses, "That the chastity of Jeanne was never called in question, even by her greatest enemies, and that her courage could not be sufficiently extolled."

own person; Jeanne, however, grateful for his charity, watched over his safety, and had still sufficient presence of mind and courage to give him notice of his danger, and request him to withdraw. She then entreated that he would station himself at the foot of the scaffold, and elevate the crucifix of the Lord before her, in order that she might contemplate the same in her dying moments; and also that he would continue his exhortations in a tone of voice sufficiently loud for her to hear him; with all which that ecclesiastic faithfully complied. While he was fulfilling this most pious duty, and preaching to Jeanne on the subject of her salvation, the Bishop of Beauvais and some priests of the church of Rouen approached to view the unfortunate girl. On beholding the Prelate near her, Jeanne reminded him that he was the cause of her sufferings and her death; and said, "*Si vous m'eussiez mise dans les prisons de l'église, je ne serois pas ici* — If you had placed me in the prisons of the church, I should not have been here." She persisted to the very last moment in affirming that she had done nothing but by the command of God, and that she did not believe herself deceived in the voices she had heard. Firm in the protestation of her innocence and of the iniquity of her judges, casting around a look fraught with the most agonizing expression, she exclaimed: "*Ha, Rouen! j'ai grand peur que tu n'ayes à souffrir de ma mort!* — Ah, Rouen! I am much afraid that thou wilt have to suffer for my death!"

The executioner, however, sought to shorten her agonies by increasing the fierceness of the flames. Enveloped on all sides by smoke and fire, Jeanne nevertheless continued to call upon Almighty God and the male and female saints of Paradise, and with the last parting sigh of life, as her head dropped upon her bosom, she mentioned the name of Jesus.

When the unfortunate girl was no more, the English, fearful lest it might be said she had escaped, commanded the executioner to withdraw the fire a little, that those who assisted might view the body. After this the corpse was again placed in the flames; and in order that no vestige of it might remain, Cardinal Beaufort directed that her bones and ashes should be cast into the river Seine.

Thus perished, through the perfidious machinations of a few designing priests, who had been bought over to the English cause, this most extraordinary young woman, who had rescued the Gallic monarchy from impending destruction, and had leveled so dreadful a blow at the power of Britain, that the armies of the latter, experiencing defeat after defeat, were ultimately compelled entirely to abandon the French territories. Jeanne was executed on the 30th May, 1431, in the twenty-third year of her age, after enduring for a year the most rigid captivity.

Immediately after the death of Jeanne, the executioner sought out the two ecclesiastics who had officiated during her last moments, and said, with tears in his eyes, that he did not believe God would forgive him for putting the young woman to death;

death; and that he had never before felt so much repugnance at fulfilling the duties of his office.

Jean Tressart, secretary of the King of England, on returning from the place of execution, was heard to exclaim aloud, "We are all lost and dishonoured! a great crime has this day been perpetrated, for a saintly person has been burnt."

The punishment of Jeanne d'Arc was an outrage committed against religion, virtue, humanity, and the law of nations, which, even at the dark period when it transpired, considered as sacred the persons of warriors taken with arms in their hands. — But what endeavours did Charles VII. make to rescue from the power of her enemies the heroine who had preserved his crown and his kingdom; or what steps did he take to avenge her cruel death? History is altogether silent upon this subject. It is truly painful to suppose that either the supineness of the monarch, or the jealousy of the great, should have been the cause of the total abandonment of Jeanne d'Arc from the time when she was taken prisoner before Compiègne. In vain have several authors, and M. Laverdy \* among the rest, sought to adduce, as palliatives for the

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\* M. de Laverdy was the first who undertook to justify Charles VII., but all his reasonings are founded upon mere conjecture. For instance: he pretends, that the King could not propose the ransom or exchange of the prisoner, because Henry VI., as principal leader of the war, possessed the exclusive right of retaining any captive whom he had purchased for 10,000 francs, &c. Suppose we admit this right as well authenticated, (which is not the fact, however positive this author's assertion,) is it very certain that Luxembourg, after having purchased Jeanne, would not have refused to sell her to him who should offer the highest price? And would this Luxembourg, as a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, have been restrained by any motives of giving umbrage to Henry of England, who at that period was obliged to show every sentiment of consideration to the Burgundians? The very reverse of this conjecture results from the procrastinated negotiations. As early as the 14th of July, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had offered ten thousand livres, and it was not until after the 3d of January, six months afterwards, that the bargain was concluded. In short, until it was terminated, Charles had the power of entering into a negotiation for the purchase of Jeanne d'Arc, without imposing upon Luxembourg the necessity of violating, in any degree, this pretended right of Henry VI.; and yet seven months and a half were suffered to transpire from the capture of Jeanne before her delivery into the hands of the Bishop of Beauvais. But in order to cut short every other consideration, where is a solitary proof to be found of Charles having sought to redeem the brave captive, or to rescue her from the stake? There is not a single instance of the kind on record; and yet every historian would have eagerly sought the opportunity of extolling any such act undertaken by the monarch and his council, had he adopted

the conduct of the King and his government, the customs and prejudices of the times: the judgment of posterity has been decidedly passed. The cruel treatment of Jeanne d'Arc must ever be considered as an indelible stain on the memory of that prince whose reign was rendered illustrious by her exploits; from which alone he acquired the title of Charles the Victorious.'

At the close of these volumes is a 'Problem;' in other words, an historic doubt concerning the execution of La Pucelle. We are surprized that it did not occur to the penetrating mind of the author before us, whom we have just seen reproaching Charles VII. for his ingratitude, that in collecting materials to prove that Jeanne died a natural death, that she married into the house of Armoisies, and that she bore a family of children to her husband, he was in fact supplying materials for the best possible defence that can be made for Charles: for, if she actually escaped the horrors of the flaming pile, it must have been by the contrivance of some persons who had the management of the execution, and in all probability who had been employed by the King himself to effect the deliverance of her who had delivered him. It is true, indeed, that he kept himself seemingly inactive and aloof till the ashes of La Pucelle were, or were supposed to be, given to the winds; and then he testified the greatest anxiety to have the sentence reversed which had condemned her to the stake. This seeming inactivity was much better calculated to lull any suspicion of the plot, if such a plot was really going forwards, for her rescue, than a busy and blustering interference would have been. The decree of reversal was pronounced after an ample investigation, in which every deposition came from the mouths of the still living assessors who had officiated at the process of condemnation. The result of the investigation was that the character of Jeanne was pronounced to be free from every blot or stain of infamy; and it was ordained that two solemn processions should take place,

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adopted even the most trivial measure to accomplish an end so truly desirable.

'This may be adduced as a further proof of the good faith displayed throughout by La Pucelle. Had she been tutored by the court to perform the part she played, would not all means have been resorted to for her preservation? would there not have been good cause to apprehend that, either from a justifiable resentment at finding herself betrayed, or with the hope of escaping the fire, she would have unmasked all that had transpired? and how advantageous must such an avowal have proved to the English! On the contrary, from every statement it appears she was uniform in pronouncing eulogies on the King.'

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and "a comely crucifix be erected in perpetual remembrance of the said *defunct* Pucelle." This was passed on the 7th of July, 1456; the tragedy, or the farce, at Rouen, having been performed many years before. Was it a tragedy, or was it a farce? That is the problem: — a question which was first promulgated at Orleans in 1750. The author was Monsieur Polluche, a gentleman well known to the antiquary and the historian on account of various memoirs, dissertations, &c. He left an immense mass of unpublished MSS., which were preserved in the archives of the Orleans family.

The English, as we have already seen, were very careful to destroy the body of La Pucelle, lest any false report should spread that she had escaped from execution; and they commanded the executioner to withdraw the fire a little, that those who assisted might view the body. All their precautions, however, did not prevent the appearance of impostors, who afterward endeavored to pass themselves off for Jeanne d'Arc: — but the question is, did she herself appear?

In the year 1683 appeared in the French *Mercure Galant* for the month of November, a letter addressed to Monsieur de Grammont, which created a considerable sensation; as the author therein asserted that Joan of Arc, better known under the title of La Pucelle d'Orléans, did not suffer death at the stake in the city of Rouen upon the 30th of May, 1431; but that having escaped the power of the English, she was married in 1436 to a gentleman of Lorraine, by whom she had children; in proof of which assertion he published the extract of a manuscript, which Père Vignier of the Oratory discovered at Metz during a journey he performed in Lorraine with Monsieur de Ricey, who repaired thither in the character of intendant. This manuscript was afterwards printed, bearing the title of the Chronicle of Metz, composed by the curate of Saint Thiebaut at the same city, coming down to the year 1445. Father Calmet has inserted it among the documents in his History of Lorraine; and from thence it is faithfully transcribed, from columns cxxi. and cxxii. of the second volume.

"In the year 1436, Sir Philipin Marcouly was prefect of police of Metz; that same year on the 20th day of May arrived Joan the Pucelle of France at La Grange aux Hornes near Saint Privey, being conducted thither to speak to some of the noblemen of Metz; where she assumed the name of Claude: and on the same day came her two brothers; one of them, a chevalier, bore the name of Messire Peter, and the other Little John, the esquire; who believed that she had been burnt, but as soon as they saw her they recognised her, as she did them. And upon Monday, the 21st of the said month, they conducted their sister to Bacquillon, where Sir Nicholas Lowe, Knight, presented her with a mule of the value of 30 francs, together with its housings; and the

the Lord Aubert Boulay gave her a cap, and Sir Nicholas Groignart a sword: and the said Pucelle went forth very dexterously upon the said beast, and communicated many things to the said Sir Nicholas Lowe, by which he knew that she had been in France, being further recognised from many other circumstances to be Joan the Maid of France, who had led King Charles to be crowned at Rheims, and whom many stated to have been burnt at Rouen in Normandy. And upon her departure, several persons of Metz repaired to see her at the said Marieulle, and presented her with many jewels, and ascertained that she was truly Joan the Maid of France; and there was given to her by Geoffrey Dex a horse. Item, When she was at Arelont she was always at the side of Madame de Luxembourg, and great ceremonials took place, until the son of the Count de Warnebourg accompanied her to Collougne; and upon her return to Arelont the marriage was performed between Sir Robert des Hermoises, Knight, and Joan la Pucelle; after which this said Sieur des Hermoises with his wife La Pucelle resided in Metz, in the house of Sir Robert des Hermoises, situated before Saint Segoleine, where they continued during their pleasure."

"The above recital is further substantiated by the marriage-contract of Robert des Hermoises with La Pucelle, which Father Vignier declares to have seen among the title-deeds of the family Des Hermoises; and also in a contract of sale, made by Robert des Hermoises, Lord of Trichiemont, and Jeanne du Lis la Pucelle de France, wife of the aforesaid Trichiemont, of certain possessions which he had at Harancourt; which contract was dated the 7th of November, 1436. In short, these circumstances are further strengthened by the descendants of Des Hermoises boasting themselves in a legitimate line from La Pucelle.

"Subsequent to this period, fresh proofs have been discovered, according to Monsieur Polluche, in support of the opinion of Father Vignier; for having had occasion to consult the ancient registers at the mansion-house of Orleans, that gentleman fell by chance upon that of Jacques L'Argentier for the years 1435 and 1436, wherein he found, under the article of the expenditure of the latter, as follows: "To Renaud Brune, the 25th day of July, for giving drink to the messenger who brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle, who was in his way to Guillaume Bellier Bailly de Troyes: — 11 f. 8 d. par."

"To Jehan du Lils, brother of Jehanne La Pucelle, on Tuesday the 21st day of August, 1436, for a gift to him made the sum of 12 liv.; forasmuch as the brother of the said Pucelle came into the chamber of the said city, requiring of the procurators that they would assist him with some money to return to his sister; stating that he came from the King, and that his Majesty had ordered that he should receive a hundred francs, and commanded that they should be counted, whereof nothing was done, and twenty only were given, of which he had expended 12 liv., whereof only eight remained, which was no great thing for him to return,



return, considering that he was five days on horseback ; and this was commanded in the chamber of the city by the procurators, from which he received 12 liv. pour ce 9 liv. 12 s. par."

' I pass over some articles respecting the manner in which Jean du Lis, the brother of La Pucelle, was feasted in Orleans; that I may at once come to the point.

' " To Cœur de Lils, the 18th day of October, 1436, for a journey which he performed to the said city, in his way to La Pucelle, who was then at Arelon in the duchy of Luxembourg, and for carrying letters of Jehanne La Pucelle whereof he had been bearer, for the King at Loiches, where he was then resident, and which journey occupied him forty-one days: for the same 6 liv. par." On continuing these researches, *Monsieur de Pollucht* found, in the account of Gillies Marchousne for the years 1439 and 1440, and further, some articles dated 28th, 29th, and 30th July, 1439, for wine and refreshments presented to Dame Jehanne des Armoises. And, lastly, " To Jehanne d'Armoises, for a present given to her the first day of August, 1439; after deliberation made by the council of the city; and for the services rendered by her to the said city during the siege, 210 livres; for this 210 liv. par."

' Testimonies of such a decided nature are certainly calculated to raise inward doubts as to the commonly received opinions of the death of La Pucelle in 1431. The account of the curate of Saint Thiebaut, and the extracts from the archives of the mansion-house of Orleans, are demonstrative: since it appears from thence, that La Pucelle, after having escaped from the English, *it little matters how*, visits Metz, where she was previously believed to have suffered at Rouen; she is there recognised by many persons deserving of credit, and in particular by her two brothers. Is it possible that the latter could have been deceived in respect to their own sister, — they, who had served with her in France? John, the elder, two months after, having found his sister, proceeds to Lorraine, in order to find the King, and confirm this discovery; he passes through Orleans on returning to his sister, who three years afterwards repairs herself to that city, where she should certainly be well known, and continues a resident in the town for five or six days; she is there recognised and treated at the expense of the city, which, upon her departure, presents her with no inconsiderable sum; for at that period *two hundred and ten francs* were equivalent to one thousand seven hundred livres at the present period. Can it be imagined that the inhabitants of Orleans were imposed upon; and that if this Jeanne des Hermoises was an impostor, she could have raised and carried on such imposition? The farce must soon have been discovered, as we shall presently demonstrate.

' We will, however, give an additional proof of the opinion entertained at Orleans, that the Pucelle was still in existence. In this same account of Gilles Marchousne, already quoted, is found this regular charge, two months anterior to the arrival of Jeanne des Hermoises:

' " Nine

“ Nine pounds of wax to make four tapers, and one flambeau; for the obsequies of the defunct Jehanne La Pucelle, in the church of Saint Sanxom of Orleans, upon the eve of the Fête Dieu, 1439.” Whereas no similar charge is to be found in the expenses for 1440; nor during that year is any mention made of commemorating any such anniversary.

‘ We may still support the opinion of Father Vignier by a further example. Charles Duke of Orleans in 1443 presented L’Isle aux Bœufs, near Orleans, to Peter du Lis, brother of La Pucelle; stating in such deed of gift that, “ Whereas the supplication of the said Messire Pierre, purporting that in order to acquit himself of his loyalty to the King our said lord and the Duke of Orleans, he quitted his country to join their service, in company with his sister Jehanne La Pucelle: with whom, and ever since her absence, even to the present moment, he has exposed his body and all he possesses in the said service.” ’

Some other corroborating circumstances are adduced, and objections answered, which we have not room to notice. The author says, ‘ *It little matters how* La Pucelle escaped from the English, and accordingly he does not inquire: but to us, ‘ *it matters*’ how she escaped nearly as much as whether she escaped: for they are both now questions of curiosity rather than importance. We have already said that indifference was exactly the mask which Charles VII. would assume to disguise any participation that he might have in her escape; and we have to add another remark, from which the present author will at first recoil: viz. that the Bishop of Beauvais, one of the bitterest and most implacable of all her persecutors, and who therefore receives from him all the reproaches which such inhumanity would merit, was perhaps the very person who managed to save her life. This is at least a charitable conjecture; and the intemperance of his conduct by no means vitiates its probability: for how could he better blind the populace to one object than by diverting their attention to another? He was the last man whom they would suspect of conniving at her escape,—and therefore the most able to effect it. It should be observed that Jeanne was captured within the diocese of the Bishop of Beauvais, who laid claim to the Maid as being her rightful judge, and he insisted on having her sent before his tribunal. Jeanne was not a native of France; and the English king could not pretend that she was his subject, and certainly had no more right to punish her for being a schismatic, heretic, or witch, than he had to punish her for being a rebel. After she had fallen into the hands of her foes, probably by the jealousy and treachery of the French king’s courtiers, she was sold by the Bastard of Vendôme to Jean of Luxembourg, a general officer of the Duke

Duke of Burgundy; and he sold her again to the King of England for 10,000 francs, a sum equal at that time to about \$150/. A writer in one of our periodical works, nearly thirty years ago, first suggested an exculpation for the Bishop of Beauvais. He is accused, said that writer, by all parties, of treachery and trick in the conduct of the trial; it was his known propensity to gain his ends by stratagem, craft, manoeuvre, fraud, and dexterity: he seeks out and brings forward such testimony only as relates to ecclesiastical offences, and then hands over the decision to the secular judges, whose clemency he invokes. Jeanne says to him publicly, "You promised to restore me to the church, and you deliver me to my enemies;" (Villaret, *Hist. de France*, tom. xv. p. 72.) and she exclaims at the scaffold, as we have seen, "*Si vous m'eussiez mise dans les prisons de l'église, je ne serois pas ici.*" The intention of the Bishop, therefore, probably was that the secular judges, for want of evidence, should see no offence against the state; as the clerical judges, notwithstanding the evidence, had declined to see any against the church. A fatal sentence, however, was pronounced, and the fulfilment of it was intrusted to ecclesiastical authorities. Immediately after the *auto da fé*, one of the executioners ran to two friars, and said "that he had never been so shocked at any execution, and that the English had built up a scaffolding of plaster so lofty that he could not approach the culprit, which must have caused her sufferings to be long and horrid." (Pasquier, *Hist. d'Orléans*, liv. vi.) She was, therefore, by some unusual contrivance, kept out of the reach and observation even of the executioners. Some time afterward, when public commiseration had succeeded to a vindictive bigotry, as we have seen from the preceding extracts, a woman appeared at Metz, calling herself Jeanne d'Arc: she went to Orleans, where she must have been well known; she was there received with the honors due to the deliverer of the town; she resided there some years, acknowledged by both her brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc; and she was married to a Sir Robert des Armoisies, a gentleman of very distinguished family in the duchy of Lorraine. This latter circumstance, it is well observed by the author of these volumes, tends to the confirmation of her identity: for "gentlemen of noble houses were at that period very tenacious of entering upon family-alliances without being well aware of the connexions they were forming; and as the nobleman in question had every opportunity of substantiating facts, from the duchy of Lorraine being situated on the borders of Compiègne, the province that gave birth to Jeanne d'Arc, it might

might be imagined that he must certainly have identified the person of his intended bride as the heroine of Orleans, ere he gave her a claim to his name, and thus constituted her a member of his family.' As she must have escaped, therefore, by the connivance and management of certain persons employed to superintend her execution, it may be permitted to conjecture that the *échafaud de plâtre*, as the executioner called it, was a central chimney of brick and mortar, contrived by the Bishop of Beauvais, to withdraw the intended victim from the gaping jaws of death, after she had been exhibited to the populace, and made to ascend the lofty pyramid of faggots.

The author of the work before us has left nothing untouched which can throw light on the history of this interesting heroine. In the second volume we have a description of the festival which has been regularly celebrated at Orleans on the 8th of May, from the time of Charles VII., to commemorate the raising of the siege of that city: we have likewise a catalogue of all the known portraits and historical engravings of the Maid, from picture-galleries, museums, cabinets, &c.; with an account also of the various monuments erected to her memory at Rouen, Orleans, Domremy, and other places; and a catalogue, historical and descriptive, of the most interesting manuscripts and printed works extant, respecting her life and exploits, together with the process of absolution preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. A Dissertation is also added concerning the original minutes of the proceedings at her condemnation and absolution. The commemorative festival at Orleans was suspended during the Revolution, but was revived on Napoleon's accession to power, and is now observed with all possible enthusiasm. During that stormy period, a magnificent monument at Orleans was melted down to form cannon, but another was raised under the consulate of Bonaparte, in 1805, in bronze. Charles VII. exempted the villagers of Greux and Domremy from all taxes on land, and from all aids, pecuniary supplies, and imposts of every description: which exemption was granted at the request of La Pucelle by an edict, dated July, 1429. It was ratified by various succeeding monarchs, but annulled by Louis XVI., as contrary to that principle of justice which requires that public burdens should be equally assessed. Until the period of the Revolution, all the registers of taxation, as they regarded the parishes of Greux and Domremy, bore the words "*Néant à cause de La Pucelle*"—*Extinct on account of La Pucelle*. The writer has also given an interesting account, accompanied by two engravings, of the residence

dence of Jeanne, and of the monument erected to her memory at Domremy. In the year 1818, a resolution was adopted by the authorities of the department of Vosges to raise a sum of money, to render the birth-place of Jeanne d'Arc public property. Louis XVIII. countenanced their wishes for the preservation of her dwelling-place, and for the erection of a public monument; and he did it in the best manner, namely, by founding a public seminary for the instruction of the young countrywomen of the heroine of Domremy, and the humble mansion of La Pucelle is now comprized within the inclosure of the royal school. The interior of the dwelling contains three chambers, the largest of which served for the kitchen, and communicated with the other two; and it is in this chamber that a marble tablet is deposited, bearing an inscription which declares that she was born in the year *one thousand four hundred and eleven*, on this spot. The fountain is of all the existing monuments the most striking:

'On a quadrilateral base, rise four quadrangular prisms supporting a covering of two panes, with the same number of pediments, on which are inscribed the names of the heroine of the department of the Vosges. Under this covering is placed, upon a half column, the bust of Jeanne d'Arc, presented by Louis XVIII. This alabaster figure, which constitutes the principal feature of the monument, is the workmanship of M. le Gendre Héral, professor of sculpture to the Academy of Beaux Arts at Lyons, who has re-produced the image of La Pucelle d'Orléans, represented as a beautiful young woman, robust, and replete with a saintly and generous enthusiasm. Long tresses float gracefully over her shoulders, and her head is covered with the cap or bonnet decorated by plumes of feathers, with which she was represented by those artists who were still living at a period when her features were fresh in the recollection of her contemporaries.'

The artist is M. Jollois, who is said to have observed the strictest plans to insure the durability of the materials which the country has afforded for the construction. — A portrait is prefixed to the first volume, the hair and the head of La Pucelle appearing as above mentioned, and a sword being held upright in the dexter hand. It is stated to be taken from an original picture in the town-hall at Orleans. The habiliments are those of a female.

ART. III. *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps; with Maps, Plates, and an Appendix, containing Copies of ancient Manuscripts, and other interesting Documents, in Illustration of the History and Manners of that extraordinary People.* By the Reverend William Stephen Gilly, M. A., Rector of North Fambridge, Essex; Author of "The Spirit of the Gospel," "Academic Errors," &c. 4to. pp. 520., and Fifteen Engravings and Maps. 2l. 2s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1824.

VARIOUS occasions have called on us to introduce to our readers the singular and isolated inhabitants of the vallies of the Cottian Alps, called Valdenses, or Waldenses; whose Protestant heresy among a Catholic nation, and under a Catholic government, has for centuries subjected them to persecutions and oppressions which, though in a less degree, unhappily still continue to harass them. About a dozen years ago, Mr. Jones published a history of these interesting people, interwoven with a sketch of the Christian church; and in our seventy-fourth volume, N. S. p. 200., we extracted some of the particulars which he had collected respecting them, among which we noted the definition borrowed from Mr. Robinson, that appeared to be explanatory of their name. Connected as Peter Valdo, or Waldo, was with them, that appellation has been supposed to be derived from him: but, according to Mr. R., and to probability, the reverse was the fact: he was so called from his adoption of their tenets; and the title itself signifies merely *Vallies*, from the French and Spanish *Valle*, the Italian *Valdesi*, the Provençal *Vaux*, or *Vaudois*, and the ecclesiastical *Valdenses* or *Waldenses*. M. Lacretelle, however, in his History of France, has not adopted this idea, but speaks of Waldo as the founder of the sect. (See M. R. vol. lxxxviii. N. S. p. 528.)

Some persons imagine, and, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Jones was among the number, that these worshippers derive their peculiar sentiments from Claude, Bishop of Turin; who, without separating from the Catholic church, propagated many heretical opinions at the close of the tenth century. To this supposition, however, as well as to that of their being converted by Oliver of Lyons, a disciple of Pietro Valdo of that city, an important obstacle occurs, besides the etymology which we have just quoted. As the Waldenses do not speak the *patois* of Piedmont, nor the *patois* of Lyons and Dauphiny, how can they have learnt their religion from persons who must have addressed them in one of these dialects? and reading and writing were so uncommon in the dark ages,

that no province can have been converted by manuscript-literature. The rhimed confession of faith, called the *Noble Lesson*, and ascribed in the text itself to the year 1100, is the fundamental document of the Waldenses, and is given at full length by Mr. Gilly in his Appendix, No. II. p. xxv. Now this confession of faith is Provençal; and so is the language of these people themselves, who still understand this *Noble Lesson*, and use with little variation the dialect in which it is written. When Saint Dominic preached against Languedocian heretics, who were protected by the counts of Toulouse, and who differed from the Catholics chiefly in rejecting transubstantiation, and in the consequent neglect of the eucharistic sacrament and of confession, he obtained the institution of a crusade against them in 1210; of which Simon de Montfort (in our history, a zealous friend to political liberty,) availed himself to ravage and conquer the patrimony of the counts of Toulouse. Carcassonne suffered most from his inroads: but Alby also, a celebrated seat of heresy, was laid desolate; and a party of the fugitive inhabitants of that place, finding no near shelter against the ecclesiastical tribunals, went to join their brethren of the faith in Dauphiny. To these refugee Albigenses, perhaps, may be ascribed the first colonization of the Piedmontese vallies. They might carry with them a rhimed confession of faith older by a century than their migration, and would naturally take with them also that dialect which they retain. Lacreteille, as we have mentioned, does not assign this origin to the Waldenses; nor Leger, nor Gilles, nor the earlier authorities of their own: but the last two writers had a desire to throw back the antiquity of the Valdese church; as well as an inconsequential persuasion that, because the *Noble Lesson* was found there, it must have been composed there. We exhort Mr. Gilly, who does not ascribe to Waldo the honor in question, to seek in Provençal literature for the parental opinions of a church which, at the time of the Reformation, proposed to hold communion with the Zwinglians, and not with the Lutherans or Calvinists; although the contiguous influence of Geneva, and the facility for educating the priesthood there, have been supposed to slowly assimilate the Waldenses to the church of Geneva. — Mr. G., however, does not countenance the latter notion, but says that the tenets of the Waldenses were explained to him by one of their pastors as closely following those of the church of England.

I took the liberty of observing to M. Peyrani, that the close intercourse between the Vaudois students and candidates for holy orders and the ministers of the Genevan church rendered

dered it an object of apprehension lest they might become tainted with the Socinian infection of Geneva. He rejected the idea with considerable energy, assured me that the doctrine of the Trinity was still preserved in all its purity by the whole of his community, and shewed me an old Catechism, which he trusted would always form the basis of their belief.'

The community of the Vaudois is divided into thirteen parishes, containing an aggregate population of 20,310 persons, of whom 1700 only are Catholics. They occupy the vallies of Lucerna, Perosa, or Clusone, and San Martino. Not thinking that the subject of these humble but firm "defenders of the faith" has yet been brought sufficiently before the English public, with the requisite continuation down to our times, — aware that many of the older and more important works concerning them are now very scarce and little known, — and wishing at the present time to call more general attention to their history, — Mr. Gilly determined to make a personal inspection of their secluded vallies, to collect every accessible document respecting them, and to throw the whole into the attractive form of a narrative of travels. He has executed his purpose with great zeal, industry, and labor; and he has offered to us the result in a portly quarto volume, handsomely printed, and adorned with numerous pleasing engravings and illustrative maps. After this statement, it is scarcely important to remark that Mr. G. may not be considered as a merely entertaining traveller; and that, though he was so near to the sources of the Po, he did not visit them. His attention, indeed, is every where drawn to pious foundations: but occasional anecdotes and descriptions contribute to enliven the narrative; and the whole work is very creditable to the author, and not unworthy of its dedication 'To the King's most Excellent Majesty.'

We have said that the author had a view to *present times* in this display of the persecution of Protestants by Catholics, and he no doubt refers to the claims of the Catholics of Ireland; in allusion to which he records an anecdote of the late King of Sardinia. When that monarch was pressed by a British Minister 'to ameliorate the condition of the Vandois, he answered, "Do you emancipate the Irish Catholics, and I will emancipate the Vaudois." It was rejoined: "We only beg of your Majesty to concede as much to the Protestants of the valleys as has been conceded to the Roman Catholics of Ireland." The King was silent, but inexorable.' (P. 62.) In another place, (p. 92.) it is said of Lord William Bentinck;

'That



' That British General naturally conceived that he, who had been instrumental in replacing his Majesty upon the throne of his ancestors, had some pretensions to be heard in favour of subjects, who professed the same religion as his own sovereign and himself. He took the earliest opportunity of urging their suit; and at Genoa, before the King could even set foot in the hereditary dominions to which the British arms had restored him, and while he was yet under the protection of a British escort, Lord William Bentinck most earnestly pleaded for the oppressed churches of the valleys. The King listened to the eloquent and feeling appeal with worse than indifference. His determination, most probably, was already made; for in four days afterwards, and on the morning after he had taken possession of his palace at Turin, the ungrateful monarch issued an edict, by which he dispossessed the Vaudois of all that they had enjoyed during his dethronement; and put many vexatious decrees in force, which had been proclaimed against them by his bigoted and intolerant predecessors.'

Such policy and such conduct are in every respect as a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways. — Bonaparte gave an example on this subject that should be both remembered and imitated. When a deputation from the Vaudois had an audience of him, he had a conversation with M. Peyrani, their excellent *Moderator*, which is thus related by Mr. Gilly:

' Buonaparte noticed M. Peyrani immediately, and accosted him in a style of unusual condescension, and even respect.

' N. You are one of the Protestant clergy?

' P. Yes, Sire, and the Moderator of the Vaudois Church.

' N. You are schismatics from the Roman Church?

' P. Not schismatics, I hope, but separatists from scruples of conscience, on grounds that we consider to be Scriptural.

' N. You have had some brave men among you. But your mountains are the best ramparts you can have. Cæsar found some trouble in passing your defiles with five legions. Is Arnaud's *La Rentrée Glorieuse* correct?

' P. Yes, Sire, believing our people to have been assisted by Providence.

' N. How long have you formed an independent Church?

' P. Since the time of Claude, Bishop of Turin, about the year 820.

' N. What stipend have your clergy?

' P. We cannot be said to have any fixed stipend at present.

' N. You used to have a pension from England?

' P. Yes, Sire, the kings of Great Britain were always our benefactors and protectors till lately. The royal pension is now withheld, because we are your Majesty's subjects.

' N. Are you organized?

' P. No, Sire.

' N. Draw out a memorial, and send it to Paris. You shall be organized immediately.

'In consequence of the Emperor's order, the Vaudois clergy were enrolled with the clergy of the empire, and lands were allotted for their provision, which yielded 1000 francs yearly to each of the parochial pastors; and in addition to this maintenance, 200 francs a-year were paid to them from the treasury, for forwarding annually to the government certain copies of registers, and population-returns. At the restoration of his Sardinian Majesty they were deprived of both these payments, and in failure of these resources, the families of several of the pastors were reduced for a time to such extreme necessity, as to depend upon the charity of their neighbours for subsistence. The sufferings of one of the clergy and his seven children were such as the veriest pauper in England does not experience, and to every stranger who visits the valleys, the name of Alexander Rostain, pastor of Ville-seche, or Villa-secca, in the valley of San Martino, is mentioned as that of a minister who has faithfully discharged his duty as a parochial clergyman, and secretary of the Synod, in spite of trials severe enough to bend the firmest mind.'

On his way to Piedmont, Mr. Gilly records and laments the total neglect of the public library at Lyons, and then describes the great hospital of that city.

'For the honour of Lyons, it should be recorded, that if works of literature are neglected, those of humanity are not; and that few cities in Europe can shew more useful or more charitable establishments. At the head of these stands L'Hôtel Dieu, the noblest institution of the kind in all France, perhaps in all the world. It receives under its care the sick, the lame, the wounded, and the insane, *les femmes en couche*, and the foundling. Even the victims of crime and vice, as well as those of accident or malady, find admission here; and, after the example of our blessed Lord, who, when he fed the seven thousand, did not enquire who were sinners, and who were not, its doors are open to all who require assistance. For each description of sufferers, as well for male as female, there is a separate compartment; and upon so large a scale is this establishment, that four thousand five hundred unfortunates may be relieved at the same time. It is supported in part by settled funds and in part by voluntary contributions. I cannot describe the effect which the spacious rooms, the airy halls, and the ample provision for the comfort and convalescence as well as the cure of the patients, had upon my mind. All the beds are furnished with iron posts and frames, and nothing can exceed the cleanliness, the regularity, and the good and tender management, which prevail in this glorious institution. Among other things, it is so arranged, that the position of the altar, and the space allotted for the daily administration of divine service, enable every person in the hospital, whether in his bed or not, to hear the voice of the officiating minister, the whole building being in the form of a cross, and the chapel in the centre.'

From

From this hospital, we presume, the architect Blackburn and the philosopher Bentham derived their schemes of panoptical gaols.

The passage of Mont Cenis is related with interest and spirit; and after the author's departure from Turin, we have the following characteristic description of the great object of his expedition:

' We were obliged to leave our carriage at Perosa, and to proceed on foot to Pomaretto; with a young peasant as our guide, we set out, all impatience, to visit the first Vaudois village in the valley of Perosa. This valley extends to that of Pragela, which was formerly one of the Protestant valleys, is intersected by the valleys of San Martino, and is inserted in most of the old maps as La Valle di Clusone, because it is divided along its whole length by that river. The Protestants are confined to the western side of the Clusone. At the point where we crossed it, near the confluence of the Germanasca, it is an impetuous body of water, which divides itself into a variety of channels, and rushes over masses of rock that are brought down by the torrents from the mountains, and lie in strange confusion in every part of its bed. We could not have passed over less than half-a-dozen wooden bridges, in the space of about three hundred yards: some of them intended for the use of foot-passengers only, and others thrown over the stream for mules and cattle.

' After walking half an hour or more, the village of Pomaretto discovered itself, and seen as it was, in its wintry aspect, never did a more dreary spot burst upon the view. It is built upon a declivity, just where the mountains begin to increase in height and number, with rocks above, and torrents below. There is such a scene of savage disorder in the immediate vicinity of Pomaretto, that one would imagine it had been effected by the most violent convulsions of nature; huge fragments of rock encumber the ground on all sides, and it seems as if the mountains must have been rent asunder to produce so much nakedness and desolation. The street which we slowly ascended was narrow and dirty, the houses, or rather cabins, small and inconvenient, and poverty, in the strictest sense of the word, stared us in the face at every step we took. In vain did we cast our eyes about, in search of some better-looking corner, in which we might descry an habitation fit for the reception of the supreme pastor of the churches of the Waldenses. The street was every where no better than a confined lane. At length we stood before the *Presbytery* of M. Peyrati, for by this name the dwellings of the ministers are known. But in external appearance, how inferior to the most indifferent parsonages in England, or to the humblest manse in Scotland! Neither garden nor bower enlivened its appearance, and scarcely did it differ in construction or dimension from the humble cottages by which it was surrounded. The interior was not much better calculated to give us an idea of the *otium cum dignitate*, which usually appertains to the condition of dignitaries in the church;

and had we not known it before, we should soon have discovered, that additional labour only distinguishes the appointment of Moderator of the Vaudois.'

We wish that we had room for Mr. G.'s long and attractive account of his interview with this amiable and venerable but suffering personage. . . . Though it is, however, too much detailed for entire quotation, we cannot pass over the whole of it, nor omit the concluding anecdote; which illustrates (says Mr. G.) the talents of M. Peyrani, his useful application of them, and the obscurity in which they were buried.

M. Peyrani was upwards of 71 years of age at the time we saw him; the whole of his income did not exceed 1000 francs, or about 40*l.* a-year; and with this pittance he had been obliged to meet the demands of a family, the calls of charity, the incidental expences of his situation as Moderator, and the additional wants of age, sickness, and infirmity. An accident, occasioned by the kick of a mule, had increased the ills of his condition. A large and prominent rupture, and an incurable weakness, were increased by his inability to procure surgical aid as often as he required it.—

We were pre-disposed to respect his virtues and piety, and had been given to understand that he was a man of the first literary acquirements; but we did not expect to find the tone and manners of one, whose brows would do honour to the mitre of any diocese in Europe; nor did we know that he, who was now drooping in a state of the veriest penury, had been, during the French domination, one of the 25 members of the provisional government of Piedmont. —

Our conversation was held generally in French; sometimes we addressed him in English, which he understood, but did not speak; but when I engrossed his discourse to myself, we spoke in Latin, as being the language in which we could not mistake each other, and affording the most certain medium of communication upon ecclesiastical subjects, where I was anxious to ascertain facts with precision. Nothing could be more choice or classical than his selection of words; and I was not more surprised by his fluency of diction, than by the extraordinary felicity with which he applied whole sentences from ancient poets, and even prose authors, to convey his sentiments.' — 'He spoke with so much rapidity, and his thoughts followed each other in such quick succession, that he never suffered himself to be at a loss for words. If the Latin term did not immediately occur to him, he made no pause, but instantly supplied its place by a French or Italian phrase. This animation of manner had such an effect upon his whole frame, that very soon after we began to converse with him, the wrinkles seemed to fall from his brow, a hectic colour succeeded to the pallidness of his countenance, and the feeble and stooping figure which first stood before us, elevated itself by degrees, and acquired new strength and energy. In fact, while he was favouring me with a short history of himself, I might have forgotten that he had exceeded the usual limits of man's short span; and it is impos-

impossible to admire sufficiently the Christian character of the individual, or of the church which he represented, when I recollect the meek resignation with which he submitted to his hard fate, and the forbearance he exhibited, whenever his remarks led him to talk of the vexatious and oppressive proceedings, which have never ceased to mark the line of conduct pursued by the Sardinian government, in regard to the churches of the Waldenses.

M. Peyrani's book-shelves were loaded with more than they could well bear; and when I noticed the number of the volumes which lay scattered about the room, or were disposed in order, wherever a place could be found for them, he told me, that if he were now in possession of all that once were his, the whole of his own, and the adjoining house, would be insufficient to contain them. He said, he had bought a great many himself; but the principal portion of his library was the accumulation of his father and grandfather, and of more distant ancestors; and expressed much regret that he could no longer display the folios and curious old manuscripts that had been handed down to him. I asked what had become of them. "They have been sold," he replied, with considerable emotion: for he had been compelled to part with them from time to time, to purchase clothes, and even food for himself and family!!! —

A few years ago a Catholic Curé, of Geneva, wrote a pamphlet in defence of the adoration of saints, and image-worship. It was much admired, had a great sale, and was thought by the friends of the Curé to be unanswerable. The Protestants of Geneva were burning to see a reply to this able tract, but none appeared, to the disappointment and mortification of every good Lutheran and Calvinist. Just at the crisis of its popularity, Mr. Lowther, the author of "*Brief Observations on the present State of the Waldenses*," happened to be on his visit to the valleys, and in an interview with M. Peyrani expressed his regret that no answer had been made to this redoubtable pamphlet. The Moderator drew some papers from his desk, and shewed Mr. Lowther that he himself had drawn up a reply.

"But why have you not published it?" it was asked.

"Because I have not the means. I cannot print it at my own expence, and know of nobody who will undertake it."

Mr. Lowther begged, and obtained consent, to take charge of the MS., and to send it to the press.

It was printed, had a rapid run, and was so admirably well written, was so convincing, so keen and cutting, that the Catholic polemic bought up all the remaining unsold pamphlets of his own, out of shame. Mr. Lowther assured me that he was unable to buy a single impression, though he offered a louis for one, when he wanted to have it inserted in a volume of miscellaneous articles, and that he was obliged to borrow one, and to have it *written* out in the place of a printed copy.\*

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\* "*Lettre de Ferrari à M. Cellerier*," was the title of the first pamphlet, and "*Réponse à la Lettre de M. Ferrari, Curé du Grand Sacconex, par un Protestant*," was the title of the second.

At

At the village of Angrogna, picturesquely situated on the slope of the mountain, the traveller was received by another of these amiable Presbyters, M. Goante: whose intellectual acquirements were not equal to those of M. Peyrani, but who was alike hospitable and easy under the bonds of very narrow circumstances. The author visited also some of the Alpine cottages of this region, his description of which we must extract:

‘Children driving cows or goats to be milked, and mules and asses to be watered, and cattle seen grazing above our heads, in the upper parts of the mountain, or slowly finding their way home, added life and freshness to the beauty of the scenery about us. The hamlet itself, too, attracted our attention by the novelty of its appearance, and we became anxious to have a closer view of the cottages which adorned it. One of these was built very high up upon the side of the mountain; constructed of coarse stone, uncemented for the most part, but having a little clay or mud to keep together the loose materials, and exclude the wind on the side most exposed to the weather. There was neither chimney nor glazed windows; and the upper chambers were entered by a ladder and gallery. The eaves, or roof, projected all round so as to form a sort of shelter on the outside. This cottage was one of the best and most substantial, and we were not a little curious to see the interior.

‘As we approached we heard the voices of children, and upon opening the door of the lower part, a strange medley discovered itself. Immediately to our right, as we entered, was an infant in a cradle, near it a circle of half-a-dozen children, neatly dressed, and of cleanly appearance, who were repeating their catechism to a young girl, of about twelve years of age. To our left were seen a cow, a calf, two goats, and four sheep; and the motley groupe of living creatures helped to keep each other warm. It was the common sleeping chamber of them all. Leaves and straw generally compose the beds of these simple peasants.’—

‘After we had listened a few minutes to the instruction which the young peasant girl was giving to her little brothers and sisters from Ostervald’s Catechism, we mounted to the upper part of the cottage, in which we found their father and mother. The apartment was about 20 feet square, and offered as curious a sight as that below. Here was a variety of articles of household use, not lying carelessly about, but sorted and disposed each in its proper place; there were cleanly and well scoured vessels for milk, cheese-presses and churns, and a few wooden platters and bowls. We also observed several implements of husbandry, spinning-wheels, and a large frame for weaving; for almost every thing that is worn by these rustics is made at home. On a crate, suspended from the ceiling, we counted fourteen large black loaves. Bread is an unusual luxury among them, but the owner of this cottage was of a condition something above the generality. He had a few acres of his own, and his industry and good management had enabled

enabled him to provide a winter supply of bacon and flour. M. Goante spoke of him afterwards in very high terms, as a steady and honest man, and, *above all, a pious Christian*, and lamented that the father of a family, with the best inclination, could not procure religious books for the education of his children. The Ostervald's Catechism, which his elder daughter had in her hand, was borrowed from another person, and the worthy minister of Angrogna assured us, that elementary and other books of useful instruction were so scarce in his parish, that his poor flock were obliged to separate the leaves of those which they had, and so to pass the detached portions from hand to hand.

The other cottages we entered were of a very inferior order, and had but few of those little comforts, with which in England we desire to see the poorest supplied; and it was quite astonishing to compare the very rude and insufficient accommodations of these people with their civility and information. In their mode of living, or, I might almost say, herding together, under a roof, which is barely weather-proof, they are far behind our own peasantry, but in mental advancement they are just as far beyond them. Most of them have a few roods of land, which they can call their own property, varying in extent, from about a quarter of an acre and upwards, and they have the means of providing themselves with fuel, from the abundance of wood upon the mountains.

In speaking of the barbarities of other times, which were exercised on these poor unoffending people, — barbarities so cruel and so brutal that 'the very recital of them would be sufficient to make the book that contained it a scorn and a horror to society,' — Mr. Gilly adverts to a cavern which was once their refuge, and then gives an account of the manner in which they still gain their scanty and laborious subsistence:

'To escape from such dreadful treatment, the terrified inhabitants of the commune of La Torre contrived to make a secure hiding-place, into which they might escape from the pursuit of their tormentors. Near the lofty and projecting crag which soars above Mount Vaudelin, there was a natural cavern, which, it was found, might be hollowed out to answer their purpose. It was difficult of access, and capacious before they began to work upon it; but, when it was completed, it became a safe receptacle, in which between three and four hundred persons might conceal themselves, and at the same time lay in a supply of provisions for many days' consumption. This cavern was vaulted, and shaped not unlike an oven, with clefts in the rock, which served for windows, and even for loop-holes; and prepared with recesses, which answered the purpose of watch-houses, from whence they might observe the motions of their assailants. There were also several chambers within this vast cave, accommodations for cooking meat, and a large fountain well supplied with water. It was impossible to enter it, except by one hole at the top; and those who were in the secret, could only let themselves down one at a time, and by a  
very

very slow and gradual process, with the assistance of steps, or foot-holes, cut in the rock. In fact, it was like descending into a mine; and one or two resolute men might easily defend the entrance against the assault of any force that could be brought against them. Such was the cavern of Vaudefin, or Casteluzzo; but we could not explore the spot, for the quantity of snow that had accumulated in the passes that led to it; nor am I able to say what is the present state of a retreat, which was once so often resorted to.

‘ But though we were unable to satisfy ourselves as to the ingenuity of the former inhabitants of this region, in an examination of their asylum in the rocks, we saw enough to judge of the industry, and clever expedients, with which the present natives appropriate to their use tracts of land stolen from the rocks and the torrents. Where the sides of the mountain would be likely to fall in, they form terrace upon terrace, in many places not exceeding ten feet in breadth, and wall them up with huge piles of stone. Upon these terraces they sow their grain, or plant vines. In the same manner they rob the Pelice of part of his bed; and when they have brought a small plot of ground to bear, they surround it with an enclosure of stones, and protect it from the violence of the waters. Amidst the ruins of former labours, among black masses of rock, on projecting ridges of the mountain, on the brink of precipices, and on the margin of the torrent, these indefatigable mountaineers hazard their hopes; and in every possible place, and on the smallest spots where a blade of corn can be made to grow, there they raise a little wheat.

‘ It is this extraordinary and indefatigable industry of the Vaudois, which has partly saved them from being dispossessed of the sterile land, which they are yet suffered to occupy. If they had been driven out of the country, none would have been found to cultivate such an unprofitable soil, and the great landlords would have gone without their rents, and the government without its taxes. It not unfrequently happens, that the bad weather sets in before they have carried home the little corn that can be made to grow, or that the frost and snow cover the ground before they can put in the seed for another crop. In these cases, says Leger, the men are obliged to leave what little provisions are spared for the women and children, and to abandon their homes in search of work and subsistence. They return about Easter with the scanty pittance they have earned, to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer, and to save their cattle or furniture, which would otherwise be seized.

‘ At other times, the women themselves, that they may be able to purchase a small quantity of salt, which is very dear in these valleys, are forced to undertake long journeys of twenty or twenty-four miles, to Pinerolo, reckoning the distance there and back again, with immense loads upon their shoulders, (*vont porter des longues perches de melese*,) for which they do not receive above a livre. A stranger would be moved with compassion to see these poor creatures tottering under their burdens, and often sinking  
with



with exhaustion before they can reach their journey's end. Even in those places where the soil is more fertile, the labour is toilsome and disheartening. Carts and waggons cannot be used; except in a very few of the hamlets in the vales; horses and mules are beyond the purchase of most of the peasants; and the only way which many of them have of transporting their hay, corn, and wood, to places of security, or of carrying manure on the land, is by means of large baskets and crates, placed upon their own shoulders. Almost all the vineyards of the higher districts are made on rocky soil, where the earth, in which the vines take root, is brought in the first instance from a distant quarter, and afterwards retained in its place, in spite of the torrents and rains that threaten to wash it away, by expedients which require the constant labour and watchfulness of the vine-dresser.'

The manners and morals of these lowly disciples of Christ are represented as primitively simple and pure. Modesty is a prevailing characteristic of the women; and an 'affecting tale' of a beautiful girl, who died broken hearted by the wiles of a seducer, is related as an instance (p. 198.) of the estimation in which they hold the virtue of chastity.

'They live together in such undisturbed harmony, that, during the whole time I passed in their valleys, I observed no symptoms whatever of broils or quarrels. I heard no angry disputes, and saw no rudeness among the children, or lower sorts of the population; but, on the contrary, witnessed two or three instances of forbearance, and disinterestedness, which were uncommonly gratifying. At Pomaretto there was a groupe of very poor-looking children, who were evidently astonished at the sight of strangers, but there was no rudeness mixed with their wonder, nor did they attempt to follow us. We went up to them, with the intention of dividing some money among the little party. Instead of shewing eagerness, or impatience to share the gift, they all drew back, seeming to refuse what we proffered; and when we pressed it upon them, they pointed out one or two, who, they said, were in greatest want of assistance.'

In the Appendix to our civth vol. p. 520., we gave from a French work a slight sketch of the manners of the people of Bobbio, a village of this Alpine region. Mr. Gilly supplies us with farther particulars, and more worthy of attention:

'It is impossible to take a first view of this most picturesque village, without fancying that it is capable of providing a secure retreat against all the storms of life. But its vicinity to the frontiers of France, and its exposure to the first brunt of border-warfare, with its position under mountains, which pour their torrents with such violence into its bosom as to threaten a general inundation, will soon shew the enquiring visitor, that it is far from being the sheltered corner of his imagination. In fact, there are few of the Protestant communes which have suffered more than this, both from the aggressions of man and the fury of the elements.

'Twice

Twice Bobbio has been entirely destroyed by inundations: hundreds of the inhabitants, almost all their cattle, and every habitation in the vale, have been washed away, by the tremendous force of the waters, which rush like a deluge from the steeps, when the snows melt with more than common rapidity. A rampart, or breakwater, was erected, with the assistance of a subscription raised in Holland, about a hundred and twenty years ago, to protect the village from such fearful visitations. We walked to look at this breakwater, and such a spectacle is beheld at its extreme point as makes the whole frame shudder. A foaming torrent is seen rolling from the mountains, rushing with impetuous haste, and menacing the very piers on which you stand; then precipitating itself over fragments of rock, dashing blocks of stone against the wall, which is built to check its violence, and roaring as if a hundred battering rams were in motion against the jetty. Nature's horrors, and man's resolute perseverance in endeavouring to counteract them, were finally displayed on this spot; and we could judge, from the state of the torrent at this time of the year, what the Pelice must be in the season when it is swelled by continual rains, and the melting of the snows.

But Bobbio has obtained a still more imperishable reputation from its deeds of humanity, than even from its grand work of industry, the breakwater of the Pelice. In the terrible conflicts between the French and the allied armies in 1799, the sick and the wounded of the contending forces received attentions, which were acknowledged, in general orders, by the commanders-in-chief of the French, Russians, and Austrians. But the resources of the villagers were at length so much exhausted, that the means of rendering further assistance were denied them; and, in this destitute condition, their Christian charity hit upon a scheme, which perhaps never before entered the head of persons so situated. "We cannot relieve you any longer," they said to a French party then quartered on them; "our poverty has nothing left; but since our homes can be no asylum to you, we will carry you to your own." The thing seemed impossible: how could men who were suffering under the intolerable anguish of dangerous wounds be transported over the mountains? They could not walk, and their maimed limbs would not allow them to ride. "We will convey you on our own shoulders," was the reply of these good Samaritans of Bobbio; and they did so. They prepared litters, which answered their benevolent purpose; and in this way, upwards of three hundred wounded French soldiers were carried over the Alps, and safely set down in their own country.

It is said that M. Roștain, the late pastor of Bobbio, suggested this most humane scheme, after having expended all he was worth in the world in aid of the sufferers, whom the evils of war had recommended to his humanity, without regard to national prejudices, or enquiring whether the objects of his pity were friends or foes.

This good man toiled afterwards as a day-labourer, to put bread into the mouths of his children, and soon fell a victim to his exertions. Poverty and oppression broke his heart, and the neces-  
saries

series of life were not to be procured at a period of his existence, when he had no longer strength to bear up against deprivations: but his charity did not meet with charity.

At the restoration of the legitimate dynasty, two clergymen's widows were turned out of their habitation, in the middle of winter, to make way for a Catholic priest, who had a small hamlet assigned to him for a benefice, where himself and his woman-servant were the only two belonging to the Roman church. I have reason to fear that the widow of the unfortunate and ill-requested Rostain was one of these widows, who were so cruelly dispossessed.

Cromwell endowed the Valdeese church by a proclamation inviting a national subscription; and William and Mary issued to it a grant, which was farther increased by a bequest of Queen Mary, the interest of which was long paid: but it was suppressed, as we have already mentioned, by the British government when Piedmont became subject to revolutionary France. A great and a worthy object with the present author seems to be the restitution of this benefaction. Much curious historical matter concerning the Waldenses is incorporated in his volume, and in the copious Appendix, (occupying 210 pages,) which is both instructive and valuable. The praise of a pious zeal, the singularity of an unusual pilgrimage, and the merit of bringing before our eyes a most attractive and instructive picture, belong to his enterprize; and may his benevolent intentions be shared by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge in foreign Parts, as well as by the trustees of Queen Mary's bounty. His concluding pages lead us to hope for some such desirable result.

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ART. IV. *Memoirs of Captain Rock.*

ART. V. *Captain Rock detected.*

[*Art. concluded from p. 94.*]

It has been observed, in the former part of this article, that the main difference between the Captain and the Farmer as to the cause of the miseries of Ireland is, that the latter will not allow any evil to be imputed to the existence of a Protestant church supported by a Catholic population: but it must not be inferred that these gentlemen agree on all other matters. The penal laws are a knotty point: but the Farmer speaks in so guarded and subdued a tone respecting them, that, but for a specimen of sophistry displayed by him, and which no Jesuit ever surpassed, we might not have touched on the subject in the present instance. On the old plea of tyrants, *necessity*, he justifies the enactments of the penal

penal code, but at the same time questions the policy of putting them into execution, and condemns their inhumanity. (Ch. vii. *passim*.) This is idle. If they ought not to be executed, they should instantly be repealed, and ought never to have been enacted. He pretends to feel a great anxiety, too, that the claims of the Catholics *could* be safely granted; adding, at the same time, that he does not believe they have had 'any direct influence in causing the disturbances of the country, or that the repeal of them would conduce to the speedy restoration of tranquillity.' The casuistry to which we allude, and which, as usual, is introduced by a boast of high notions concerning honor and national faith, is exhibited in the following passage :

'The penal laws enacted against the Roman Catholics in the earlier times of the Reformation, are now suffered to be in comparative oblivion, and all the violence of party is concentrated in fierce indignation against those which were enacted at the commencement of the last century. These, we are told, were at variance with sound policy, and in contradiction to solemn treaty. *I am one of those who hold, that expediency cannot justify a breach of faith, and I would consider it a foul stain upon the character of the English nation, if a solemn treaty, to which the nation stood pledged, were violated, not by any act of individual rapacity, but by the supreme council of the people.* Is this the case with respect to the treaty of Limerick? The facts are these; in the year 1691, the Generals commanding the army of William enter into engagements, which their monarch ratifies, that the Roman Catholics shall be put into the situation they were in when Charles II. reigned. In 1703, the parliament of Ireland pass an act of pains and penalties on the Roman Catholics, and this is the act which, I believe, is considered a breach of faith. Before I state the grounds upon which the propriety of this act may be supposed to rest, I wish to ask the question, where is the breach of faith? It is evident that there is a considerable difference between treaties entered into with a foreign power, and those which are established between the subjects of the same government. Any law contrary to the spirit of the treaty may in one instance be a breach of faith, because it is an act passed against a nation no way consulted in the passing of it, and in contravention of the league by which the two nations are bound together; but the same thing may take place without the same duplicity between the subjects of the same country, *because the nation, CONSISTING OF BOTH PARTIES, passes the law*; because all parties are represented in the assembly, where its merits are discussed, and because all parties concede their own rights in all cases, for what that assembly decide that the safety of the country requires. I perplex myself with these abstract principles, and must come to the particular case.

' William

' William III. agreed to place the Irish Roman Catholics in the same condition in which they were in the reign of Charles II. ; and what was that condition? it was a condition in which they were to be governed by the legislature of the country, and in which they admitted, that this legislature was endowed with power to make laws for what they conceived to be the good of the nation, even though they bore hard on individuals; of course admitted, *that they were not exempted from its power.* Where, then, is the breach of faith? Certainly, if the treaty were nothing more than a treacherous plot, devised to induce a submission on the part of the Roman Catholics, and of which the violation was contemplated by the contracting parties, it was a flagitious transaction; *but I can find no evidence of such base equivocation.* The treaty was observed; the Roman Catholics were placed in the condition they had held in the reign of Charles II. ; they continued for twelve years to enjoy many of their privileges; the King who sanctioned the treaty had performed, with slight exceptions, his promises; and it was during the reign of a new sovereign and in a new parliament, *exerting that power of which no treaty WITH SUBJECTS could deprive them,* that the act passed, which is termed treacherous as well as impolitic.'

A more complete quibble, than the difference endeavored to be established 'between treaties entered into with a foreign power and those which are established between subjects of the same government,' was never attempted to be passed for reasoning. Even were any thing in it more substantial than the sound of the tinkling cymbal, yet it would not apply to the case. The Irish were hardly to be called the rebel-subjects of King William: they had sworn their allegiance to James II. ; — a dastardly monarch, indeed, who had neither courage nor capacity to lead them in the day of danger: — they looked on him as their lawful prince, and were attached to him for his zeal in favor of their Catholic religion; and it was William whom they considered as the invader, the foreigner, the usurper. "If the principle of the English and Scotch resistance, at the Revolution," says Mr. Burke in a "Letter to his Son" in the year 1793, "is to be justified, as sure I am it is, the submission of Ireland must be somewhat extenuated. For if the Irish resisted King William, they resisted him on the very same principle that the English and Scotch resisted King James. The Irish Catholics must have been the very worst, and the most truly unnatural of rebels, if they had not supported a prince whom they had seen attacked, not for any designs *against* their religion or their liberties, but for an extreme partiality for their sect; and who, far from trespassing on their liberties and properties, secured both them and the independence of

their country in much the same manner that we have seen the same things done at the period of 1782." When the King had saved his life by running away, the Irish army, with the brave Generals whom he had deserted, Sarsfield, and the Dukes of Berwick and Tyrconnel, repaired to Limerick. William followed them, flushed with the victory of the Boyne, but was obliged to retreat before the invincible bravery of the garrison, who literally filled up the breach in the wall of the besieged city with their bodies. Compelled to raise the siege, he retired to Waterford, and thence embarked for England, leaving the command of the army to General Ginckel, a humane and excellent officer.

We are obliged to enter into a few particulars, in order to shew the spirit of this transaction. Galway had fallen before the arms of Ginckel, who allowed the most honorable conditions: the garrison marched out with the honors of war, and *were conveyed to Limerick*: to the Governor and inhabitants of the town was granted the full possession of their estates and liberties; and "the Romish clergy and laity," says Leland, "were allowed the private exercise of their religion, their lawyers to practise, and their estates gentlemen to bear arms." On the *second* siege of this city, the English General offered similar conditions to the Governor, and they were accepted. It was on the 3d of October, 1691, that Limerick, together with all other garrisons then held by the Catholics of Ireland for King James, was surrendered to General Ginckel on certain articles, freely and solemnly agreed, which were ratified by King William and Queen Mary, under the great seal of England; and in the year 1692 they were also ratified by an act of the Irish parliament.

The first article of capitulation was in the following terms: "The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles II.; and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavor to procure the said Roman Catholics such farther security, in this particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon account of their said religion."

The second article is too long for transcription, but the purport of it is that the officers and soldiers of all garrisons in the kingdom, then in possession of the Irish, who should submit to their Majesties' obedience, shall enjoy all their estates of freehold and inheritance, and all rights, privileges, and immunities which they had possessed, or to which they were intitled, in the reign of Charles II.; that all and every person, of what profes-

profession, trade, or calling soever they be, shall or may use, exercise, and practise their several professions, trades, and callings, as freely as they used, and exercised, and enjoyed the same in the reign of King Charles II. Gentlemen were allowed to carry arms; and by the ninth article of capitulation it was stipulated that the oath, to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their Majesties' government, "shall be the oath of allegiance, AND NO OTHER." These and other articles King William ratifies for himself, his heirs, and successors, as far as in him lies, confirming the same, and every clause and matter therein contained. They were signed by General Ginckel on the 3d of October, 1691; and Sarsfield, and the Catholics of Ireland individually and collectively, sheathed their swords on the faith of them, confirmed as they afterward were by the plighted honor of the sovereign personally. The struggle between England and Ireland accordingly closed with the treaty of Limerick.

Yet how was the honor of the monarch and of the English nation maintained? For a full answer to this question, we would refer to Mr. Henry Parnell's "*History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics, from the Treaty of Limerick to the Union.*" Before one short month had expired, the English parliament violated the treaty: for they excluded Catholics (by a vote on the 22d of October) from the Irish houses of Lords and Commons, by compelling them to take the oaths of *supremacy* as well as allegiance, before they were suffered to sit. In 1695 they were deprived of all means of educating their children, either at home or abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians also to their own children: all Catholics were disarmed, and all the priests banished. In 1704, March 4., it was enacted that any son of a Catholic who would turn Protestant should succeed to the family-estate, which, from that moment, could not be sold, charged with debt, or legacy; and any child declaring himself Protestant, however young, was to be taken away from his Catholic parents and delivered over to the guardianship of some Protestant. No Protestant was allowed to marry a Papist, and the priest who should perform this forbidden ceremony was liable to be hanged: no Papist was permitted to purchase land, or even to take a lease beyond thirty-one years. By one of the clauses of this perfidious and desolating bill, no Papist was suffered to hold any office, civil or military; nor to dwell in *Limerick* or *Galway*, except on certain conditions; nor to vote at elections, nor to hold an advowson. We shall not attempt a detail of the bloody and ferocious laws which, at sundry times, have been enacted against the Catholics of Ireland since the treaty of Limerick; the violation of which

is defended, as we have seen, by the 'Munster Farmer' through one of the most disgusting quibbles which the perverse ingenuity of man ever devised. The political, civil, and religious privileges of the Irish Catholic were guaranteed by the articles of Limerick, every one of which was broken by the English and the Irish parliaments. We have accused the Catholics of an odious maxim, that "no faith is to be kept with heretics:" but they disown it, and have thrown it away, and the 'Munster Farmer' has dirtied his fingers in picking it up. The articles were at first broken because the Irish nation was disarmed and divided, and now the violation is defended by a sophistry worthy of the cause in which it is employed. The 'Munster Farmer' himself may scarcely merit the honor of a knock-down blow from the shilelah of such a champion as Mr. Burke: but as he has judged it proper to flourish his own over the head of the hand-bound Catholic, it will excite no compassion to see him laid prostrate. Mr. Burke, in his "Tracts on the Penal Laws," has anticipated a reply to this casuistry, which we must abbreviate, though reluctantly. Speaking of these laws, he observes:

"They are unjust, as being contrary to positive compact and the public faith most solemnly plighted." — "But it is said that the legislature was not bound by this article, as it had never been ratified in parliament. I do admit that it never had that sanction, and that the parliament was under no obligation to ratify those articles, by any express act of theirs. But still I am at a loss how they came to be the less valid in the principles of our constitution by being without that sanction. *They certainly bound the King and his successors: the words of the article do this, or they do nothing*; and so far as the crown had a share in passing these acts, the public faith was unquestionably broken. In Ireland, such a breach on the part of the crown was much more unpardonable in administration than it would have been here." \* — "Nothing is more evident than that the crown was bound, and that no act can be made without the royal assent. But the constitution will warrant us in going a great deal farther, and in affirming that a treaty executed by the crown, and contradictory of no preceding law, is fully as binding upon the whole body of the nation as if it had twenty times received the sanction of parliament; because the very same constitution which has given to the Houses of Parliament their definite authority, has also left in the crown the trust of making peace, as a consequence, and much the best consequence, of the prerogative of making war. If the peace was ill made, my Lords Galway, Coningsby, and Porter were responsible, because they were subject to the community.

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\* On account of the various checks which the constitution of Ireland interposed to the passing of any act however insignificant, and which Mr. Burke enumerates.



But its own contracts are not subject to it: it is subject to them, and the compact of the King was the compact of the nation. Observe what monstrous consequences would result from a contrary position. A foreign enemy has entered, or a strong domestic one has arisen in the nation. In such events the circumstances may be, that a parliament cannot sit. This was precisely the case in that rebellion in Ireland. It will be admitted, also, that their power may be so great as to make it very prudent to treat with them in order to save the effusion of blood, perhaps to save the nation. How could such a treaty be at all made if your enemies or rebels were fully persuaded that, in those times of confusion, there was no authority in the state which could hold out to them an inviolate pledge for their future security, but that there lurked in the constitution a dormant but irresistible power who would not think itself bound by the ordinary subsisting and contracting authority, but might rescind its acts and obligations at pleasure? This would be a doctrine made to perpetuate and exasperate war; and on that principle it directly impugns the law of nations, which is built upon this principle, that war should be softened as much as possible, and that it should cease as soon as possible between contending parties and communities. The King has a power to pardon individuals: if the King holds out his faith to a robber to come in, on a promise of a pardon of life and estate, and in all respects a full indemnity, shall the parliament say that he must nevertheless be executed, that his estate must be forfeited, or that he shall be abridged of any of the privileges which he before held as a subject? Nobody will affirm it. In such a case, the breach of faith would not only be on the part of the King who assented to such an act, but on the part of the parliament who made it. As the King represents the whole contracting capacity of the nation, so far as his prerogative unlimited by any precedent law can extend, he acts as the national procurator on all such occasions. What is true of a robber is true of a rebel; and what is true of one robber is as true, and is a much more important truth, of one hundred thousand."

The principle that all treaties and all capitulations between contending parties, as well in civil as in foreign warfare, should be held sacred, is of such inestimable importance, that we need offer no apology for exposing the baseness and the impolicy of any subterfuge or quibbling which attempts to evade it. Destroy that principle, and what confidence can be reposed in any protestations of national honor, justice, truth, or humanity?

Let the 'Munster Farmer' call to mind his own remark on the conduct of Sigismund in violating the safe-conduct of John Huss. 'If such a monstrous breach of faith,' says he, 'as that of which Sigismund was guilty, lost all its baseness and criminality because committed against a heretic, many other crimes committed with a similar intention become

equally pure.' Let us compare the conduct of William with that of Henry IV. of France. "*Mon ami,*" said he to his memorialist, the Duc de Sully, "*Mon ami, souvenez vous que la principale partie d'un grand courage c'est de se rendre inviolable dans sa parole ; vous ne me verrez jamais manquer à celle que je donnerai.*" Henry was truly a man and a monarch of his word. Sully relates that at the siege of Fontenay, during the wars of the League and while Henry was yet King of Navarre, when he had nearly effected a subterraneous passage into the town, the garrison desired leave to capitulate. Articles were accordingly drawn up, under the dictation of Henry himself: but so implicit was the confidence placed in the inviolability of his word, that the besieged would not suffer any writing to be signed. Nor had they any reason to repent of their confidence. Gratified with so flattering a testimony, he yielded to the inhabitants more than he had promised, preserved the city from pillage, and granted all the honors of war to the garrison.—This was not a solitary instance of confidence. When he united his forces with those of Henry III. to quell the civil tumults which were then raging in France, the towns of Jargeau, Pluviers, Etampes, Poissy, Pontoise, and many others enumerated by historians, required no other surety, when capitulating, than the promise of the King of Navarre; which they all regarded as inviolable, and which they preferred to any documents signed by the King of France.

Limerick was surrendered on the express condition that the Papists of Ireland should have the free enjoyment of their religion, unfettered by civil penalties and incapacities: but the spirit of persecution never raged more bitterly against them than during the whole of the next hundred years. It abated during the latter part of the reign of George III., and there is every reason to believe that the personal feelings of the present King on this subject are enlightened and humane: but Bigotry is another Proteus which can take a hundred shapes, its essence remaining still the same. The bigot may assume the garb of humanity and mildness;—as ladies of easy virtue assume the demeanor and bashful looks of modesty, the better to hook their prey. The Catholics of Ireland demand, to this hour, the fulfilment of the treaty of Limerick, and they have a right to it.

The 'Munster Farmer,' having descanted on the virtues of the Protestant church in Ireland, preserving at the same time a very eloquent and expressive silence as to the enormity of its revenues, breaks out at last into a proposal which might well startle us. 'Let the government,' says he, 'consider  
Ireland

Ireland as at this moment a newly conquered country. Let them not confine themselves to petty and isolated grievances, but examine with patient resolution the whole state of our distracted land: let them examine the character of the peasantry, the conduct of the gentry, and the operation of the church; and having arrived at the real cause of Ireland's affliction, let them unhesitatingly cut it off. If the church establishment be the unsound part, in the name of God, root it out,' &c. &c.. This is all that any body can ask; and the race of the *Rocks* would be soon extinct were such an inquiry honestly conducted, and its consequences fearlessly carried into execution. Though, however, the Farmer thus offers the holy of holies to profane inspection, it is not till he has cautioned the vulgar that they will be dazzled with its beauties and blinded by its pure empyreal effulgence. As well may you look for a poisonous weed in Paradise, or a tainted soul in Elysium, as for any speck or flaw in the church: but examine it, gentlemen, if you have the rash courage to venture on the task; 'in the name of God' examine it.

As tythe and penal laws have no direct operation in producing the wretchedness of Ireland; and as the peasantry, it seems, are very *indifferent* on the subject of emancipation, and know that they might 'as well expect warmth from the stars as hope to derive benefit from a measure, which could do little more than gild the very summits of society;' they are told to refer their grievances to excessive rents, redundant population, and the interference of middle-men between themselves and their landlords. To remedy the first, after a legislative inquiry into the fact of its existence, the result of which is very broadly insinuated, it is proposed to fix a maximum of rent!!! and to relieve debtors from a proportion of their incumbrances by robbing their creditors!!! These suggestions are thrown out, we presume, as preliminary to a new system of morals and political economy. To avoid being suspected of exaggeration, we give the passage:

'If it be found on inquiry, that the gentry have been the cause of our sufferings, that the poverty of the people has been at once the consequence and the cause of their multiplied oppressions, what measures ought the government to adopt? I think it should first be resolved to *lighten the burden of excessive rents, which are the primal obstructions to all hope of improvement*. Let it be determined what portion of the produce of the soil should be regarded as the fair rent of it, and let an act be passed for Ireland (in England it would be unnecessary) defining this *natural rent*, and providing that, whatever might be the amount of the nominal

*nominal rent, the tenant who paid a sum equal to the value of the natural, should stand acquitted. The incumbrances affecting the estates of our Irish gentry would make this a ruinous measure to them; and therefore it would be just to lighten all their incumbrances so as that they might bear to their diminished revenues no higher proportion than they had borne to the nominal incomes of former years.'*

From what we have heard of the conduct of proctors and middle-men, we have no more tenderness for them than the 'Munster Farmer' has, and leave them to writhe under his lash *ad libitum*. As to the surplusage of population, we have not room to enter on that subject now, and it is the less necessary as we see no reason to change the opinion which we have so often expressed. There is hardly a more fertile region under the sun than Ireland: its females are not more prolific than its soil: it has yet millions of acres of good land uncultivated, or unproductive from bad culture; and of these a large proportion belongs to the church. As a proof of the fertility of the soil and the bad system of its culture, it is no uncommon thing to have eight or ten crops of corn taken from it in uninterrupted succession; it is then allowed to recover itself by rest, which it does in the course of two or three years. If skill, capital, and security for capital, were introduced into Ireland, it would maintain more than double its present population, in abundance. There was no scarcity of food even in the midst of that frightful famine of which hundreds died two years ago: the want was of money to purchase it, and of a profitable employment of labor to obtain that money.

We have almost lost sight of the Captain in attending to the Farmer. Though a very stout-hearted hero, he confesses that he has, once or twice in his life, felt a momentary, but only a momentary, alarm for the Rock interest by the appearance of some transient symptoms of justice, humanity, and wisdom in government. The storm-bird sickens in a calm; and the prosperity of his family seemed to be placed in some sort of jeopardy by certain concessions to the Catholics in the year 1793, which, although most ungraciously bestowed, he feared might have been the forerunner of such a degree of liberality as would have alienated to the crown the allegiance of the great majority of his followers. The appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam was a frightful omen: but the Captain called to mind the repeated warnings of his father, never to let his confidence in the Rock cause be shaken by any delusive appearances of liberality and justice in the government; and he soon found, from the removal of Lord Fitz-

Fitzwilliam, and from another measure, which by a whimsical figure of Hibernian rhetoric is called the UNION, that he had nothing to fear: the elements of discord were left unquenched. "Long life to ascendancy, orangeism, and exclusion!" *En passant*, this reminds us of a story in the "Spectator" which is particularly applicable. The Sultan Mahmoud, by his wars abroad and tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. His vizier, it seems, had learnt of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds; and as he was returning one evening with the Emperor from hunting, they saw a couple of owls on a tree which grew near an old wall, out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," said the Sultan, "what those owls are saying to each other: listen to their discourse and tell me." The Vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls; and on his return to the Sultan he said, "Sir, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan, however, insisted on learning what the owls had observed. "You must know, then," replied the Vizier, "that one of these owls has a son and the other a daughter, between whom they are now on a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle on your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion: to which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud! While he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages." So may Captain Rock exclaim, "Long life to ascendancy, orangeism, and exclusion! While they reign over us, the Rocks will prosper." The story goes, however, that the Sultan was so touched with the fable that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forwards consulted the good of his people: while the owls were disinherited, and "to the moon complained" of those that had thus sacrilegiously molested "their ancient solitary reign."

Captain Rock seems to have no fear of disinheritance.

I have already, in a preceding chapter, acknowledged, that the lucid interval of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration alarmed me. At that moment, could I have introduced myself, as a sort of political Mephistopheles, into the confidence of Mr. Pitt, I would have said to him, "Great minister! this will never do:—it is contrary to the whole natural course of rule in Ireland. Here is Lord Fitzwilliam, not only about to deprive of their birth-right that select knot of Protestant gentlemen who have derived from  
their

their ancestors the privilege of misgoverning Ireland, — but even forming a plan to introduce, in place of their monopoly, a system of law, moderation, and equal rights. Never was such a thing heard of since the days of Brian Borumhe !

“ Still worse : — there is, at this moment, a conspiracy organizing ; and such a one as a government with any taste for phlebotomy would rejoice at. It is, as yet, confined to the Protestants and Presbyterians of the north ; but the Catholics, if left in their present state of discontent, or, at all events, if goaded according to the old established method, will inevitably join it. Yet, so lost are the examples of history upon Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Grattan, that — instead of availing themselves, as they ought, of such a glorious opportunity for confusion, — they are actually, while I address you, meditating a measure, which will content the Catholics, disconcert the United Irishmen, squeeze the black drop (as the angel did with Mahomet) out of the heart of the Protestant ascendancy, — and, in short, make eleven-twelfths of the people happy and peaceable, to the utter extinction of the tyranny and mischief of the remaining handfull !

“ This, I repeat it, will never do : — shades of Sir William Parsons and Primate Boulter forbid it ! You must recall Lord Fitzwilliam ; — restore the Ascendancy to that power, which it knows so well how to abuse ; — send us over a governor, not too wise, who will let Lord Clare and the Beresfords be viceroys over him ; — give full loose to the loyalty of the Orangemen, those hereditary scourges of the country ; — let them again yell in the ears of the Catholics the old Cromwell cry of, ‘ To Hell or Connaught,’ and, lest any fear of the laws should damp their generous ardour, let Indemnity shine out in the distance, as their beacon through desolation and blood ; — confine not the exercise of tyranny to the government, but delegate it throughout the whole privileged class ; and multiply the scorpions on your whip, till you leave no single part of your victim un-reached by them : — ‘ do this, and Cato will be Cæsar’s friend :’ — do this, and, depend upon it, the results will be such, as even the ‘ wisdom of our ancestors’ would not have blushed to acknowledge.

“ In the first place, by your adoption of this system, we shall none of us be disappointed of our rebellion ; — neither the faction of the Rocks, whom centuries of defeat have not discouraged, nor the faction of the Ascendancy, whom centuries of triumph have not satisfied. In the next place, by lashing up the lowest of the populace, into a fury as blind as that of the Cyclops in his cave, but only the more ferocious for being unenlightened, you will throw the tarnish of Bigotry over the banner of Freedom, and bring disgrace for ever upon the cause of the people in Ireland. In the third place, by the opportunity of abundant blood-letting, which the popular inflammation you have provoked will furnish, you will be enabled to cool down the temperament of the country, into a state tame enough for the reception of a Union ; — and, finally, by that act, will deliver up Ireland, bound hand and

and foot, into the fangs of Captain Rock and the Ascendancy, to be their joint prey through all succeeding times."

'Such was the advice, dictated by the truest spirit of Rockism, and founded on a familiar acquaintance with the wisdom of other times, which I would, at that moment, have given words to whisper into the ear of the British minister. But I soon found it unnecessary.'

The Rocky biographer brings down his narrative no lower than the *Union*, 'when the boon of emancipation was temptingly held to the lips of the Catholic, like that dear-bought draught at Cleopatra's banquet, *with the pearl of his country's independence dissolved in it!*' Since that event, his time has perhaps been too much occupied in *active service* to allow leisure for literary pursuits. No Newgate hero ever gave a more stimulating account of his exploits; and we doubt even whether the ingenious author of the "*Irish Melodies*" could have thrown a more poetical cast of character over a narrative of historical facts, had the gallant Captain been fortunate enough to engage the aid of his fascinating pen.

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ART. VI. *The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah*; a Poetical Romance, in Ten Cantos. By M. P. Kavanagh. With a prefatory View of the Poem, by M. M'Dermot, Esq., Author of "A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste," &c. 8vo. pp. 400. 10s. 6d. Boards, Sherwood and Co. 1824.

WE render full justice to the benevolence of Mr. M'Dermot in befriending a distressed child of song, and in enabling him to bring his production into the world; and we are far from being unmindful of the many chaste and sparkling beauties with which the '*Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah*' are interspersed:—but we must be allowed to remark that the editor, in his commendatory preface, has pitched the tone of his panegyric much too high; and that, by claiming for the poem more than it is justly intitled to receive, he has but exposed its defects to a more rigid examination. Shakespeare and Spenser are mighty and revered names, and ought not to be degraded by unthinking comparisons with a new and almost untried author. It is perfectly true that Mr. Kavanagh, whose misfortunes we commiserate, has evinced considerable powers of pathos: but, to establish this fact, was it necessary to deny those powers to the immortal bards whom we have just named? That any modern critic should have hazarded such an excentric proposition, may well be deemed so incredible, though we have on former occasions met with some  
extra-

extraordinary opinions from Mr. M'Dermot's pen, that we subjoin the following passage from the preface:

'In the pathetic, "*The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah*" is not only different from, but evidently superior to the "*Faerie Queene*." Spenser is always cool and collected, and makes his lovers speak the language of reason instead of the language of passion. This, however, was the fault of his age. It produced no writer who excelled in the pathetic. It was an age of stiffness and formality, — of pomp and ceremony, — of pedantry and affectation. I doubt if a single line can be quoted from any writer of his age, or for half a century after, that breathes the pure and genuine language of love. Shakspeare, it is true, excels in describing the more terrific scenes of nature, and the more violent commotions and agitations of the mind; but is there any thing soft, any thing tender, any thing melting about him? Whoever thinks there is, must claim no acquaintance with him. Shakspeare had more of mind than of feeling, — more of passion than of sensibility, — more of roughness than of delicacy, — more of the savage than of the gentleman. But let us not blame him: he was as refined as his age would suffer him to be. He could not surmount the influence of circumstances, and therefore, however willing we may be to extol him, we must always bear in mind, that he was a total stranger to the softer affections of the soul, and that he knew as much of sentimental love as a mere metaphysician. I say mere, because a metaphysician may be as well acquainted with human feeling and passion, and all the emotions of the heart, if he has not exclusively confined his attention to abstract inquiry.'

Leaving it to the admirers of Spenser to point out the many passages of exquisite feeling which are so frequently recurring in the "*Faerie Queene*," we might perhaps be disposed to comment on the indecorous assault on Shakspeare, did we not reflect that it would be repelled instantaneously, and with proud contempt, by those who are acquainted with his innumerable and matchless beauties; — by all who have hung with pity and with sadness over the sorrows of Desdemona, the unmerited agonies of Imogen, the sweet-souled simple affections of Juliet, and the tender affecting piety of Cordelia. We will not condescend, moreover, to notice the author's string of antitheses, concluding with the insinuation that our great poet 'was more of the savage than of the gentleman.' The reproach carries with it even its own refutation. Poor Kavanagh, however, is not responsible for the taste of his editor; and if he be endued, as we think he is, with the feelings and perceptions of a poet, he could not possibly have had a share in such strange censures, but will create an additional claim to public approbation by taking the earliest opportunity of disclaiming them.

A poet-



A poetical romance of chivalry, consisting of ten cantos, and composed in strict imitation of the "*Faerie Queene*," must be a chain of adventures rather than a compact and concise story. We do not attempt, therefore, to give the argument of *Lucan and Dinah*, but confine ourselves to the selection of some passages of great beauty, which will vindicate Mr. Kavanagh's title to the present patronage of the public, and the anticipation of its being strengthened by some future and more labored effort.

Dinah, in the first canto, wanders in quest of her knight Lucan. Meeting with a strange warrior on her route, her fears on that occasion, and her feelings on hearing the lament of a bard, are thus described :

- ' As some fair vale, on summer's day o'erhung  
By stormy clouds, heaven's great aerial fleet,  
Sees darkness range her pleasant bow'rs among,  
And all her oaks bend down the shock to greet ;  
But if far-faring winds the squadron meet,  
Them, straightway, do they lead to other skies ;  
And soon the vale, escap'd such ruin great,  
All joyous seemeth, — fair her oaks uprise,  
And light through pleasant bow'r, in place of darkness, hies.
- ' So glad the maid t' have 'scap'd impending ill ;  
But now, not farther on her way, she goes,  
When just close near, and near the distant hill,  
Again the tender song of pity rose.  
Sweet was the strain, as ever strain of woes ;  
Of griefs it seem'd to tell, — such as possess  
The soul whence ever bitter anguish flows,  
Without one hope to even have it less,  
But e'er to bide in such, — Oh height of wretchedness !
- ' " Sad is the song of grieving in the night,"  
Then Dinah said, touch'd with the mournful tale !  
In truth, ag'd bard, thou seemest in sad plight,  
A friendless here, far from thy native vale,  
Assail'd by all which may the sad assail,  
If I guess right. — Oh fate ! less hard thy hand,  
When half thy ills o'er half the world prevail,  
Than when thou doest but one alone command  
T' oppress the friendless distant from his native land !

A chivalrous encounter is described much in the manner and somewhat in the spirit of Spenser.

- ' So did Timerdin Lucan 'scape thro' flight ;  
Which soon three other knights do imitate ;  
For ne'er before saw they their chief at fight,  
And deemed his valour of the highest state,

And

And hence, much fessed who put him to retreat;  
 But he who 'bides did well Timerdin know;  
 He doth not think Lucan a knight so great;  
 And now, tho' lone, hoping his overthrow,  
 'Gainst him the spear to hurl doth bend his body low.

' It comes aloft, and Lucan does him bend;  
 But ere it reaches where the knight doth stand,  
 It so unwieldy did the other send,  
 It meets, in its mid part, a tree at hand,  
 And broken flies about without command:—  
 The shield would Lucan raise to guard the head,  
 But ere he might, that part held by the hand  
 Against his temple with such fury sped,  
 That on the ground he falls, as knight that had been dead!

' As when some mighty cliff, high up in air,  
 Hearing the roar of Jove 'long heavens run,  
 And seeing now his bolt descending drear,  
 With cloud enwraps his head, the shock to shun,—  
 But late,— the havock is already done:—  
 From off a rock it broken did rebound,—  
 And so apart the cliff's tall front doth stun,  
 That groaning deep, he falls upon the ground,  
 With all his craggy arms in ruins scatter'd round.

' So, fallen too, the mighty Lucan lay.  
 The stranger knight with shouts doth heaven rend,  
 And turning to the maiden now, 'gan say,  
 "Behold that man who would thee late befriend!—  
 How soon my arm him lifeless did extend!"  
 He said, and call'd for those who from him flew,—  
 And 'gain he doth a shout to heavens send;  
 And now his shining sword all hasty drew,  
 To lop the head from him, that his long spear o'erthrew.'

The beginning of canto iv. is also in the style of the same great master.

' Fair o'er the eastern hill appears the dawn!  
 Yet nature is, as night, all silent still;  
 The drowsy herds lie on the dewy lawn,  
 Lull'd by the murmuring fall of brook or rill;  
 But all with Phæbus soon awaken will;  
 For now old Night her long career is borne,  
 And doth all wearied climb the northern hill,  
 While oft behind she throws her look of scorn  
 Upon Aurora bright, fair goddess of the morn.

' And now fair Dinah leaves the lonely cell,  
 With Harnol and the bard new ways to stray,  
 Till tidings of her knight she may hear tell,  
 Whom now she b'lieves proud Carmol did not slay;

For

For fell Despair is from her heart away,  
 And Hope, with all her pleasing dreams, is there,  
 That like the dawn, her looks fair light display,  
 Fair light, that long lay hid by night of care,  
 And many a heavy ill, too great for maid to bear.

“ O, Harmond ! now I feel of hope,” she cries,  
 “ I feel of peace, that long my soul has fled,  
 But you, it is, O bard ! who bid it rise,  
 And have the peace long flown ’gain to me led ;  
 Hence never shall my gratitude be dead ! —  
 O heavenly Hope ! how fair of mind art thou !  
 Why is not every bosom with thee fed ?  
 Did e’er yet fell Despair of good bestow ?  
 Did e’er yet tell his wretch to find of comfort how ? ”

We must now close our extracts, with a word or two to Mr. Kavanagh on parting, though as we are inclined to hope not for the last time. His poem is evidently, if not avowedly, an imitation of Spenser : but, by mere imitation, no poet has ever arisen into splendid or lasting reputation, for he imposes a voluntary chain on the movements of his own genius, and is necessarily confined within a narrow circle. He who writes with a model before him will also be in danger of becoming the *copyist* rather than the *imitator* ; and when he catches a few of the verbal particularities of his author, he will easily be persuaded by that self-love of which the sophistries are never more seductive than among the writers of poetry, that he is walking in the gigantic footsteps of his beloved prototype. An imitation of “ The Faerie Queene,” moreover, is not only an arduous but (we conceive) an injudicious attempt for a young poet, whom the misfortunes of his early life have deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, because the variety of Spenser’s images, his extensive range of illustration, and his perpetually recurring imitations of the ancient poets, imply and require a vast range of erudition. He was, in fact, so endued with all the learning of a learned age, that he brought to his task in consequence every advantage which the treasures of antiquity, and the discoveries of his own time, could confer on him ; and it was by these helps that he contrived to weave, out of a tame and lifeless allegory, one of the most exquisite poems extant in any language. A long poetical work demands similar endowments ; and no man can conscientiously expect to engage and secure the public attention to a poem spun out to ten cantos, who is not gifted with a liberal share of them. With such deductions, however, this is a beautiful composition ; decidedly surpassing in chastity of taste, in flow of versification, and in real poetic spirit, many of the more favored and better rewarded compositions of the present day.

day. We sincerely hope that the kindness of the lovers of elegant literature, and of the friends of humanity, will not be withholden from a writer, who requires only the warm and maturing beams of encouragement to convert his early blossoms into ripe and excellent fruit.

ART. VII. *Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy.* By the Author of "*Sketches of India*," and "*Recollections of the Peninsula*." 8vo. pp. 452. 12s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

WE spoke with pleasure of this observing and lively author's *Sketches of India* in our xcixth volume, p. 157., and of his *Recollections of the Peninsula* in vol. cii. p. 132. The same poetic and picturesque character of style (though it be somewhat too colloquial) illuminates with motley prismatic radiance this new narration, and exhibits as with a magic lantern to the mind's eye all that crossed the traveller's view on his route to England from India, which he quitted in December, 1822. His whole soul appears to reside in his organ of vision, and to be exclusively intent on painting in words the appearances of surrounding Nature. He truly possesses the *colours* of oratory, and deserves the study of any poet who has to describe the same region. He uses also many oriental and foreign terms, and will supply future lexicographers with elegant exemplifications.

The following is a part of his description of Thebes :

' With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and, among a few scattered date-trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe coloured, as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the very brightest azure.

' This wondrous and giant portal stands well; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of a broad road, (once paved,) as they were marshalled by him who planned those princely structures, we know not when. They are of a stone less durable than granite: their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, worn away.

' In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them,

them, and the sacred tau grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you \* with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err; you are on a highway to a heathen temple: one that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire; and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do: and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king, among them, all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins: — the stones which formed walls and square temple-towers thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect as the builder placed them, and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No; — all is the nakedness of desolation; — the colossal skeleton of a giant-fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence; a silence broken only by the approach of the stranger, for then the wild and houseless dogs, which own no master, pick their scanty food in nightly prowlings round the village, and bask in the sand-heaps near throughout the day, start up, and howl at him as he passes, and with yell, and bark, and grin, pursue his path, and mock his meditations. Old men and boys come out of the village, to chase and still them, and supply their place; bringing with them little relics and ornaments for sale, and they talk and trouble you. I soon got rid of them, attaching to myself one *silent* old Arab, who followed me throughout that day, and also when I visited the temple again; carrying a cruise of water, and a few dried dates. I was fortunate in him. He had learned the ways of the traveller, understood your frown, your glance, your beckon, and that motion of the hand, by which you show your wish that he should leave you to gaze alone and unobserved.

There are no ruins like these ruins: in the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns†, on which I defy any man, sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions the better taste of after days rejected and disused; but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of the awed

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\* We have already objected to this colloquial mode of expression, which occurs in this volume with extraordinary frequency.

† The central row have the enormous diameter of eleven French feet; the others, that of eight."

traveller, are tributes of an admiration, not to be checked or frozen by the chilling rules of taste. The "*des masses informes*" of Voltaire would have been exchanged, I think, for a very different expression, if he had ever wandered to the site of ancient Thebes.' —

' We passed the entire day in these ruins, wandering about alone, as inclination led us. Detailed descriptions I cannot give; I have neither the skill or the patience to count and to measure. I ascended a wing of the great propylon on the west, and sat there long: I crept round the colossal statues; I seated myself on a fallen obelisk, and gazed up at the three, yet standing erect amid huge fragments of fallen granite. I sauntered slowly round every part, examining the paintings and hieroglyphics, and listening now and then, not without a smile, to our polite little *cicerone*, as with the air of a condescending *savant*, he pointed to many of the symbols, saying, "this means water," and "that means land," "this stability," "that life," and "here is the name of Berenice." In reply to a quiet question I did get the modest admission of the "*on dit*." Great and laudable as have been the labours of a Young, and a Champollion, and though a corner of the sacred veil has certainly been lifted up, by their patient investigations, yet still these walls are covered with hieroglyphic characters, which look out alike upon the learned and the ignorant, with a bright and mocking distinctness, awakening curiosity, exercising the fancy, but, after all, defying the understanding. Monsieur Rifaud showed us some statues of a colossal, and also others of a natural size, which he had lately dug out near the eastern gate: moreover, two sphinxes he had been fortunate enough to uncover, in his excavations on the south side; one of these had the nose broken by the workmen, the other was perfect: to the beauty of the mouth, lip, the smile, and the soft roundness of the lower cheek, and chin, I bear most willing testimony. It is thought, and untruly thought by many, at home, that the Egyptian sculptors could never have attained the power of conveying either a fine or pleasing expression of countenance. The human figures found in relief, and painted on the walls, both of the temples and tombs in ancient Thebes, have in all their profiles a like beauty: — all is mildness; graver in the male forms. Gentle, very gentle, and sweet is the smile, and soft the look, in almost all the figures of Isis which I saw; and I was, moreover, particularly struck by one thing, which forms a very remarkable contrast to groupings, not otherwise dissimilar, on some of the pagodas in India: wherever the god Mendes is introduced, and Isis, or other deities, or priests, or worshippers before him, all is grave, calm, and more serious than in the other representations.'

Let us next select the sketch of the Pyramids.

' From the moment that you leave Ghizeh, until you reach the pyramids, they seem continually near to you; you would think that you had but a narrow field to cross to reach their base; you have four miles to ride: they certainly have an awful look; — everlasting, as it were, compared to any other structure which you

you have either seen or know to exist, or can imagine. But this does not arise, perhaps, so much from their apparent size, as from your knowledge of what that really is, and also from the sublime unity of design, solidity of construction, and the severe simplicity of their once sacred form.

‘He who has stood on the summit of the most ancient, and yet the most mighty monument of his power and pride ever raised by man, and has looked out and round to the far horizon, where Lybia and Arabia lie silent, and hath seen, at his feet, *the land of Egypt* dividing their dark solitudes with a narrow vale, beautiful and green, the mere enamelled setting of one solitary shining river, must receive impressions which he can never convey, for he cannot define them to himself.

‘Let us come down, let us leave this spot. Some one of our poets has placed on this mighty pedestal that skeleton-form with scythe and hour-glass. Time sits in triumph on this empty tomb, — a fitting throne!

‘We passed into its dark chambers, long, gloomy passages above, around, all vast masses of stone; Arabs crowding on us and noisy, and the torches blazing on and throwing a gloss on their bronzed skins: we rested awhile near the broken empty sarcophagus, and then clambered up a rude ladder, and crawled through a low passage to another chamber; afterwards we went down the well and out through another passage, which leads up, and joins the principal one near the entrance. The total descent, from the mouth of the well, is 155 feet; two of the shafts are perpendicular; the third having, however, a very rapid inclination. With an Arab lighting you, and muttering something to drive the demons from him, you let yourself down this well, pressing your back against the side, stretching out your hands to steady yourself, and feeling with your dangling foot for the narrow, small, worn niches that scarce give a resting-place to the ball of your toe: at length you reach the bottom, and, after looking about you, and pausing awhile, in the gloomy depth, you make your way up a very long passage, catch the light of day, and go gladly forth, — dusty, dirty; faces covered with perspiration from the heat, and blackened by the smoke of torches, we looked as I have seen men look in battle. We rested ourselves for half an hour, and then proceeded to the pyramid opened by Belzoni. The passage into this has the finest polish on the masses of granite I think it capable of receiving; the fine chamber cut in the living rock surprised us, as it does all visitors; and how these ancient men contrived to cut so well in the hardest stone, when we cannot now make instruments fine enough to accomplish the same thing, at least I know those sent from England failed, remains, for the present, a wonder, and we look back upon them as cunning in their craft.

‘It is impossible to visit these pyramids \* without reflecting on the

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\* The great pyramid is ascended without further inconvenience than is caused by the great height of many of the steps.

the spirit and the skill of those intrepid pioneers of antiquarianism, Caviglia and Belzoni: the latter I never saw, the former I shall not soon forget; his pursuits have unsettled many of those notions which he probably received in childhood, and have given him, I suspect, no consoling equivalent. I remembered, however, that there lay in his cottage one of the finest uninspired volumes ever penned, "The Thoughts of Pascal," and I could not help wishing that, while looking for the temple of Vulcan, he might find a nobler prize.

'Near the great pyramid there are some low tombs, two of which have their walls covered with paintings:—there is the birth and story of Apis, the cow calving; there are sacrifices, feasting, dancing; there is an antelope in a small wood; and there is a figure which (though a mere trifle) called and fixed my attention, a man carrying two square boxes across the shoulder on a broad flat bending piece of wood; exactly similar this is to the manner in which burdens are borne in India, by what we there call bangy-coolies. It suggests to me what I had forgotten before to remark, —the peculiar way in which you see, in paintings at Thebes, the end of the girdle or loin-cloth gathered, plaited, as it were, and hanging down before their middles, is *exactly* Indian; nor, to my eye, is either the complexion or feature, either in the paintings or statues, very different from some tribes of Brahmin; but I am fanciful, though not unobservant, and must leave others to dismiss this with a smile, or think it over as an amusement in some morning's walk.

'We returned from our day's ride in silent delight. They are the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes, says the Grecian; they are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian; an English traveller with a mind warmed, perhaps, and misled by his heart, tells you that the large pyramid *may* have contained the ashes of the patriarch Joseph; and, at least, he displays ingenuity in showing the grounds on which he builds his supposition. It is all this which constitutes the very charm of a visit to these ancient monuments. You smile, and your smile is followed and reproved by a sigh. One thing you *know*, —that the chief, and the philosopher, and the poet of the times of old, men, "who mark fields as they pass, with their own mighty names," have certainly been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot, has probably stood upon its summit.

'The sphinx disappointed us; it does generally, I should think: drawings and prints deceive wonderfully; it has neither

There is no sort of danger; but he who knows himself likely to turn giddy, should direct his looks either far out or else to the stones immediately below and near him, never to the bottom of the pyramid. I mean during the ascent, or while coming down. On the summit he need not take such caution. The Arabs crowd round and pester you, yet here and there, where the steps are high, you avail yourself, not unwillingly, of a lifting hand to save time and fatigue.



the size, the majesty, or [nor] the sweetness with which it is usually represented.'

With regard to the author's conjecture that the large pyramid *may* have contained the ashes of the patriarch Joseph, the testimony of the Exodus (c. xiii. v. 19.) is positive that Joseph forbad the interment of his bones in Egypt, and took an oath from his descendants that they would carry his relics into Palestine: but the bones of Joshua may have been interred there, or in the temple which he built to Vulcan, the fire-god. See Herodotus, lib. ii. § 110.; who, also, in the case of Hezekiah, or Sethos, calls the god of the Jews Vulcan, as Michaelis admits. The decypherers of hieroglyphics may one day enable us to decide between the rival conjectures; and for Caviglia, according to the present author, the discovery is probably reserved.

Concerning Mohammed Ali Pasha, the traveller forms a less favorable opinion than we recently quoted from the French *Biographie des Contemporains*. Let us hear him also:

• Mohammed Ali Pasha is a Turk, a very Turk: he is surrounded, flattered, and cajoled by a set of foreign adventurers, who put notions into his head, and words into his mouth, which pass for, and, in truth, become his own: the race between him and them is who shall get the most out of the other, and what between force and fraud, I believe the Pasha has the best of it. His idea of political economy is pretty much like that of the countryman, who killed the goose, and was astonished not to find more eggs of gold.

• So far from improving, as far as we could hear and see, he is ruining and impoverishing his country. He has got rid of his Turks and Albanians, and flatters himself his new levy is a master-stroke of policy. He does not *pay*, and will never attach them; and if they do not (which I think probable) desert with their arms, and disturb his conquests and possessions above the cataracts, they will die away as a body, and fall to pieces in a very short period of time.

• The protection which he affords to the European traveller is to be acknowledged, but not at the expense of truth. He knows if his country was not safe, the European would not come there: he encourages the intercourse, because he avows his wish to receive and employ Franks, and it is necessary, therefore, to let them see and know that protection is afforded to them, and to accustom his subjects to their presence. As far as the Pasha can be independent of the Porte, he is, and he knows it is only by cultivating his European relations that he can effectually continue so to the end. They might now send him the bowstring in vain; they tell you that he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to

give the signal. His laugh has nothing in it of nature; how can it have? I can hear it now, — a hard sharp laugh, such as that with which strong heartless men would divide booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers. At one thing I heartily rejoice: it is said that our Consul-general has great influence with him, and it is known that that is always exerted freely and amiably for Franks of all nations in distress or difficulty, and often for natives also.

We shall not make extracts from the description of Italy, because it is executed with less vivacity and brilliancy than the account of Egypt, and because the country is so much more generally known from other sources and frequent personal inspection. — We cannot, however, pass unnoticed a paragraph which occurs in the account of Naples.

‘Of the society at Naples I saw and can therefore relate nothing. Its aspect, as outwardly observed, might warrant guesses as to its character. It is a melancholy thing to see any city so coarsely degraded as this is, by its Austrian garrison. I speak not of the officers or soldiers of the troops, whose appearance and conduct seemed to me to be correct, orderly, and soldier-like. I particularly observed the men; when not in the presence of their officers, they walked in groups through out-of-the-way places, or stopped in market-places, or before shops and stalls to make purchases; and as an admirer of that discipline among them, which must greatly alleviate the odious despotism of their grasping government, I bear testimony to it with a cheerful praise: but to see a guard in every street, a regular war-picquet with cannon in one of the squares, and Austrian sentinels at every place of public amusement, made me ask myself what the world had gained by the renewed strength of those iron pennons which drooped and fluttered feebly on the red and trampled field of Austerlitz? An Austrian officer, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation at a *restaurateur's*, when I asked him what he thought of the policy pursued by his country throughout Italy, thus remarkably expressed himself, “As a man I think in one way, as a citizen of the world in another; and as an Austrian officer, I *must* both think and act as a character distinct from either.”

Another remark respecting the Austrian character is made when passing from Brescia to Milan, which we must add to the preceding:

‘I passed the night in Brescia, but saw it not. On the road to Milan we had in the carriage a *prima donna*, fat and forty, a Milanese shopkeeper, an Austrian *employé*, and a French commercial traveller from Lyons. They all made themselves pleasant; but a question having arisen about politics, the little Milanese said something in his own barbarous dialect to the woman, at which she laughed very heartily; and the Austrian and Frenchman, who, from constant intercourse with Milan, caught their meaning,

meaning, looked confused and vexed, especially the Frenchman. I was very anxious to know what had been said, and the Austrian, a sensible pleasant man, recovered himself and told me it was, "There sits a Frenchman; they were our masters: there sits an Austrian; they are our masters: but, for our comfort, there sits a laughing Englishman in the corner; and they [Englishmen] are the masters of both." Thus it is, go where you will, you find the foreigner impressed with a wonderful notion of the power of England; powerful she certainly is; but, alas! we know that the voice of our beloved country is lifted up in these days, in many instances, unheard, or, what is worse, disregarded. It led me to say as much; and I found the Austrian a man worthy the name of a man: without at all compromising his character as an Austrian servant in public employ, he held the language of a true lover of sound rational liberty. He was a man perfectly acquainted with the literature of our country, and spoke upon all those works which have so attracted and delighted the public at home, as if he had read them with a true understanding and relish.

Though we have praised the impressiveness and vivid character of this writer's style, we must add that the attempt at fine writing, whether designed or involuntary, is too perpetual in this volume; which affords no intervals of plain diction or of temporary repose.

ART. VIII. *An Elementary Treatise on Optics*. By the Rev. Henry Coddington, M.A., Fellow of Trinity-College. 8vo. 8s. Boards. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge. Whittaker, London.

WHILE we consider the rays of light as simple geometrical lines, the science of optics furnishes one of the easiest applications of geometry to physics; being in fact very little more than a series of geometrical propositions, established on two obvious experimental laws; viz. that the angle of incidence is in the same plane and equal to the angle of reflexion; and that the angles of incidence and refraction are in the same plane, and their sines have to each other a given ratio.

These being admitted on the authority of experiments, the determination of all the rest is a mere matter of geometrical investigation, and has, in this country, been generally treated according to the common synthetic form of the antients. Yet this is by no means the best method of investigating the subject: for the demonstrations in this form are long and tedious; and the results, although perfectly satisfactory, are frequently carried to such a distance from the proposition as

to leave on the mind of the student no impression relative to the optical property under consideration.

A similar objection applies to mechanical propositions conducted on purely geometrical principles; for which reason, a new mode of treating the latter subject has been introduced by foreign mathematicians, and more or less adopted by those of England. The same also has been the case with optics, but it has not been so generally followed here as in the former instance. Indeed, the only analytical treatises on optics, that we recollect in the English language, are those given in our large Encyclopædias, of which the paper in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* is perhaps the best specimen: but now we have to make an exception in behalf of the volume before us, and are glad to find the example set in an University which has always been considered as the focus of English science. The hypothesis, however, of the rays of light being simple geometrical lines, is only in part true; for light is a compound of numerous rays, possessing different degrees of refrangibility and other physical properties, many of which have been discovered within a few years, and have not before found their way into any elementary treatise of optics in this country. Hence arises another strong recommendation of this little work to the attention of students, who are desirous of obtaining some information on these interesting facts and experiments; not that they will find here all the information which they can desire, but still sufficient to give them some general ideas on the subject, and to excite them to farther inquiry; — the intention of the author having been, as he states in his concluding sentence, ‘rather to stimulate than to satisfy the desire of knowledge on this branch of science (the polarization of light), which presents so vast a field for research both in theory and experiment; and which, though so lately discovered, has already furnished some useful applications to physics and mineralogy.’

Mr. Coddington has divided his treatise into sixteen chapters; preceded by an Introduction containing some general remarks on the laws of Optics, the nature of Light, its gradual propagation, and illustrative experiments; and followed by an Appendix, from Biot's Additions to Fischer's *Physique Mécanique*, on coloured rings, double refraction, polarization, and other subjects connected with physical optics.

Having, in the introductory section, made the reader acquainted with the fundamental principles, namely, that the rays of light are right lines, that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflexion, and that a certain ratio always obtains between the sines of incidence and those of refraction, the

the author opens his first chapter on the reflexion of light at plane surfaces with general formulæ applicable to all cases. The second chapter treats of reflexion on curved surfaces; the third, of the aberration in reflexion at spherical surfaces; the fourth, of reflexion at curved surfaces not spherical; and the fifth, of caustics produced by reflexion. In the sixth chapter, he considers images produced by reflexion, and, in the seventh, refraction at plane surfaces. The eighth is allotted to refraction at spherical surfaces; the ninth to the aberration in refraction at spherical surfaces; the tenth to refraction at curved surfaces not spherical; the eleventh to caustics produced by refraction; and the twelfth to images produced by refraction; which concludes what may be called the geometrical department of the science. The thirteenth chapter treats of the unequal refrangibility of light, the decomposition of the solar light by a prism, the seven primary colors as given by Newton, dispersive power, the effect of chromatic aberration on images, the achromatic compound lens, its imperfection, Dollond's triple lenses, &c. The next chapter is appropriated to a description of the eye, and various circumstances attending vision; corrections of the imperfection of vision by lenses, the accommodation of the eye to different distances, and the effect of *couching* on the eye. These topics are followed by some notice, though short, of Newton's queries relative to vision; from which we shall select a specimen of the concise manner in which the subject generally is treated by the author.

The fact of images of external objects being produced by the eye, and serving as the medium of vision, has led to a great deal of discussion about the manner in which we take cognizance of external objects by the help of the senses. Sir I. Newton published in his *Optics* the following query, among others:

"Do not the rays of light in falling upon the bottom of the eye excite vibrations in the tunica retina? which vibrations, being propagated along the solid fibres of the nerves into the brain, cause the sense of seeing."

And again,

"When a man in the dark presses either corner of his eye with his finger, and turns his eye away from his finger, he will see a circle of colours like those in a peacock's tail. Do not these colours arise from such motions excited in the bottom of the eye by the pressure of the finger as at other times are excited there by light for causing vision? And when a man by a stroke upon his eye sees a flash of light, are not the like motions excited in the retina by the stroke?"

We may give the above as a specimen of some of the more sane speculations on this subject, with respect to which, as to many others connected with the reciprocal actions of *mind* and *matter*, the

the only knowledge at which the most profound philosophers have arrived, is, that like Socrates, *they know nothing*.

'We pass over the question which has embarrassed many: "Why external objects appear erect to the eye, whereas their images, by which it is supposed we judge of them, are inverted." People have debated this point very earnestly, and reasoned on it at great length, appearing to consider these images as something real that we could see or feel: the fact is merely this, that in vision the rays of light are collected to different points on the retina, and that by the various sensations there produced by them, we are informed of the existence of objects without us, probably in a manner analogous to that in which we are made sensible of those or other objects, by sensations excited in the organs of hearing.

'We judge of the relative places of visible objects by the relative places of their *images* in the bottom of the eye, and it is probable that experience teaches us to connect corresponding phenomena in this as in many other cases, though it is not mentioned, we believe, in any account of persons having their sight suddenly restored, that they were at all at a loss as to the position of objects at first.

'Some writers have endeavoured to explain why the two images, formed by our two eyes, do not excite in us the idea of two objects instead of one. We can only conjecture that the sensations excited in corresponding parts of the retinas are melted as it were into one, where the two optic nerves unite. Perhaps it is merely experience that leads us to form a correct judgment. Cheselden in his *Anatomy* gives an account of a person who had one of his eyes distorted by a blow, so that every object seemed *double* to him for some time, but by degrees he recovered his single vision, first of familiar objects, and afterwards of all others, though the distortion always remained. Now in this case, the images could not be formed on corresponding parts of the retinas, and, moreover, the same sensation seems, at different times, to give rise to double and to single vision, the only difference being due to habit.

'Persons who squint do not direct both eyes to the same object, yet their vision is single, and what is more remarkable, this defect is sometimes acquired and sometimes cured, without double vision being experienced.'

The fifteenth chapter treats of optical instruments, as the common looking-glass, the concave mirror, multiplying-glass, goniometer, Hadley's sextant, the kaleidoscope, the camera lucida and obscura, the magic lantern, phantasmagoria, single and compound microscope, the solar and reflecting microscope, the heliostat, the astronomical telescope, Galileo's telescope, Herschel's telescope, the Newtonian, Gregorian, and Cassegrainian telescope.

We have before alluded to the concise manner in which Mr. Coddington dismisses his several subjects, and to which  
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in general we have no objection: but we think that the principle is carried too far in this 15th chapter. We conceive that it is wholly impossible for a person, who is not already acquainted with the nature and properties of several of the instruments enumerated above, to understand their form and construction from the description here furnished; and we hope that, in any future edition, this defect will be rectified. A short mathematical demonstration of the properties of Hadley's quadrant ought also to be supplied. The kaleidoscope is perhaps an useless instrument; yet, considering its recent popularity, it seems intitled to more than *eight lines* of description.

After having spoken of the Gregorian reflecting telescope, Mr. C. observes:

' This telescope, which was the first reflecting one invented, is found in practice very preferable to Newton's, and in general to Dr. Herschel's, whose construction is fit only for a very large instrument. In the first place, it is more convenient than either, as the observer has the object in view before him, and can easily direct the instrument to it; but it has one more solid advantage, which is this: the metallic specula never can be worked perfectly true, so that the images formed by them are necessarily a little imperfect: now in Gregory's telescope, the two mirrors correct each other if they are properly matched. For this reason, a careful optician always tries several small mirrors and chuses the best.'

This remark, also, we must consider as too concise; and the impression, which it would leave on the mind of a student, is that Gregory had formed a reflecting telescope before Newton, which is not the fact. Mr. Coddington certainly uses the word *invented*: but, as a thing is not said to be invented before it is made, the expression is calculated to mislead. It is true that Gregory had suggested such an instrument before Newton, and had even attempted its construction: but in that endeavor he completely failed. Newton was unquestionably the first who succeeded in forming the instrument, although it was a very inferior telescope in comparison with the refractors even of that time. Still, Newton shewed that the idea was practicable, while Gregory had given it up as hopeless; and, moreover, Newton's idea was wholly independent of that of Gregory. On all these accounts, we think that Mr. Coddington has not done justice to Newton in the very concise notice to which we have referred. (See the various papers on this subject in Dr. Gregory's *Elements of Catoptrics and Dioptrics*, translated from the Latin original by Dr. William Browne, published in 1735.)

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The next and final chapter contains an illustration of some optical phenomena, particularly refraction and the rainbow. It occupies only eight pages.

The Appendix, which, as we have already stated, is drawn from Biot's Additions to Fischer's *Physique Mécanique*, treats of colored rings, double refraction, and polarization, and is by no means the least interesting part of the volume. The polarization of light is one of the most beautiful of modern discoveries; and, if the reader does not here find all the information respecting it that he may desire, he will obtain enough to give him a general and accurate view of the subject. — On the whole, we think that the original design of this brief work is very good: but it appears to have been too much hurried through the press. Among other imperfections, it betrays several inelegancies in composition, of which the first sentence offers an example: a reference is made to one figure at least which is not found in the plates; and several letters are omitted in the figures, which occur in the corresponding text. When these trifling errors are corrected, we shall class this among the most useful and best executed of our elementary treatises on optics.

ART. IX. *A Visit to Greece in 1823 and 1824*. By George Waddington, Esq., Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, and Author of "Travels in Ethiopia." 12mo. 8s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1825.

WE spoke with approbation, in our Number for October, 1822, of Mr. Waddington's *Travels in Ethiopia*, and we regret that we do not feel equally pleased with the volume which he has now presented to us. The account of his *Visit to Greece* is preceded by an Introduction of sixty pages, in which he first adverts to the causes of the Greek revolution; then describes the constitution of the Heteria; and, lastly, animadverts on the conduct of Alexander Ypsilanti and Count Capo d'Istria, whom he calls Capodistrias. We cannot but think that Mr. W. is too cold and too heartless in the cause of Greece: for we have heard enough of Turkish tyranny and Greek suffering from all travellers to make us rejoice that the Greeks have thrown off their bondage, without troubling ourselves to ascertain the exact point of pressure at which it is lawful for a whole people to assert their freedom. Yet here we are told that, during the last twenty years, they have lived under 'a mitigated despotism, and consequently had not the excuse of bursting into insurrection from the absolute impossibility of further endurance!' What impatient



impatient and ungrateful varlets they must be to call out before they had reached the last limits of human sufferance! — Another justification has been sought, equally in vain, in the progressive improvement which, it is said, has recently elevated and invigorated the Greek nation, as contrasted with the ‘stationary imperfectibility,’ as it is somewhat affectedly called, of their adversary. It is well known that the young Greeks of the present generation spread themselves over Europe for the purpose of acquiring instruction, at different universities, in arts and philosophy, and with the view also of extending the commerce of their country; an unequivocal indication, we should think, that the spirit of inquiry is *national* among the Greeks, and the ardor for improvement intense as well as general: yet the author questions the legitimacy of this plea, doubts much whether any important advances had been made towards the instruction of the people, and observes, with philosophical apathy, that

‘Yet another century, and that people, the most naturally enlightened under heaven, would have snatched such glimpses of knowledge through the obscurity of despotism, as would have rendered their tardier efforts at once unanimous and irresistible; from the streets of the Fanal to the valleys of Cyprus, one triumphant acclamation would have attended the march of independence. *That* was the moment intended by nature for the Greek revolution; then, indeed, would its birth have taken place without convulsion; its growth would have been erect and regular, and its hands unstained by crimes.’

Although it is not very easy to ascertain the precise period of gestation which the womb of time requires for maturing the embryo of a revolution, and giving to it a natural birth, Mr. W. has decided that the Greek revolution came into the world a whole century too soon. With becoming humility, however, he bows to the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and brings himself to look with greater compassion on the deformed and rickety offspring.

We shall not repeat what we have elsewhere said concerning the causes of the Greek revolution, or the accidental circumstances which fired the long-laid train. More is to be found in the works of Colonel Voutier\*, and Mr. Blaquiere†, and Colonel Stanhope‡, on these subjects, and on the character and actual situation of the people, than in the present volume; which, however, contains a great deal to arrest and to remunerate attention: but, before we particularly advert to it, we have two or three additional remarks to make on

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\* See M.R. vol. ciii. p. 453. † Vol. civ. p. 184. ‡ Vol. cv. p. 280.  
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Mr. Waddington's introduction. He states that 'he has learnt without surprise, though not without sorrow, that a correspondence of some extent subsisted between the Greek patriots and the Carbonari, and that proofs of it were presented at the Congress of Verona.' We recollect that we reproved Mr. Blaquiere for taking pains to rebut what he calls the injustice of connecting the Greek contest with the unsuccessful efforts made in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to acquire free constitutions; and we reproved him because, when the continental sovereigns of Europe conspire against the liberties of the people of Europe, it is no disgrace if the latter combine to frustrate their object, and to assist each other: — but Mr. Blaquiere expressly says, "I will stake my existence on the exact veracity of the assertion, that there was not the smallest connection, either directly or indirectly, between the rising in Greece and passing events in the rest of Europe." With regard to the *proofs* exhibited at Verona; — there was no lack of proofs as to the offence of Poland when Russia, Prussia, and Austria had resolved on its dismemberment: the wolf in the fable found proof enough to satisfy himself that it was the lamb which troubled the water that he was drinking.

The rebellion of Ali Pasha mainly contributed to determine the period of insurrection in Greece, by disclosing the weakness of the Ottoman empire, and by employing many of its best troops: but is Mr. Waddington correct in fixing April, 1821, as the period, and Patras exclusively as the scene? The first insurrectionary act broke out on the 23d of March at Calatriva, a small town in Achaia, where four-score Turks were seized and made prisoners without resistance; and on the same day Patras was given to the flames, while the vanquished Turks retired within the fortress.

'Of all possible conspiracies, *the least guilty*,' says Mr. W., 'was the Hetaria.' He has a great horror of secret societies, and so have the Holy Alliance: but, while he brings himself to confess that it is unjust to include them all in a single sentence of condemnation, he will not consent to designate even 'their more innocent forms' by any milder name than conspiracies. Of this Hetaria, or society of patriot Greeks, Mr. Blaquiere has given an interesting account: but perhaps he was not so well acquainted with its mysteries as Mr. Waddington, who has described its constitution, and pays due homage to the consecrated bond which held the members of it together.

' "I swear never to offer any injury to the Hetaria, but I will consider it as a holy pledge, extending to the whole of my wretched race, and inviolable as the sealed letter.

' "I swear

" I swear that I will ever so regulate my conduct that I may be a virtuous man ; I will incline with piety towards my own form of worship, without disrespectfully regarding those of foreigners ; I will ever present a good example ; I will aid, counsel, and support the sick, the unfortunate, and the feeble ; I will reverence the government, the tribunals, and the ministers of the country in which I may be residing.

" Last of all, I swear by thee, my sacred and suffering country. — I swear by thy long-endured tortures, — I swear by the bitter tears which for so many centuries have been shed by thy unhappy children, by my own tears which I am pouring forth at this very moment, — I swear by the future liberty of my countrymen, that I consecrate myself wholly to thee ; — that henceforward thou shalt be the cause and object of my thoughts, thy name the guide of my actions, and thy happiness the recompense of my labours."

' Here, then, let me conclude. I will violate by no paltry comment the sanctity of this exquisite adjuration. Poetry has produced little to equal it ; liberty, piety, and patriotism will never surpass it.

' On his knees, at midnight, with the image in his right hand, and the taper in his left, the young Grecian " consecrated himself wholly to his country." He swore, " by her future liberty," to devote his undivided existence, thought and action, soul and body, to her redemption and emancipation. Why need we search any farther for the cause of the Greek revolution ?'

Mr. Waddington speaks harshly of Alexander Ypsilanti, as having *duped* some of his agents. This chieftain was unfortunate, but he was honest and brave ; and his enterprize in Moldavia and Wallachia operated as a very important diversion by drawing the forces of the Turks to the north, which in all probability, at that early period, would otherwise have crushed the Greeks in the Morea. He was arrested, while endeavoring to join his countrymen there, by an order from Austria, a power to which he owed no allegiance ; and perhaps he is yet lingering in the castle of Mongatz.

Every body has heard of the massacre at Scio : the following anecdote is characteristic :

' The continued sale of the Sciot captives led to the commission of daily brutalities. On June the 19th, an order came down to the slave-market for its cessation, and the circumstances which are believed to have occasioned that order are extremely singular, and purely oriental.

' The island of Scio had been granted many years ago to one of the Sultanas \* as an appropriation, from which she derived a fixed revenue, and title of interference in all matters relating to

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\* That is, a sister, cousin, or aunt of the reigning monarch.  
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police and internal administration. The present patroness was Asma Sultana, sister of the Sultan; and that amiable Princess received about 200,000 piastres a-year, besides casual presents, from her flourishing little province: when she was informed of its destruction, her indignation was natural and excessive, and it was directed of course against Valid, the Pasha who commanded the fort, and the Capudan Pasha, to whose misconduct she chiefly attributed her misfortune. It was in vain that that officer selected from his captives 60 young and beautiful maidens, whom he presented to the service of her Highness. She rejected the sacrifice with disdain, and continued her energetic remonstrances against the injustice and illegality of reducing rajahs to slavery, and exposing them for sale in the public markets.

'The Sultan at length yielded to her eloquence, or her importunity; a license, the occasion of hourly brutalities, was suppressed, and we have the satisfaction of believing that this act of rare and unprecedented humanity may be attributed to the influence of a woman.'

The Sultan, in less than a week, published an energetic Hatti-sheriff, or proclamation, against the Janissaries; calling them all the hard names that he could recollect, and threatening to leave Constantinople and embark with his family for some other place, if the enormities which made it a disgrace for him to continue on the throne were not immediately suppressed! Mr. Waddington's inference is perfectly just, namely, that the Porte possessed at any moment the power of tranquillizing the capital, but up to this period pursued the savage policy of destroying its Christian subjects.

Mr. W.'s first two letters are dated Constantinople, November, 1823. In his way to Athens, he touches at the little islands of Psara and Syra; from Athens he goes to Napoli, Tripolizza, and Zante; and his last letters are dated from Corfu. If implicit reliance were placed on all his representations, Greece has rather lost than gained by her struggle. 'Athens was under the despotism of a Turk, she is under the despotism of a Greek.' Athens is the capital of the eastern Hellas; and whether Greece will eventually settle into a federative republic or succumb to a monarch, the voice of Athens will at any rate be heard in the debate, and her vote will be told in the decision. It must not be urged too heavily as a reproach, that some parts of the country have suffered as much from their Hellenic liberators as from their Ottoman masters; for wherever there are bands of armed troops, they must have forage, from friend or foe. An entire country in a state of insurrection must not be judged by the same rules which apply to another in security and repose; and in such times, imperative necessity can be pleaded for many acts of harshness

harshness on the part of any government that is in power, which would be perfectly indefensible at another time.

In the *Mémoires des Contemporains*, Colonel Voutier has given a full account of the second siege and reduction of Athens. The Acropolis fell, according to him, (and he commanded at the siege,) on the 7th of June, 1822. Is it from adopting the old style, that Mr. W. has placed this memorable event on the 22d (p. 58.)? His account of the massacre of a great number of the Turkish prisoners is followed by such reflections on the barbarity and treachery of the deed, as every man with the common feeling of humanity must applaud: but the massacre of nearly a hundred thousand men, women, and children, which had just been committed by the Turks at Scio, would naturally whet the sword of vengeance; and the establishment of a constitutional government at Epidaurus is known to have effected the happiest change in the discipline and character of the Greek armies. At the surrender of the Turkish garrison of Napoli, they punctually fulfilled every engagement, offering not the slightest violence towards those who had fallen into their hands. — In a succession of letters from Athens, we have an interesting account of its existing condition:

‘Of the present Governor of Athens I shall only say that he possesses, in fact, the whole power, military and civil, legislative and executive, and that he does not appear greatly to abuse it. Few excesses of importance are committed by his soldiers, though an excellent police (the usual and most consoling attendant on despotism) is maintained among the inhabitants. The form of government as established by the constitution is allowed to remain, and the election of the officers by the citizens has generally the appearance or reality of freedom. I have heard of no oppressive extortions, and have no hesitation in asserting, that if Athens had no brighter destiny in view than to continue a province of Odysseus, she would still have gained very materially by the present revolution.’

Yet Mr. W. has said, a few pages before, that Athens *was* under the despotism of a Turk, and *is* under the despotism of a Greek, as if it had gained nothing. He assures us that ‘he has ever been entirely unconnected with any Phil-Hellenic Society;’ and we assure him that no one who has read ten pages of this volume will suspect him of the contamination.

The appointment of Odysseus to the government of Athens caused the immediate cessation of all intestine dissensions; and this at least is something in favor of that chieftain’s character: but, while Mr. W. allows the fact, he takes care to insinuate, (p. 80.) that Odysseus has not a single virtue belong-

ing to him. In short, he is a Greek leader. — Athens has undergone the demolition of about one-third of its buildings: churches and mosques, the houses of Greeks and the houses of Turks, have alike suffered in what the author calls this *religious war*: — though a war in which national emancipation from foreign bondage is the object. Yet, were it a religious war, would it not be for Christianity against Islamism, and can Mr. W. be indifferent to that cause?

The Greeks had scarcely obtained possession of the Acropolis, before they made two discoveries, which could never have been predestined to any Mussulman. The one was a small subterraneous chapel, underneath (or nearly so) the right wing of the Propylæum, and which appeared to have been long filled with rubbish; the other was the celebrated fountain of Pan, rising so near the north-west corner of the citadel that it was immediately enclosed by a new bastion; and being now comprehended within the walls, it renders their defenders nearly indifferent to the caprices of the wind and clouds. The *Ερεχθίς Πάλασσα*, or spring, formerly contained in the Erechtheum, has not yet been discovered, nor can the exact spot for excavation with any certainty be pointed out. I believe, however, that there is not a soldier in the garrison who is not aware of its ancient existence; and it will probably be restored ere long to the exertions of an inquisitive and progressive people.

In the midst of so many circumstances of devastation, I am deeply consoled to be enabled to add, that very trifling injury has been sustained by the remains of antiquity. The Parthenon, as the noblest, has also been the severest sufferer; for the lantern of Demosthenes, which had been much defaced by the conflagration of the convent, of which it formed a part, has already received some repairs from the care of the French Vice-Consul. Any damage of the Parthenon is irreparable. It appears that the Turks, having expended all their balls, broke down the south-west end of the wall of the cella in search of lead, and boast to have been amply rewarded for their barbarous labour. But this is the extent of the damage. No column has been overthrown, nor any of the sculptures displaced or disfigured. I believe all the monuments except these two to have escaped unviolated by the hand of war; but almost at the moment of the commencement of the revolution, the temple of Theseus was touched by a flash of propitious lightning, so little injurious to the building that we might be tempted to consider it an omen of honour and victory.

The present miseries of the Athenians are exceeded only by those of the Sciots and others, who have suffered actual slavery or expatriation; for, amid such aggravations of living wretchedness, we have not a tear to waste on those who have perished. Three times has that unhappy people emigrated almost in a body, and sought refuge from the sabre among the houseless rocks of Salamis. Upon these occasions, I am assured, that many have dwelt in caverns, and many in miserable huts, constructed on the mountain-sides by their own feeble hands. Many have perished,  
too,

too; from exposure to an intemperate climate; many from diseases contracted through the loathsomeness of their habitations; many from hunger and misery.

‘ On the retreat of the Turks, the survivors returned to their country. But to what a country did they return! To a land of desolation and famine; and, in fact, on the first re-occupation of Attica, after the departure of Omer Brioni, several persons are known to have subsisted for some time on grass, till a supply of corn reached the Peræus from Syra or Hydra.

‘ By a singular change of national character, modern Athens is, of all the cities of Greece, the least maritime. In fact, she does not possess one single vessel of any size or description, — not one Athenian sailor exists to pay homage at the tomb of Themistocles. The commerce of Attica is, therefore, entirely in the hands of foreigners, and the natives have no means of supplying even their own wants and necessities. It is possible that this cause may have contributed to augment their sufferings.’ —

‘ In my daily rides among the mountains and villages, (by which, though unarmed and alone, I risk little under the vigorous government of Odysseus,) I observe little else than distress and poverty. The villages are half-burnt and half-deserted; the peasant civil, but suspicious; the convents abandoned or defaced, and their large massive gates shattered with musket-balls; while human bones may sometimes be discovered bleaching in the melancholy solitude. In the mean time, there is no appearance of depression or indolence. A great portion of the ground is cultivated, and crops are sown, in the uncertainty who may reap them, “ for the immortal gods:” the olives, too, and the vineyards, are receiving almost the same labour which would be bestowed upon them in a time of profound peace.

‘ In the city, the Bazar exhibits a scene of some animation; and, owing to the great influx of refugees from Thebes and Livadia, some of whom have even preserved a part of their property, there is here no appearance of depopulation. There is even occasionally some inclination to gaiety; genuine hilarity will sometimes have its course in spite of circumstances, and the maids of Athens will dance their Romaic in the very face of misery. But it will scarcely be credited, that the celebration of the Carnival is at this instant proceeding with great uproar and festivity. Drunken buffoons, harlequins, and painted jesters, are riotously parading the streets, while Gourra’s sulky Albanians\* sit frowning at the fortress-gate, and the Turks and the plague are preparing to rush down from Negropont and Caryato.

‘ It is true, however, that this delirium is by no means universal. Very many of the inhabitants are far too deeply sunk in wretchedness to respond to any voice of mirth. The pale and trembling figures of women, who stand like spectres by the walls of their falling habitations; the half-naked and starving infants,

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\* Nearly half of the soldiers of Odysseus are foreigners, and chiefly Albanians. These are in appearance more barbarous, and in manners far less civilized, than the native Greeks.

who shiver at their breasts; the faces of beauty, tinged with deepest melancholy, which timidly present themselves at the doors and windows of their prisons rather than their houses;—objects such as these are so numerous, and so productive of painful sympathy, as to leave us little pleasure in the contemplation of the progress of revolution; and Athens, however erect in her pride of independence, affords a very mournful and afflicting spectacle.'

It is anticipated by Mr. W. that, whenever Greece becomes independent and united, under whatsoever form of government, Napoli di Romania will be selected for its capital: its vicinity to the plain of Argos on one side, and to the commercial islands of the Archipelago on the other, its unassailable strength, and the security of its port, marking it out for the capital of a mercantile country. Speaking of its 'unassailable strength,' however, and of the noble rock 'crowned by its impregnable fortress,' he says, sarcastically, in a note; 'It is true indeed that the Greeks surprized the Palamedes one stormy night shortly before the surrender of Napoli;—not, however, till they had well ascertained that it had been already abandoned by the enemy.' The author indulges very freely in such sarcasms, and would fain make us believe that, to the various vices of treachery, suspicion, rapacity, and ferociousness, the Greeks add cowardice; which is insinuated in several different places. The Greeks, says he, 'are any thing rather than hard fighters; indeed they will never fight if they can avoid it, except under the most favorable circumstances of position, numbers, or darkness.'—'I know no single instance, during the whole contest, of a battle well disputed on equal terms, on fair open ground, and in the face of day. *Εν δὲ φάσι καὶ ὀλεσσον*, is no longer the motto of Grecian heroism: *dolus an virtus* is discovered to be the securer principle.' (P. 140.) Of all the faults charged to the Greeks, it is something new to hear them accused of cowardice: but, for decency's sake, an exception is extorted from Mr. W. in favor of the Hydriots, Ipsariots, and other islanders, who in their little gun-brigs have so often vanquished the Turkish fleet, and continue to be its terror. As Colonel Voutier had a commission in the Greek army, was on active service with it, and has described its operations down to the period of the surrender of Napoli to Colocotroni, we hold him to be a more competent authority than Mr. Waddington: who, if he can overcome his prejudices, and will consult the testimony of an eye-witness and a soldier in command, will find abundant instances recorded of the most chivalrous and heroic bravery, without any set-off from a single act of cowardice.

If we may not go so far as to say that the *object* of the work before us is to discourage the friends of Greece by emblazoning



blazoning all the faults of its national character, and damning its virtues with faint praise, we cannot hesitate to declare that every circumstance of weakness and disunion is detailed with very suspicious complacency, while the successes of the patriots are strangely under-rated; and we believe that many events and statements in the volume are very inaccurately given. Western Greece embraces the district of Acarnania, Ætolia, and part of Epirus. Missolonghi is situated on a low and marshy ground, some twelve or fourteen miles to the eastward of the Achelous: but Mr. W. did not visit Missolonghi, partly 'on account of the extremely repulsive nature of the place itself, and its entire destitution of any thing to interest the imagination or the memory.' It may be asked why is Calydon, the birth-place of Deianira; why is Ætolia, penetrating from the margin of the sea to the mountains on the confines of Thessaly, and still inhabited by the Valaques who were transported thither by the Greek emperors; why is Ætolia, whose inhabitants so illustriously distinguished themselves under the last kings of Macedon, till compelled to bow before the resistless fortune of the Roman arms; why is the celebrated Achelous, on account of its extent and magnificence personified by the ancients as the son of Oceanus and Tethys; and why is the river Evenus, traversing this country through the whole length of its course;—why are such objects and such scenes represented as less interesting to the scholar than other parts of Greece? Missolonghi, almost without the means of resistance, has, Mr. W. acknowledges, been saved by the genius and valor of its defenders: but, says he, (p. 171.) 'if the city be in security, the country has been proved open to the annual occupation of the invader; and thus, strictly speaking, *the province of Western Greece is confined to the walls of Missolonghi.*' If the Albanians may with some difficulty advance to Missolonghi, they cannot hold their positions long, because all the surrounding mountains are in the hands of insurgent Greeks, and this is one of the strongest parts of Greece.

It has been rather for the sake of counteracting unfavorable impressions respecting the Greeks and their cause, than for any other reason, that we have already dwelt so long on the contents of this volume. Yet, though Mr. Waddington is a bird of ill omen, we place no reliance on his sinister prophecies:

'I have been assured,' says he, 'that there was a period in the revolution when the Greek government was ready to have listened to very moderate terms of accommodation with Turkey, concluded under the mediation of the allied powers. If this be true, I am quite certain that that disposition is now nearly extinct, and

I have some apprehension that it will not easily be revived. Absolute and unconditional independence must now be the basis of any treaty, by whomsoever guaranteed. Any proposal, however advantageous, which rested not on that foundation, would meet, I think, with no serious attention.'

We are very glad to hear this from such an evidence: — but, he continues, 'it is quite certain that the great majority of the nation is at this moment in favor of a constitutional monarchy;' and he then speculates as to who the monarch will be, deciding in a single paragraph that, as no Greek can ever be generally popular in Greece, and as the Greeks have gained very little by their change to polycracy from Turkish despotism, they now 'rest their only hope of organization and repose in the vigor and impartiality of a *foreign king*.' It may be so: but we require ample confirmation of the assertion of Mr. Waddington, before we can believe that the great majority of the Greek nation are in favor of a constitutional, foreign monarchy. — Foreseeing that hostilities between the Greeks and the Turks may be protracted *ad indefinitum*, without the friendly mediation of other powers, Mr. W. hints (p. 161.) that the Holy Alliance ought to unite with the British government in *obliging* the Grand Signor to make some sort of convention with his untractable subjects; forgetting to inquire what the Greeks would say to such a mediation; — forgetting that he had told us a few pages before, (p. 153, &c.) that hatred and even contempt of one member of the Holy Alliance, *Austria*, is fixed in the breast of every Greek, or that he had informed us that they deprecate *Russian* protection also, with as much fervency as Turkish domination, and that ages will not efface the remembrance of what they deem the delusive and treacherous hopes held out by Russia at the commencement of their revolution; — and, lastly, forgetting that he had told us that, 'as to *England*, he could not perceive any great desire to court our protection, or any great preference for our character; that the Greeks ask not for our counsel, our hospitals, or our officers, and that the only key to their affections is the loan.' Yet these are the parties whose mediation he would force on the Turks, and recommend to the Greeks. To facilitate business still farther, he sketches the plan of a treaty which these mediating powers might advantageously propose, and which exhibits another and still more remarkable instance of forgetfulness. He has just stated that 'absolute and unconditional independence must now be the basis of any treaty, by whomsoever guaranteed.' (P. 156.) Two pages afterward, (p. 158.) he lays down his treaty of pacification, the basis of which is, 'that the Greeks shall continue dependent on the Sublime Porte, paying a nominal

*nominal tribute.* Then he says, what signifies the name, if they do but secure the reality of independence? He seems to fancy that a man can have no possible objection to wear a gaol-jacket, the badge of his former degradation, provided that he is actually out of prison!

In a letter from Hydra, Mr. W. has given some very interesting particulars, which we would quote if they were not too copious, relative to that navy whose exploits have filled the Turks with terror and all Europe with admiration. The volume closes with a defence of the conduct of the late Sir Thomas Maitland and the Ionian government; and several instances are produced to shew the strictness with which Sir Thomas adhered to the neutrality that he professed.

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ART. X. *Correspondence and Communications addressed to his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home-Department, concerning the Introduction of Tread-Mills into Prisons, with other Matters connected with the Subject of Prison-Discipline.* By Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart., D.C.L. F.R. and A.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 228. Nicol, &c.

ART. XI. *Thoughts on the Defective State of Prisons, and Suggestions for their Improvement; together with Hints for the Discipline, Police, and Labour of Prisoners. With the Plan of a Gaol and House of Correction for the Accommodation and Labour of 280 Persons.* By Thomas Le Breton, (late Captain in the 71st Regiment, and Paymaster of Detachments of the Forces,) Keeper of the County-Gaol, and Governor of the House of Correction at St. Augustine's, near Canterbury. 8vo. pp. 52. Rivingtons, &c.

ART. XII. *The Fourth, and the Fifth, Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison-Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, for 1822 and 1823.* 8vo. 3s. and 5s. sewed. Longman and Co., &c.

ART. XIII. *Remarks upon Prison-Discipline, &c.; in a Letter addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant and Magistrates of the County of Essex.* By C. C. Western, Esq. M. P. 8vo. 2s. Ridgway.

ART. XIV. *Additional Observations on Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Criminals: containing Remarks on Prison-Discipline, and on the Punishment of Criminals by solitary Confinement, as proposed in some of the United States of America, &c.* By W. Roscoe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 160. Cadell.

ART. XV. *A Short Vindication of the General Penitentiary at Milbank, from the Censures contained in a Letter, &c., by C. C. Western, Esq.: — to which are added, A few Remarks on the Punishment of Juvenile Offenders.* By G. Holford, Esq. M. P. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons.

THE increasing number of works relating to prison-discipline is a satisfactory proof that the subject is beginning to interest the public attention, in a manner commensurate to its

its importance : but the variety of opinions entertained by persons eminent at once for their talents and their integrity, after mature consideration on almost every considerable point of prison-discipline, indicates that the end and aim of punishment and the means of effectuating its purposes, whatever they may be, are at present but imperfectly understood. The discussions, however, which have taken place, and which continue to arise, on this very serious topic, will be serviceable at least in shewing how much is yet unknown, how much room is left in many instances for considerate and judicious experiments, and how far something may be hoped from the diffidence which a system of severity, long pursued with little efficacy, ought to inspire as to a perseverance in the same system. It is, perhaps, the fault of writers on penal jurisprudence that they confine themselves too much to a single view of the question ; and, according as they have been accustomed to moral or to political reasonings, they consider singly either the reformation of the criminal, or the benefits derived to society from example, as the exclusive end of punishment.

In the means, too, of reforming offenders, one inquirer maintains that some short and severe infliction is most efficacious, as a correction of which they will dread the repetition : — while a second writer thinks that no reformation can be effected until new habits of a better cast have been excited, and that these can only be introduced by accustoming the culprits to experience the use and the gain of steady and regular labor. So, on the other hand, of the advocates for example some are in favor of such inflictions of punishment as may strike the imagination of spectators by their awfulness and solemnity, while others conceive that severe and continued and protracted hardships must make a greater impression on the minds of those who are witnesses of them.

Perhaps such views are by mistake only exclusive of one another. In the early stages of society, reparation to the party injured was the principal point endeavored to be secured by punishment ; and surely it will be found that this has as good a claim to be considered as one of the main ends of punishment, as either the reformation of the offender or the example to society. It is true that, in the more advanced stages of society, the sense of general insecurity, which is the secondary mischief of every crime, becomes from many circumstances the more direct subject of consideration. The forms of civilized states, which substitute a public prosecutor for the individual injured, — the language of criminal proceedings, which substitute the King, his crown, and dignity, — the definitions of lawyers, — the penalties and forfeitures, which

which in some cases are given to the informer and in others to the crown, — the doctrine of pardon as forming part of the royal prerogative, — all tend to withdraw the party principally aggrieved from the notice of the public; and it is forgotten that, wherever an injury has been committed, there is a party to whom, in the first place, satisfaction or reparation ought to be made.

The end of punishment, then, seems to be to procure *reparation* for the party injured, in the first place; and, secondly, to provide some *security* to the party injured, and to others who have been already alarmed, against the repetition of the offence. In many cases, certain damages assessed might compensate the individual for the loss sustained; and a farther assessment in the shape of a fine might sufficiently secure the public against a repetition of the offence, where that offence had been committed merely from a view of pecuniary gain, and had not been accompanied by any circumstances of violence. Even in this, however, which is the simplest case that can be put, if the alarm arising to the public from the offence may be taken into consideration in addition to the actual injury suffered, and can be justly considered as requiring an additional compensation, then, to give that compensation its full effect, publicity is required; and it is in this sense, we apprehend, if the subject be analyzed, that example is said to be one of the great ends of punishment.

When a crime is committed, and remains unpunished, there is danger to the society that the evil which has been perpetrated may be imitated by others: — the criminal has been an *example of mischief*; and, to prevent such imitation, some public visitation of his crime is required, so that the *punishment* of the offender may deter those whom his *impunity* might have induced to follow his steps. The observation, then, with which we have occasionally met, that punishment intended for any other purpose than the reformation of the offender is a procedure unjust in its nature, and unwarrantable, must surely be precipitate and unfounded. If the *crime* could have no effect as an example, it might then, perhaps, be unreasonable to speak of *punishment* in the light of example: but, wherever the notoriety of the crime unpunished might lead to imitation, society seems justified in requiring that the punishment, whatever it be, should be such as may deter from a repetition of the offence. — The principle that the reformation of the criminal is the sole end of punishment, if followed out practically, would apparently lead to serious evils. It would make the circumstances of every individual necessary to be considered before any punishment could be awarded for

for his crime, so that there could be no law or invariable rule; but every thing must be left to the discretion of the Judges; or of those on whom it should devolve to carry the punishment nominally awarded into execution. The mischievous effects of a discretionary power, in diminishing the term of punishment on extraordinary good behaviour, have been fully experienced in America; where it produced pretended penitents, and consummate hypocrites in abundance, who, after having obtained their liberation as patterns of the reformed, were very soon immured again for a repetition of their crimes. Independently of such impostures, the system would, we think, tend much to weaken the discouragements from crime, by removing from the imagination that certainty as to the nature and duration of punishment which is one of its most impressive qualities.

We cannot refrain from applying to this subject the observations made, on a different occasion, by one of the most enlightened advocates \* that ever stood forth for the reform of our criminal code:

“ Let us only reflect how all these variations in practice must operate upon that portion of mankind who are rendered obedient to the law only by the terror of punishment. After giving full weight to all the chances of complete impunity which they can suggest to their minds, they have besides to calculate upon the probabilities which there are after conviction of their escaping a severe punishment. As it has been truly observed, that most men are apt to confide in their supposed good fortune, and to miscalculate as to the number of prizes which there are in the lottery of life, so are those dissolute and thoughtless men, whose evil dispositions penal laws are most necessary to depress, much too prone to deceive themselves in their speculations upon what I am afraid they accustom themselves to consider as the lottery of justice.”

It appears to us that the several ends of punishment may all be pursued without placing them in conflict with each other; and that the reformation of the offender must be one of the most desirable ends, because it affords, where it can be truly ascertained, one of the best securities against the repetition of the offence by the same person.

In cases in which the crime has been committed merely with the view of pecuniary gain, it has already been intimated that recompense of the party injured and a fine seem to be the most suitable punishment: but that, from the circumstances of the party, such punishment must in fact be identical

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\* See Sir S. Romilly's *Observations on the Criminal Law of England*; p. 21.

with confinement to hard labor, till the remuneration and mulct can be raised from his earnings. The fine should be applied to the purpose of indemnifying society for the expences of the detection and prosecution, though such expences will not in themselves afford a measure of the fine. Wherever the crime has originated merely for the sake of pecuniary gain, the true source has been in the idleness or the vicious habits of the offender; and to employ imprisonment, without occupation, for such an offence, is to provide neither any reparation to others nor any correction to the individual. By making imprisonment with hard labor the means of indemnifying the loss, and of giving something by way of security and earnest to society, at the same time correcting the vicious habits of the offender, all seems to be done that can be done to repair the wrong, and to provide against the risk of its recurrence.

With regard to crimes occasioned by the licentious passions, so many questions are involved as to the state of public opinion and the habits and feelings of society, that general rules cannot be briefly laid down. The laws of some antient states, for instance, which gave the female the option of taking her violator in marriage or insisting on his death, were suited to a very different state of society from that which prevails in England, where the crime of rape is at once visited with death. These crimes are of a great variety of gradations: but, in many of the inferior degrees, hard labor and hard fare would seem to be the appropriate punishment, considered with respect to physical discipline; and in some cases hard labor, even when not accompanied by any gainful or lucrative effect, might be most desirable, though in other cases, as we shall hereafter observe, labor of the productive kind seems in general most proper.

As to instances of the malignant passions, the law of retaliation finds an application only in the very early stages of society. The doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" inflicts, indeed, a new pain on the guilty person, but benefits neither the party injured nor the community. In these cases, if the party injured be so maltreated as to lessen his means of getting a livelihood, the party aggrieved ought to be compelled to supply those means as far as they are affected; and the sufferer should, as nearly as possible, be indemnified as to the consequences of the injury. Society, also, should be secured against the recurrence of the crime, by the diminution of those grounds of illusion, whatever they were, which gave impetuosity to this passion. If the criminal can be supposed to have been actuated by the consideration  
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of superior rank, he ought to be degraded; if he presumed on his wealth, he ought to be severely mulcted; if, without circumstances of this kind, he was urged by a violence of temper, he must be subjected to such discipline as may not only teach him the unreasonableness of those moods, but may also subdue and cure his temper itself. It is only in cases of a very hardened nature, and as preparatory to other methods of correction, that solitary confinement should ever be adopted:—it is only where the character requires to be subdued, and to have its acquired habits of actual ferocity supplanted by reflection, that recourse should be had to such a method. In general, it is more advisable, if possible, to awaken the better feelings of nature by an exhibition of their happy effects, than to force their admission by a sort of reaction, and to shew the necessity of such feelings by the misery arising from a total exclusion of them. Only in extreme cases should men learn sociability by a lesson of solitude. — Whether solitary confinement, without employment, for a considerable time, succeeded by solitary hard labor for the rest of life, might not be substituted for the punishment of death, even in cases of murder, is a problem which the humanity or perhaps the humane severity of some future age may solve: but in many instances the appropriation of the profits of the murderer's labor, for life, to the benefit of the family of the deceased, would seem to be as just and as striking a punishment as could be inflicted.

In considering the nature of the labor to which prisoners should be subjected, it may be well to remark that, although direct profit is not the principal object, yet, *ceteris paribus*, such labor is most desirable as may introduce habits which may be profitably pursued; and it is to be wished, if it can be accomplished, that prisoners, instead of being hardened to depravity by their confinement, or exasperated by the labor to which they are compelled, should acquire such habits as may at once qualify them to be, and insure the probability of their becoming, useful members of society on their restoration to it. In this point of view, the Tread-mill has always appeared to us particularly objectionable, and we have formerly had occasion to speak of it with decided disapprobation. It may possibly have its advantages in those cases of perverse idleness in which there is a sort of mechanical indisposition to labor: it may be a deserved discipline for sturdy vagrants; and it may make the gaol an object of due terror to those with whom inertness is a sort of disease, and who want some strong impulse to set them in motion:—but the indiscriminate application of the Tread-mill must in many cases  
operate



operate severely in the light of a degrading and ignominious punishment: in many others, it must tend to eradicate every remaining sentiment of respect, and excite feelings of indignation or that silent hatred to the whole species, which paralyzes and benumbs every active principle; and it is a punishment which in the case of women should never be adopted, and in the case of men requires the greatest judgment and considerateness in its application. There are numerous employments, for the exercise of which convenience might be found in prisons, even according to their present structure, and which might be beneficially substituted for the Tread-mill. The following statement made by Mr. Roseoe, on the employments most suitable to a penitentiary, seems to be extremely judicious; and the list of occupations may furnish valuable hints for the establishment of such institutions:

‘ 1. The employments most suitable to a penitentiary are such as require no extensive machinery and but little apparatus; by attending to which, expense will be avoided, and the prisoner on his discharge will be better able to obtain a livelihood, than if he had to depend on an apparatus.

‘ 2. The employment selected should be suited to the sex, age, health, strength, and habits of the party. In cases where the prisoner is already acquainted with any mechanical art or trade, which can be conveniently carried on in prison, it will in general be proper, for obvious reasons, to adopt it. When this is not the case, the convict should be allowed a preference of such as may be offered to him; which is the more necessary, as he is to obtain a livelihood by it after his discharge, and consequently should have a voice in the decision. If the term of imprisonment be too short to permit the convict to acquire a trade, he should be employed in such work as requires little or no instruction, as picking oakum, beating hemp, sawing marble, &c.

‘ 3. Those occupations are to be preferred, where the cost of the raw material is small, and the value chiefly arises from the labour. It is also desirable that the articles to be manufactured should, in general, be such as can be disposed of in lots or portions; for which purpose there should be a sale, twice, or oftener, in the year, at which they should be sold by auction. Nothing should be bought in at such sale for which a price is bid amounting to more than the value of the raw article, as the stock cannot be allowed to accumulate.

‘ 4. The occupations to be selected will also depend much on local situation, — whether sea-port or inland, agricultural or manufacturing, in towns or in the country, &c.: — each of which has its peculiar advantages, and is best adapted for some particular occupations, which cannot be pointed out, but by such persons as are resident on the spot.

‘ 5. It is not to be supposed that all the trades mentioned in the following list are recommended for all penitentiaries. On the contrary,

contrary, a few of them, properly selected, may be found to afford sufficient employment. It is better, for obvious reasons, to carry on one branch of manufacture to a considerable extent, than to attempt the establishment of too great a variety. Nor is it advisable to undertake to instruct persons in *all* the different branches of the trade in which they are employed, but rather to confine them to some particular branch of it, in which they may obtain superior readiness and skill. Thus a person may be taught to *make nails* well and expeditiously, without being a perfect smith; or to prepare *boards, joists, &c.* by sawing and planing, without being a joiner; or to *cut stones and coping* ready for building, without being a complete stone-mason. But although he is only acquainted with *one* branch of a trade, he will probably by constant practice be better skilled in that branch than those who practise it in every department; and consequently be better qualified, on his discharge, to obtain a livelihood, than if he were an indifferent workman in other respects.

*Proposed Occupations for a Penitentiary.*

- ‘ Preparing stone for building, cutting stone-cornices, coping, and ridge-stones, &c.
- ‘ Sawing marble.
- ‘ Polishing marble.
- ‘ Making filtering stones.
- ‘ Preparing mill-stones.
- ‘ Hewing stones and coping for walling.
- ‘ Making troughs and sink-stones.
- ‘ Grinding and preparing plaster of Paris.
- ‘ Sawing boards, joists, rafters, &c.
- ‘ Planing boards for flooring.
- ‘ Making wood-spouts.
- ‘ Fencing stakes to preserve plantations, &c.
- ‘ Gates and palisadoes.
- ‘ Hurdles of various kinds.
- ‘ Spokes for cart and carriage wheels.
- ‘ Making wheelbarrows.
- ‘ ——— barrel-staves and heads, and cooperage in general.
- ‘ ——— churns, wash-tubs, pails, and white coopering in general.
- ‘ ——— crates and basket-work of various kinds.
- ‘ ——— wooden clogs, pattens, lasts, &c.
- ‘ Boring wood for pumps, water-pipes, &c.
- ‘ Cutting corks.
- ‘ Making lead pencils.
- ‘ Turnery in wood, ivory, &c.
- ‘ Making nails of various kinds.
- ‘ ——— locks, hinges, staples, and latches.
- ‘ ——— iron ploughs, harrows, and agricultural implements.
- ‘ ——— chain-work for fences and other purposes.
- ‘ Working in tin-plate.
- ‘ Making pins.
- ‘ File-cutting.

‘ Wire-

- Wire-drawing.
- Screw-cutting.
- Iron and brass wire-work of various kinds.
- Making combs of various kinds.
- Rope-making in various branches.
- Manufacturing sail-cloth from the raw material.
- Picking oakum for caulking.
- Beating hemp.
- Heckling, combing, and preparing flax.
- Carding and combing wool.
- Weaving calico and other cotton goods.
- Spinning flax and wool.
- ————— blankets and rugs.
- Weaving horse-hair for chair-bottoms, &c.
- Making umbrellas and parasols.
- ————— and repairing boots and shoes.
- ————— men and women's gloves of various kinds.
- Mattresses of straw and hair.
- Making brushes and brooms of various kinds.
- Tailoring in various branches.
- Making beaver-hats.
- ————— leather-caps for children.
- ————— straw-hats.
- Trunk-making.
- Making whips of various kinds.
- Binding shoes.
- Knitting stockings, braces, &c.
- Weaving fishing nets.

We should not have deemed it necessary to say a word on the subject of *unconvicted prisoners*, if some of the publications before us had not spoken of their earnings.\* Prisoners before trial are, by the law of the land, and the laws of equity and common sense, presumed to be innocent persons; and their confinement is justifiable only on the principle of necessity, because their presence at the time of the assizes could not otherwise be secured: consequently, the requisition of labor from persons confined for such purpose only, and who may eventually prove to be perfectly guiltless of the crime charged against them, cannot be justified on any principle whatsoever, but is an illegal and arbitrary assumption of power, and an unauthorized imposition. The length of the imprisonment itself is a most severe and in many cases an irreparable hardship and injury. On this subject, we quote with great pleasure the observations made by Mr. Western.

• Before I close this letter, I feel it necessary to make some further remarks upon the detention and treatment of prisoners before

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\* See Mr. Le Breton's work, p. 37.

trial, and which calls most loudly for immediate consideration. It is true that they are not committed but by evidence, upon oath, of such a nature as to afford pretty good ground of belief in their guilt; and it is true also, that such commitment is under the authority and direction of a responsible magistrate; nevertheless there exists no legal or moral right to inflict even any restraint upon them before trial, other than such as is indispensably necessary to secure their being brought to that trial, in the face of their country, upon the charge alleged against them. If then we are upon every just principle precluded from inflicting upon them not only any punishment, but any unnecessary restraint, it is surely dreadful that we should be in the constant practice of confining them for a period so protracted, and so unnecessary, and treating them in a manner which is more grievous eventually than any positive punishment we could devise. Nothing can be so cruel as to throw them into such a vortex of corruption as many of our gaols and houses of correction contain; where it is next to impossible they should escape contamination, too probable that every sentiment of just pride and respect for character will be extinguished, and all their vicious habits, if they possess any, thoroughly confirmed; nor can we doubt, that the lesson frequently is first learnt in a prison which brings an unfortunate victim to his untimely end. How we can reconcile to ourselves the continuance of such a system is extraordinary. The difficulty of remedy, of course, is urged in defence, but is quite insufficient; because the evil of long imprisonment would be easily obviated, and the danger of contagion would also be obviated in great measure, if not effectually prevented, by a more capacious and improved construction of our prisons, such as to afford a variety of subdivisions, single sleeping cells, &c. &c. which I have shewn that the existing laws do actually require. A larger proportion of sub-officers, to be more frequently with the prisoners, would also cut off much, if not all, opportunity of mischievous intercourse and association. Solitary confinement would be less cruel than a den of contagion, in which every moral disease may be so readily imbibed.

‘ In the supposition of every practicable improvement in prison-management being accomplished, there can still be no possible excuse for the long confinement of those who, till they are proved to be guilty, are entitled to the consideration of innocence. The very first object of our attention ought therefore to be that which I ventured to bring under the consideration of Parliament two years ago, viz. to shorten the duration of confinement previous to trial by a more frequent assembling of the competent tribunal to try all manner of prisoners. If the period was as short as it ought to be, not only would corrupt intercourse lose more than half its power, but in many cases solitary confinement itself might be sufficiently stripped of its gloom to be resorted to perhaps even with the choice of the prisoner, and thus wholly obviate every chance of contamination. The work of corruption, too, if the opportunity cannot be prevented, makes so much less progress

gress in a short confinement, than if the degree of mischief was measured by the proportion of days, weeks, or months; because, in the first part of the time, the natural guards of innocence, which are planted in every bosom, are not broken down; the first effects of imprisonment are salutary, so long as it is painful, and it is not till time has worn away this first impression, that bad example and vicious association begin to operate in full force.

‘The present plan of gaol-delivery twice only in the year, and the consequent length of confinement before trial, is certainly dreadful in its consequences, and highly disgraceful to the jurisprudence of the country; it is at variance with the spirit of the constitution, as well as the dictates of humanity and justice; and it is not conformable to antient or existing law.’

Sir John Hippisley’s Correspondence contains much important information, and many remarks worthy of consideration, especially with reference to the employment of Treadwheels. The public are no strangers to the benevolent exertions of the worthy Baronet.

Mr. Roscoe’s work, besides the author’s humane and eloquent discussions, furnishes some very valuable information on the state-prisons in America.

Mr. Western’s remarks, as may be judged by the extract which we have just made, are written in a plain manly style; and, although many of his speculative positions are extremely questionable, he is deserving of the highest praise for the industry and zeal with which he has investigated the actual state of several prisons, as well as for the directness and freedom with which he has expressed his opinions on all occasions.

Mr. Holford’s pamphlet shews that much misapprehension had gone abroad with regard to the diet adopted in the Penitentiary at Millbank. Subsequent occurrences have fully proved that the peculiarities of the situation there required a system of provision which might not be necessary in other places; and that the governors of that institution, instead of having used too high a dietary, have actually erred in endeavoring to reduce it to the common standard. Whether Millbank ought ever to have been considered as a fit situation for building the Penitentiary is quite a different question. Mr. Western’s remarks, as applying to that institution, were certainly ill grounded; and much credit is due to Mr. Holford for the temperate and delicate manner in which he came forwards to vindicate the institution. The case is a very palpable instance of the mischief of generalizing prematurely.

Of the Annual Reports of the Society for the Improvement of Prison-Discipline, we have repeatedly spoken; and we shall soon have a fresh occasion for attending to them, in reviewing their Sixth Report, recently published. We hope that the

various tracts before us, the consideration of which we much regret that we have been obliged for some time past to delay, will lead to a farther investigation of the different means of prison-discipline, both in and out of parliament : for we are fully convinced that questions so momentous cannot be sifted too minutely in all their bearings, and that the greatest benefit may be expected from a free and enlarged discussion. We shall therefore hail every fresh addition to the stock of valuable information, which has been already furnished by the Society for inquiring into this subject, with real satisfaction ; and, while the body of facts is increased, we need not doubt that, although the arguments bandied about may seem sometimes to incline the scale this way and sometimes the other, good will eventually prevail. Prisons are most likely to be most improved when the nature, the object, and the effects of different modes of punishment are best understood.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR MARCH, 1825.

### POETRY.

Art. 16. *A Midsummer-Day's Dream* : a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone, Author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum," and "Abradates and Panthea." 12mo. pp. 173. 8s. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

Like the former effusions of Mr. Atherstone's muse, this poem is distinguished by a highly fanciful and imaginative character, which often reaches a degree of extravagance and absurdity ; though accompanied by decided manifestations of poetic power. It is written in the extreme taste of our more wild and daring geniuses of the age, of the late poet Shelley, John Wilson, and other less celebrated names belonging to the same school ; and these, we must admit, the author has very successfully emulated, especially in the dark pictures in which their fancy so much delights to abound. For this reason it would be no very easy task to describe the scope and object of the present poem : which, however, corresponds very exactly with its title, for it is nothing but a strange yet poetical "Day-Dream," full of the most opposite and incoherent scenes, pleasing and melancholy descriptions, reveries, and sights of pleasure and of woe.

"A court of cobblers and a mob of kings."

However richly such a species of composition may be imbued with fine and fanciful passages, bright and bold imagery, and attempts to reach the more daring beauties of the art, we conceive it to be our duty to enter our decided protest against the indulgence

indulgence of a similar taste, at the expence of all that is correct and classical, and of all those studied graces which were so much prized by most of our older writers. — Instances of this species of licence are too frequent throughout the present work ; though at the same time, perhaps, it has enabled the author to manifest some occasional beauties which he might not otherwise have ventured to attempt. These, however, will hardly compensate for the loss of that chaster pleasure which we derive from a perusal of more tasteful and classical compositions ; which, if they do not so often transport us with daring and romantic flights, afford a more rational and sustained interest, calculated to inform the judgment and to gratify the taste. Still we grant that much latitude may be claimed by a poet whose subject is a ‘ *Midsummer-Day’s Dream* ;’ and passages of a beautiful romantic kind are not wanting to justify such a claim. The following sample is of this character, and breathes the spirit of true poetry :

‘ Methought that, as I lay,  
A shape of dazzling light stood over me ;  
His stature more than man’s, but full of grace  
And indescribable beauty. Gold-tinged locks,  
That shone like sunbeams, round his temples curl’d,  
And cluster’d in his neck ; his ample brow  
Was pure and open as the cloudless heaven ;  
His eye gazed on me with a bright, soft fire,  
Like the first sun-tints on some mountain’s peak  
Seen from the vales below, ere day hath risen.  
He seem’d not flesh like man, nor yet mere air ;  
But like some glorious thing of light create,  
Rosy with morn’s first blush. High majesty  
He had ; but therewith blended a divine  
Softness, benignity, and gracefulness :  
And, where he stood, I mark’d the slender grass,  
That would have bent beneath an insect’s weight,  
Standing unbow’d and freely vibrating  
To every sighing breeze.

He spake at length : —  
The tones were tender as the lightest pulse  
Of that sweet harp touch’d by the delicate fingers  
Of spirits of the air, yet had a power  
Upon my soul like low-discouraging thunder  
Heard in the still night : with that power a charm  
Like woman’s voice, when in the deep repose  
Of summer’s twilight she first owns her love.  
I could not fear, for ’twas not terrible ;  
I could not love, for it was too majestic ;  
But I could deeply, fervently admire,  
And bow my spirit down as when I gaze  
At midnight on the unfathomable deep  
Of ether, spangled with its myriad fires.  
Thus the melodious-voiced one spake ; and the air  
Took fragrance from his rosy-tinted lips.

‘ “ Thou art a son of earth, and earthly eyes  
 See nought but what is earthly. The fine shapes  
 Ethereal that people this fair world  
 And the vast universe, ye cannot see :  
 Ye can behold the rich vermilion clouds  
 Of morning and of eve, but cannot view  
 The beautiful spirits that therein reside,  
 And make them beautiful. Ye can see the flowers,  
 Their shapes and colours, and your other sense  
 Perceives their odorous exhalations ; but  
 The forms from your thick sight are hid, that mould  
 Their elegant fabric, paint their various hues,  
 And breathe into them perfume. When the wind  
 Waits through the gloomy forest, ye see not  
 The solemn spirit on the lonely hill  
 Making that mournful music. Ye can hear  
 The voice of thunders, thronging waves, and groans  
 Of earthquakes ; but ye never could behold,  
 And live, the terrible and mighty powers  
 That work them.

‘ “ All the earth, the sea, the sky,  
 Have many such ; your fellow-planets too  
 That roll like yours round yon magnificent sun : —  
 He also hath ethereal ministers  
 That do his errands here and through all space,  
 Subjected to his influence. One of these  
 I am.

‘ “ To us, whose purer elements  
 Are all unfetter'd by gross matter, time  
 And space are nought, or almost nought ; for we  
 Are not ethereal quite. That highest Spirit  
 Whom we name not, but, thinking of, bow down, —  
 That Highest One alone is spirit pure.  
 Yet farthest space by us is quicker spann'd  
 Than by man's quickest thought. Pass in your mind  
 Around the globe, — o'er seas and continents  
 Speed with a glance, — yet our fleet essences  
 Shall reach the goal before you,” ’ &c. &c.

Art. 17. *The Deserted City ; Eva ; Electricity.* Poems, by J. Bounden. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

In the crowd of poetic effusions that pour forth so abundantly during at least two seasons of the year, we always feel grateful to the muse when she offers us any thing out of the common routine, or palatable to a tolerable taste. Of this kind, though of very unequal merit, we may pronounce the work before us. Its principal poem, ‘ *The Deserted City*,’ seems to have been composed with the view of depicting the disasters of war, though the author observes that the reader may place it where he pleases ; adding,

‘ I may have described, perhaps, the scenes most familiar to myself, but it does not, therefore, follow that the sentiment is applicable to that spot only. As long as there are cities to be destroyed



stroyed by war and tyranny, it will have but too many "a local habitation and a name." In this poem, I own I have not aimed at flights of imagination; I was more anxious to paint realities, and to describe the evil and its causes. Whether in so doing I have done well or ill, is for the public to judge. In *Eva*, I have allowed a greater latitude to imagination, and it is perhaps *necessarily* the more poetical.

On this last point, we are inclined to be somewhat more doubtful than the author; questioning whether the greater latitude, which he has permitted to himself, be either quite allowable, (unless he deals out the poetic justice of a trial for assault at the Old Bailey towards the most flagitious of his heroes, instead of letting him fall honorably by his rival's sword,) or whether so amatory a subject necessarily involves a higher degree of poetic excellence. The idea is undoubtedly simple and *rude* enough: but that a wild bandit should make forcible prize of another's bride cannot be deemed very novel or peculiarly poetical: for it is a beaten and hackneyed theme, with nothing in it either great or terrible, yet too revolting to promote the legitimate ends of all true poetry. We therefore pronounce his '*Eva*' to be far inferior to his '*Deserted City*;' which poem contains many eloquent passages, and is of a more pleasing and more ennobling character than the other. A few specimens of their relative merit would be sufficient, we imagine, to decide the question: but we shall confine our quotations to one or two of the best passages in the '*Deserted City*,' which is by no means equally sustained throughout. It is a picture of the ravages incident to war, — of patriotic devotion, — and of all the wildest and boldest feelings which at such a period are most called into play, — depicted with truth and vivacity of coloring, and transporting the reader as it were into the midst of the very scenes.

The capture of the city by the enemy is of this kind, and impresses us very powerfully with a perception of its terrific reality.

' Collected in one square, a patriot band,  
Held life's last struggle for their native land;  
Who rather than behold her final woe,  
Would fight to save, or fall amidst the foe.  
How fierce, — how fatal, — in that spot, the strife!  
None would surrender, — though the boon was life!  
From every street that form'd an entrance there,  
The foe advanced to wedge them in despair:  
From every opening rending thunders pour'd,  
That, echoing round, in long loud volleys roar'd:  
Through living lines of men the bolts were hurl'd,  
Which as they heard them, dash'd them from the world.  
That post they held ev'n while they shed their blood;  
Slaughter'd and crush'd in masses as they stood:  
The dead and mangled that around them lay,  
A rampart seem'd to keep the foe at bay;  
Where muskets, rested on some friend's cold form,  
Prolong'd the fierce, but unavailing storm.

The iron shower in fatal fury flew, —  
 The strife of wrath more wild and deadly grew ;  
 As the long rumbling tempest pours at last  
 Its deepest rage in one collected blast !  
 Oft' fell some shatter'd building's loosen'd wall,  
 That overwhelm'd the dead and living in its fall : —  
 Oft' the foe rush'd into the charnel square, —  
 As oft' retiring, left their bravest there !  
 Still the last wreck of that determin'd band  
 Braced every nerve to perish hand to hand !  
 Then close they came, and Vengeance had her fill,  
 And life's last energies were rous'd to kill :  
 And the hot breath was felt, (so near they drew, )  
 As if the purple blast of poison blew.  
 There scarce was room to whirl the sword around,  
 That rose to cleave its victim to the ground :  
 While grappling, even in the pangs of death,  
 They look'd the curse that fell with life's last breath.  
 From house to house they fought, — from room to room,  
 And in those lordly mansions met their doom :  
 Doors shatter'd, — stain'd with blood, — remain'd to tell  
 The tale of those who bravely fought and fell :  
 And heroes dropp'd, life's crimson stream to pour  
 Upon the richly decorated floor ;  
 And shouts and tumults in those chambers rung,  
 Where night her veil o'er silent couches flung :  
 Where once the concert pour'd its witching strain,  
 Echoed the clash of swords, the groans of pain !  
 Floors, where the joyous dance its mazes spread,  
 Shook with the struggling warriors' heavy tread :  
 Where elegance in golden luxury dwelt, —  
 Where every bliss of polish'd life was felt, —  
 The rage of slaughter breathed, — the blows of death were  
 dealt !

So oft' some sweetly smiling, favor'd scene,  
 Adorn'd with flowers, and ever cloth'd in green ;  
 Where ages past had smoothly roll'd away,  
 Nor brought one freezing, burning, stormy day, —  
 Beholds at last a sudden tempest driven,  
 Gather'd and borne upon the winds of heaven ;  
 That bursts with desolating force around,  
 And strews with wreck the lately smiling ground.  
 ' The day's last streak of light dissolved away ;  
 The strife was done, — for none were left to slay !  
 Of all that desperate, devoted band,  
 Not one remain'd to move a hostile hand.  
 Their patriot fire was quench'd, — their duty o'er, —  
 The spark extinct that nothing can restore !  
 And they were stretch'd upon the silent bier ;  
 The last, — sole resting place, that waits us here.  
 Though late so anxious, — then it wrung them not  
 Though war their nation from the earth should blot. —

They

They died attempting to maintain her blest,  
 Nor foe nor tyrant more could mar their rest.  
 Their grave, — that ground on which their faith they prov'd,  
 Was still their portion in the land they lov'd.'

Good as many of these lines are, they are, perhaps, inferior to the closing apostrophe to war :

' Accursed War! thou foe of ev'ry joy!  
 Thou dost but move creation to destroy!  
 The plains are blacken'd by thy fiery path,  
 And blooming valleys wither in thy wrath:  
 There blazing cities turn th' horizon red, —  
 And here the ashes of 'a village spread!  
 Shedding on man and earth thy pois'nous breath,  
 Thy track is mark'd by one long line of death.  
 By thee the emerald sea is stain'd with blood,  
 That spreads its crimson cloud along the flood:  
 Fierce as the loudest thunder bursts thy roar, —  
 Thy worst of lightnings cleave the fated shore!  
 From thee earth's best and bravest meet their doom;  
 And nations form one universal tomb:  
 The mangled lie upon the ground to groan, —  
 The dying writhe, and pour th' unheeded moan;  
 While distant friendship breathes the fruitless prayer  
 For him who bleeds to death, unaided there.  
 Man, and his hopes, together pass from day,  
 While anguish rends the thread of life away;  
 Or driv'n a wand'rer from his earliest home,  
 But lives an outcast o'er the world to roam.  
 What desolation is around thee seen!  
 What hopeless wreck where'er thy rout hath been!  
 A needful evil, if indeed thou art,  
 They who provoke thee, least endure thy smart!  
 The tears of orphans in thy footsteps flow;  
 Thy tread but echoes to the widow's woe;  
 Science before thy swift destruction flies;  
 And art in ruin sinks, and commerce dies:  
 The muses fly to some calm, peaceful shore;  
 And agriculture tills the ground no more:  
 The worst of passions in thy train appear;  
 And ghastly famine closes up the rear.  
 Forcing man back to barbarous days again,  
 His path of light is darken'd by thy reign:  
 The works of genius, and of time, expire;  
 Life's charms are lost, and joy and hope retire.  
 Thus when Vesuvius pours her fires around,  
 And sudden desolation whelms the ground,  
 Flames sweep away the valley's lovely bloom,  
 And sink the fruits of labor to the tomb.'

Many inaccuracies and marks of deficient polish are observable in this volume, which shew a want of taste or a want of revision.

Art. 18. *The Poetical Note-Book*, and Epigrammatic Museum. Containing more than One Thousand choice Epigrams, fanciful Inscriptions, and Poetical Morceaux. Selected by George Wentworth, Esq. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Robertson and Co. 1824.

"Of making many (jest) books there is no end." Indeed, as long as wit and drollery exist, there *can* be no end of them; and

"Sad in truth will be the day  
When neither old nor young are gay."

Reviewers, however, should be "witty themselves" to vary their accounts of such compilations, for they all require the same character of containing things that are *good*, *bad*, and *indifferent*, with only a modification as to the proportions of the three qualities. Mr. Wentworth professes to have sought far and near, deep and long, to form the collection here offered to us; and we must acknowledge that he has not been unsuccessful, for he has furnished a copious supply: which deserves also, on the whole, to be characterized as predominating in the *good*. Novelty, too, is by no means rare in it: though we recognize many *old friends*, and some with *new faces*, which do not become them so well as their former appearance. We mean that they are *altered for the worse*: such as the lines *To a Lady with a Blood-shot Eye*, p. 14.; *The Oath*, by the late Bryan Edwards, p. 68, &c.; and the impromptu attributed to Voltaire, p. 134., was (we believe) a little trick of the elder Colman, who composed the lines himself, and referred them to the *Henriade*. They are not sufficiently perfect for that great writer, or indeed for any correct Frenchman; and the main fact asserted in them is now no longer true.

Will our readers accept a few "quips and cranks and wanton wiles?"

' *The Sleeping Watchman.*

- ' Sound sleeps yon guardian of the night,  
The hours uncall'd:—youth rests not sweeter;  
"I thought he was a watch."—"You're right—  
But a *stop-watch*, not a *repeater*."

' *On Ladies' Evening Dresses.*

- ' When dressed for the evening the girls now-a-days  
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;  
Nor blame them;—for what is an evening dress,  
But a dress that is suited for Eve? ADAM.'

' *The Power of Gold.*

- ' Gold is so ductile, learned chemists say,  
That half an ounce will stretch a wond'rous way;  
The metal's base, or else the chemists err,  
For now-a-days, our *sovereigns* wont *go far*!

' *The Wager decided.*

- ' Such little hopes I'd always found,  
Of gaining Betsy for my wife,  
That I had wager'd Dick a pound,  
I should not win her all my life.

' But,

' But, thanks to Heaven ! my anxious care  
Is all removed : the knot is tied,  
And Betsy — fairest of the fair,  
Consents at length to be my bride.

' To Dick, then, as in honour bound,  
Well pleased I hold myself in debt ;  
Thus by the oddest luck, 'tis found  
I lose my *wager* — win my *Bet*.'

' *The Sick Vicar*.

' A vicar, long ill, who had treasured up wealth,  
Told his curate each Sunday to pray for his health :  
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,  
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.  
" For my truth," says the curate, " let credit be given,  
I ne'er prayed for *his death*, — but I have for his *living*."

' *On a Picture in the Exhibition called " The Doubtful Sneeze."*

' The doubtful sneeze ! a failure quite ; —  
A winker half, and half a gaper ;  
Alas ! to paint on canvass here  
What should have been on *TISSUE-paper*.'

At p. 168. we find eight stanzas called ' The Devil's Ramble on Earth,' attributed to the late Professor Porson as a jocular proof of his extemporaneous talents. The wit and the epigrammatic turn of that learned Grecian are well known : but these lines are new to us, and we are not aware of the authority on which they are assigned to him.

#### NOVEL.

Art. 19. *Castle Baynard*; or, The Days of John. By Hal Willis, Student at Law. Crown 8vo. pp. 286. 8s. Boards. Whittaker. 1824.

To the incurable novel-reader such a production as this may probably afford a feast : but it will require strong gastric powers to digest the rude and familiar fare that is to be found in ' Castle Baynard.' As we may easily gather from its pseudonymous title-page, this volume exhibits an affectation of wit and ease, a careless fashionable slang, accompanied by a rude and boisterous display of character, such as we too commonly find in the secondary order of Scotch novelists. Thus, in catering for the present prevailing taste for national romance, Mr. Hal Willis provides an " infinite deal" of stage-character and effect : — violent contrasts, forced incidents and situations, — every thing, in short, to alarm and surprize, and to prevent us from falling asleep : but ' The Days of John' (meaning King John) would have afforded higher interest and entertainment if they had been more closely connected with history and the manners of the times, if the characters had been a little less extravagant, and especially if the crimes of the sovereign were colored with a more moderate hand. Vindictive, cruel,

cruel, and licentious as that monarch undoubtedly was, it is not within the bounds of history or of probability to suppose him to be capable of the folly and malignity here attributed to him. He is drawn in the vilest colors of an incendiary, an assassin, and a violator of the most sacred engagements, and for very little purpose, without the slightest scruple or apology; as if the author were merely relating a series of facts according to history. Becoming enamoured of one of his baron's daughters, the royal lover is driven to the necessity of burning to the ground the hospitable mansion in which he had been entertained, belonging, also, to one of his most attached friends; and to hire a stranger, with whom he accidentally met, to do him the slight favor of assassinating the young Countess who had been cruel enough to refuse his profligate offers.

All this is laying the weight of unnecessary ignominy on shoulders that had already enough to bear. Yet such extravagances must be allowed to add to the interest of a romance, and the author is by no means inclined to neglect the advantage which they may afford. With all its defects, we admit that there is still some cleverness in the work; it is well and spiritedly written; and it contains attempts at character and humor which do not always fail.

#### EDUCATION.

Art. 20. *A Guide to the French Language*: consisting of Vocabulary, Verbs, Dialogues, and Exercises. By Elizabeth Appleton, Author of "Early Education," &c. 12mo. pp. 364. Whittaker. 1824.

This Lady-Guide begins with giving a vocabulary, French and English: but the foreign name is put first, which renders it more difficult to find that which is required; and the words are arranged, or rather grouped, by order of matters, as the French phrase it, and not alphabetically. Thus words relating to time and weather come first; then such as relate to the occupations of mankind; then anatomical terms; and, lastly, the numbers. Substantives abound: but we do not observe fifty adjectives. We remark also errors of the press; as when the palm of the hand is rendered '*la pame de la main*,' instead of *la paume*.

A second part includes the conjugation of verbs, as in a common grammar: a third part is composed of familiar phrases and dialogues; and the fourth part selects elegant extracts, all in prose, consisting of historic traits, short biographies, fables, and proverbs, accompanied by English translations. We still detect errors of the press, as '*Qui trop embrasse mal etient*' for *mal retient*.

Teachers of French can best judge how far a book of this kind will abridge or facilitate their labors: but it contains no rules for pronunciation, and is therefore not adapted for the solitary learner.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 21. *Royal Naval Biography*; or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag-Officers, Captains, &c. &c. By John Marshall (B),  
Lieut-

Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

When we spoke of the two parts forming vol. i. of this work in our Number for July last, we gave a general opinion respecting it, and made some specific remarks on it, which equally apply to the present continuation of the undertaking. We have still rather too much in some places and too little in others, relative to the individuals commemorated and the events recorded; and especially too copious a detail of battles in which the officer in question bore only a subordinate part. Thus, of 163 articles contained in the present volume, fifty are extremely concise and unsatisfactory; and, on the other hand, we have accounts of Captain Cook's first voyage, under Rear-Admiral *Smith*, — of General Dalling's expedition against Fort Saint Juan in 1780, under Rear-Admiral *Bullen*, — of the action between Byron and D'Estaing in 1779, under Captain *Fanshawe*, — of Sir Samuel Hood's operations in the West Indies in 1782, under Captain *Inglefield*, — of Sir John Jervis's and Sir Charles Grey's campaigns on that station, under Captain *Wolley*, — of Nelson's last great battle, under *Sir T. Hardy*, — of the siege of Gibraltar, under Captain *Tinking*, — of the Egyptian campaign in 1801, under Captain *Maitland*, — of the Mediterranean operations in 1810, and 1814, under Captain *Brisbane*, and Captain *Dundas*, &c. &c. The article on Captain Mundy, also, is too much enlarged by letters on service.

In the memoir of Captain Lloyd, no mention is made of the very unfortunate conflict of the boats of the Plantagenet, in cutting out an American privateer, in which such a remarkable number of officers and men were killed and wounded, and no account of which (we believe) has ever been any where publicly given. — In the life of Captain *Hamond*, p. 172. l. 10., 'October, 1798,' should be *October, 1797*; and line 9. from the bottom, '*November 3.*' should be *November 30.* From these dates, and that of his birth, it appears that Captain H. was made a Commander at the age of eighteen, and a Post-Captain at nineteen: an instance sufficiently strong to shew the propriety of the subsequent regulations on this subject. — The case of Captain *Ryves*, p. 141., is an equally striking example of the want of a regulation of another kind, which has not yet been provided; viz. the contingency of Captains of the navy being obliged to bear the expence of maintaining, at their table, those officers of the army who may be embarked with their men for conveyance to any point of destination, when the ship has not been expressly fitted for the reception of troops. Such instances happen even to the present day, and no compensation is made by government; though the occurrence is an inexcusable and unjustifiable attack on the Captain's pocket.

Mr. Marshall's style remains open at times to the censure which we before bestowed on it; as in his notes about cosmopolite patriots, p. 133., and p. 398, 399. about Bonaparte and his companions in exile; and the story at p. 312., of an atheistical surgeon, should not be propagated unless it rests on indisputable authority. — Altogether, however, we still recommend this publication as a naval record.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *The World in Miniature*; edited by Frederic Shoberl. — *South Sea Islands*; being a Description of the Manners, Customs, Character, Religion, and State of Society among the various Tribes scattered over the Great Ocean called the Pacific, or the South Sea. Illustrated with Twenty-six coloured Engravings. Small 12mo. 2 Vols. 12s. Boards. Ackermann. 1824.

We have several times mentioned this pretty and convenient little work, and lastly in our Number for October, 1824, p. 218. The volumes before us present a farther continuation of it, and are devoted (as the title-page expresses) to the South-Sea Islands. They are drawn up with equal propriety and elegance, and introduce an agreeable episode in the history of the remaining crew of the *Bounty*, who escaped to Pitcairn's Island. This account is obtained from Shillibier's narrative of the Briton's voyage, which we reported at length in our Number for September, 1817.— Some repetitions of statement occur in this work, which, on a topic not naturally diversified, should the more carefully have been avoided.

The engravings are very neat, but whether *nature* is in any degree sacrificed in them to *effect*, we are not competent to decide.

Art. 23. *Select Proverbs of all Nations*: illustrated with Notes and Comments. To which is added, A Summary of Ancient Pastimes, Holidays, and Customs. With an Analysis of the Wisdom of the Ancients, and of the Fathers of the Church. The whole arranged on a new Plan. By Thomas Fielding. Pocket 12mo. pp. 216. Longman and Co. 1824.

A book of old Proverbs is like a cabinet of old coins. Those coins are not to be estimated by their vulgar metallic value; for a silver medal may be of more value than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. An *as* or an *obolus*, says Addison, may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma*; and a piece of money, that was not worth a single penny fifteen hundred years ago, may now be worth a hundred sovereigns. A cabinet of medals, therefore, is not to be regarded as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; and its charms are not to be found in the gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. These figures and inscriptions are memorials of historical characters and events, costumes and mythologies; and the emblem, with the legend which surrounds it, will transmit to us a knowledge of the products of different countries in antient times, of their commerce, arms, implements, and military achievements. — Thus it is with Proverbs: which are not always to be estimated by the degree of wit and wisdom that appears on the face of them. Some may be said to have lost their legends: that is, the original allusion is gone by, and they seem to be without sense or meaning now, because time has worn away the impression which they once bore. Proverbs are brief, and do not burden the memory like a long  
prosing



prosing lecture, while they regulate human conduct by pointing to experience, the mother of wisdom; and a short chapter from the book of Proverbs may be read from the pulpit with more advantage than a prolix sermon. There are few which do not convey instruction, in the shape of either caution or encouragement; and they furnish it, as we have just said, in a portable and convenient form. Like the arrow, Proverbs should be feathered at one end to make them fly, and pointed and weighty at the other to make them fix firmly in the object at which they are aimed. Generally speaking, they are pregnant with instruction, moral and practical; and, like coins, they often communicate a knowledge of by-gone customs, sports, and superstitions. — We have looked into the little volume now before us, and can recommend it, without hesitation, to those who have a taste for what may be termed the popular philosophy of old times, in this and other countries. — The Advertisement which introduces it will explain the nature and plan of its contents better than we can.

‘ In making the present Selection of Proverbs, the first object has been to glean the wisest and best in the sayings of all nations; collecting not merely their ethical maxims, but whatever is characteristic of national manners, humour, and intelligence.

‘ With respect to arrangement, I have not exactly followed the plan of any of my predecessors, but have endeavoured to combine the double advantages of alphabetic order, with facility for referring to any particular description of proverbs, according to its subject.

‘ The authors to whom I have chiefly resorted, are Ray’s *English Proverbs*, Kelly’s *Scottish Proverbs*, Mackintosh’s *Gaelic Proverbs*, the *French* and *Italian Proverbs* of Dubois and Veneroni, Collins’s *Spanish Proverbs*, the *Glossary* of Archdeacon Nares, Grose’s *Provincial Glossary*, D’Israeli’s *Curiosities of Literature*, Todd’s *Johnson*; with several minor works, too numerous to mention.

‘ It is necessary to bear in mind, our’s is only a Selection: to have given the entire proverbs of any people would have far exceeded the limits of the present plan, and consequently I have only gleaned from each nation what seemed worthy of modern taste and refinement. Where a proverb appeared curious or important, the original or parallel proverb in other languages has been retained: this can be attended with little inconvenience to the English reader, and may be interesting to the scholar, and those who wish to be accurately acquainted with the spirit and origin of the old sayings. Besides, there are persons so fastidious as to refrain from quoting a proverb in plain English, who would not scruple to use it in the Latin, Italian, French, or Spanish languages.

‘ To each proverb is added the name of the country to which it belongs, when that could be ascertained; and when no name is affixed, the proverb may generally be concluded to be English. But there is nothing so uncertain as the derivation of proverbs, the same proverb being often found in all nations, and it is impos-

possible

sible to assign its paternity. For this, two reasons may be given. Proverbs are founded on nature; and as nature and man are generally uniform, it is no wonder that different people, under similar circumstances, have come to similar conclusions. Another reason is, their short and portable form, which adapted them for communication from one nation to another.

'The exposition of "ANCIENT PASTIMES, CUSTOMS," &c. which forms the second part, was necessary to elucidate the proverbs: one exhibits the mind; the other, the living manners of the period. In this portion of the work, I chiefly relied on Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People*, Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, and the voluminous works of Grose.

"VULGAR ERRORS" form the third subject, and complete the picture of the olden time: these I chiefly collected from Sir Thomas Browne's *Inquiry into Common and Vulgar Errors*, Fovargue's *Catalogue of Vulgar Errors*, and Barrington's *Observations on the Ancient Statutes*.

'At the conclusion is placed, under a different arrangement, an "Analysis of the Wisdom of the Ancients, and of the Fathers of the Church:" we have thus the wisdom of the people derived from experience, to contrast with the wisdom of the schools, of poets, philosophers, and the founders of the Christian faith. The intention is, to form a supplemental volume on the "Wisdom of the Moderns," including the beauties, ranged aphoristically, of the most celebrated writers, from the period of the revival of learning to the present time.

'The work will then be complete, condensing, in a small compass, the essence of universal knowledge, natural and acquired.'

Art. 24. *Letters to an Attorney's Clerk*; containing Directions for his Studies and general Conduct. Designed and commenced by the late A. C. Buckland, Author of "Letters on early Rising," and completed by W. H. Buckland. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

The class of young gentlemen, to whom this little volume is addressed, have perhaps been favored with more wholesome exhortation than any other branch of the community. Stripling surgeons and juvenile curates are usually allowed to discover the right road to practice and preferment by the light of their own knowledge: but innumerable treatises have been written for the guidance of the young professors of the law. One instructor recommends them to read Quintilian, and another to wear clean yellow gloves; and from the probity of their dealings to the paring of their nails, no part of their conduct has been overlooked. Among all the kind advisers who have thus undertaken "to teach the young attorney how to rise," Mr. Buckland is perhaps the most sensible and valuable. In some respects, indeed, he may be deemed a little too austere; as in his denunciation of theatrical amusements, balls, and concerts: but he seems to dread a play as much as Sir Matthew Hale did, who declared that he would not witness one for 100l. We do not see, moreover, the necessity for

for inserting so long a dissertation as Mr. B. has given, 'on the nature of faith,' 'the importance of faith,' and 'the fruits of faith,' in which the writer appears to encroach on the province of the pastor of the parish. In the main object of his volume, however, viz. the practical instruction of the young attorney in his profession, he has been very successful; and his advice may be followed with safety and advantage.

Art. 25. *Recollections of an eventful Life*, chiefly passed in the Army. By a Soldier. 12mo. pp. 222. Simpkin and Marshall. 1824.

We have here the reminiscences of a young Glasgow lad, who, "being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil," ran away from his parents, and went to sea in a West India trader. Being thoroughly sickened by his first voyage, he quitted that service on the ship's return: but, still not being able to keep himself at home, he shortly afterward enlisted in a marching regiment, which was eventually ordered to the Peninsula. The various events which befell him during the warfare in that country, and the siege of Cadiz, are related in the style which may be imagined to belong to a man in his situation, for we are informed that the whole is a matter-of-fact detail; and the distress of a young married soldier and his wife on quitting home, and being separated, is told with natural pathos. — The limited information, which such a narrative can present, will readily be imagined by our readers; and the chief purpose, which the work is calculated to answer, is to deter thoughtless young men from selling their liberty, and perhaps their life, in becoming soldiers, by an exhibition of the hardships, horrors, and sufferings of a campaign. The work is edited by a comrade who served in the same regiment during the peninsular war, and vouches for the truth of all that is related, as far as the army is concerned; as also that the author's conduct, since he entered the service, 'has been in every respect exemplary.' We are not informed, however, of the name of either the writer or the editor.

Art. 26. *Illustrations of the Novels and Romances of "the Author of Waverley,"* entitled *The Pirate*, *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Quentin Durward*. Engraved by the most eminent Artists, from Paintings by A. Cooper, R. A., W. Brockedon, and J. M. Wright. 12mo. 8s.; Medium 8vo. 12s.; Proofs, 4to. 18s. Hurst and Co. 1825.

As no letter-press accompanies these pictorial embellishments, they are scarcely subjects for our notice, or susceptible of critical remark. We may, however, announce their appearance, which will probably be welcome to the admirers of the great Scotch novelist, and of *illustrated copies*. They depict one scene from the *Pirate*, and two from each of the other novels mentioned in the title-page, and are pleasingly designed as well as engraved. The size of the plate is about three inches by two and three quarters.

Art. 27. *The Footman's Directory and Butler's Remembrancer*; or, the Advice of Onesimus to his young Friends: comprising  
Hints

Hints on the Arrangement and Performance of their Work; Rules for setting out Tables and Sideboards; the Art of waiting at Table, and conducting large and small Parties; Directions for cleaning Plate, Glass, Furniture, Clothes, and all other things which come within the Care of a Man-Servant; and Advice respecting Behaviour to Superiors, Trades-people, and Fellow-Servants. With an Appendix, comprising various useful Receipts and Tables. By Thomas Cosnett. New Edition, with considerable Additions and Improvements. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Boards. Simpkin and Co.

Here is no Dean Swift come among us again, with his dangerously ironical Rules for Servants, but a sober and serious writer, who gives really useful directions for that class of persons, and who apparently must have belonged to it himself, as he professes. In that case, however, we must say, without undue compliment to him or unjust disparagement of others, that we have never met with any who could be compared to him for good sense, good conduct, and complete mastery of his business: nor can we expect to find such, unless they be formed by a diligent study of his book. This, however, is the very thing of which we should despair, with regard to the work itself: for it is so comprehensive, calls on a servant to acquire so much knowledge, and in short would make him something so like *perfection*, that we fear it will inspire those who consult it with hopelessness rather than with courage to follow its dictates. Yet it is said to be a new edition, and must consequently have received encouragement in the sale of a first impression. We are very glad if we may entertain this idea, and should be happy to hear of its farther success: to which we would willingly contribute by our recommendation of it.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

When *Eumenes* has reconsidered the subject of his letter, and again consulted with due attention the authorities concerning it, we feel convinced that he will cease to maintain that point; which now forms the sole cause of difference between us; and we shall then regard him as our good and valuable ally.

*Publicola* is right, as we think, in his general principles and arguments: but he does not advert to the limitations and exceptions which we introduced in the article in question, and which form a sufficient answer to his objections.

We shall have pleasure in attending to the wishes of our polite and accomplished friend, 'a *Book-Worm*,' at the first opportunity.

We trust that more sins of omission than of commission are chargeable against us, in the list of those delinquencies which as human beings we may commit in our literary capacity; and that '*Lictor alter*' will be lenient in his punishment, when we plead guilty in the particular case of which he takes cognizance.



# THE MONTHLY REVIEW, For APRIL, 1825.

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ART. I. *A Voyage to Cochin China.* By John White, Lieutenant in the United States Navy. 8vo. pp. 372. 10s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

ABOUT eighteen years have now passed since Mr. Barrow published an account of his Voyage to Cochin China in the years 1792, 1793: in which he supplied a very proper and well-timed corrective of the sweeping assertion made by a modern geographer, Mr. Pinkerton, "that the kingdoms of Laos, Campodia, Siampa, Cochin China, and Tunquin, are countries unimportant in themselves, and concerning which the materials are imperfect." With that inquisitiveness after every sort of valuable information which all his works display, Mr. Barrow collected materials enough to shew that some of these countries, at least, were not only important within themselves, but highly important when viewed with relation to the concerns of British India.

Cochin China, situated on the south-east of the Asiatic continent, forms a part of the peninsula between China and Hindustan, and is the seat of a large and populous empire, extending more than four hundred miles along the sea of China: but it is subject, like all the rest of Asia, to an absolute and despotic government. A chain of mountains runs parallel to the coast, and between that chain and the sea is included a plain of exuberant fertility, yielding all the tropical productions, such as rice, sugar, gums, spices, and aromatic woods. The Americans are much too enterprising a people not to have directed the sails of their penetrating commerce towards this southern boundary of China, containing, as it does, many safe and commodious harbours and bays: but it seems that they have been disappointed; for Lieutenant White says in his preface, 'Deceived by the flattering accounts of this reputed *el dorado*, (however correct they may once have been,) several adventurers have been induced to risk voyages there; one of which was from Salem, as early as the year 1803 \*; but they were all totally unsuc-

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\* The ship *Fame*, Captain Jeremiah Briggs.

cessful; and it is presumed that no American ever prosecuted any important commercial speculation in the country, previous to the joint adventure of the brig *Franklin* and ship *Marmion*. At least it is very certain, that they were the first American ships that ever ascended the Don-nai river, and displayed the stars and stripes before the city of Saigon.\*

Mr. White sailed in the *Franklin* from Salem in January, 1819, and reached Cape St. James, at the north of the Don-nai river, (the Cambodia of the charts,) on the 7th of June. If his first interview with the Cochin Chinese did not give him any favorable prepossessions of their character, its farther developement convinced him that they were, in many respects, very little removed from a state of the most deplorable barbarism. His description of them, indeed, corresponds in most of its features with that which was given by Mr. Barrow, who says that he found them impudent beggars, craving from the highest to the lowest without the least ceremony for every thing that suited their fancy: "neither were they satisfied with a simple denial, nor with obtaining what they asked, becoming generally more urgent in their demands in proportion to the liberality of the giver, and what they could not procure by begging they usually endeavored to procure by stealing, the disposition to which was so general that it was even found necessary to watch narrowly the officers of government who came on board the ships." Thus speaks Mr. Barrow of them, and certainly with no unfriendly feelings. Lieutenant White would not have experienced the *disappointment* which he felt, if he had seen that gentleman's narrative before he went to Cochin China; though he has made himself acquainted with it since, for we find him abbreviating, very meagrely, the "Historical Sketch" of that country, and repeating Mr. B.'s account of the civil war which broke out in 1774, in the reign of Caung-shung, as well as the adventures of the French missionary Adran.\*

Having arrived at Canjeo, Lieutenant White sent an officer on shore to inform the authorities that his vessel was in want of a pilot to conduct her up to the city of Saigon, for the purpose of trading: after which a large boat full of men, with three chiefs on board, soon came alongside.

\* The military chief was a withered, grey-headed old man, possessing however a great deal of vivacity, tintured with a leaven of savage childishness, which, in spite of his affectation of great state and ceremony, would constantly break out, and afford us infinite amusement. He had several attendants, who were per-

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\* See Barrow's *Cochin China*, p. 250. *et seq.*

fectly subservient and promptly obedient to all his orders, yet we observed that on all other occasions the greatest familiarity subsisted between them. One of the attendants carried a huge umbrella, with which he followed the old man to all parts of the ship, where his curiosity or caprice led him, and when invited into the cabin, he would not descend without the umbrella, so tenacious was he of every circumstance of state and appearance. Another attendant was a handsome boy of about fifteen years of age, who carried in two blue silk bags connected with a piece of cotton cloth, and thrown over his shoulder, the areka nut, betel leaf, chunam and tobacco, of which they chew immense quantities; and so universal is this custom among them, that I never saw a man of any rank or respectability without one of these attendants. They also smoke segars made of cut tobacco, rolled in paper wrappers, like the Portuguese, from whom probably they adopted this custom. Another servant carried his fan; and our risibility was not a little excited in seeing the old fellow strutting about the deck, peeping into the cook's coppers, embracing the sailors on the forecastle, dancing, grinning, and playing many other antic tricks, followed by the whole train of fanners, umbrella bearers, and chunam boys, (for the attendants of the other chiefs had joined in the procession,) with the most grave deportment and solemn visages, performing their several functions.

'The dress of the chiefs consisted of a very short and coarse cotton shirt, which had been originally white; trowsers of black crape very wide, without waistbands, and secured round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; a tunic of black or blue silk, the lapel folding over the breast and buttoning on the opposite shoulder, which, as well as the shirt, had a very low collar, buttoned close round the neck, and reaching nearly to the knees; coarse wooden sandals; a turban of black crape, surmounted by a hat made of palm leaves, in the form of a very obtuse cone; a ring for the insertion of the head underneath, and secured under the chin with a string. The style of the dress of the attendants was similar to that of the mandarin, but of much coarser materials.'

'The habit of the higher classes, in permitting their nails to grow to an enormous length, cannot be supposed to conduce to cleanliness or comfort; and it is remarkable with what unwearied pains they cultivate them, as a person bearing this badge is supposed not to be obliged to perform any manual labour, and the longer the nails, the more respectability do they confer on the wearer. Their garments are seldom taken off by night or by day, after having been first assumed, excepting in cases of ceremony, when they are temporarily superseded by other dresses, till rotten by time and filth, when they are permitted to fall off of themselves. These dirty habits engender vast swarms of vermin, and render their bodies highly offensive to more than one sense; and the epithet *frowzy*, which has been applied to the Chinese, is exemplified in these people in the most emphatic sense.

'After having visited every part of the ship, the old mandarin began to court my favour, with the most unyielding pertinacity,

hugging me round the neck, attempting to thrust his dirty betel nut into my mouth from his own, and leaping upon me like a dog, by which I was nearly suffocated. I finally succeeded in extricating myself from the ardour of his caresses, and getting to the windward side of him, which I maintained, notwithstanding his reiterated efforts to dislodge me. At first we could not account for this sudden and violent fit of unsolicited friendship, but in a short time the mystery was completely unravelled.'

Old *Heo*, in short, for that was the name of this scarab-mouth mandarin, was desirous of going into the cabin with his attendants, where they exhibited the most impudent cupidity to get possession of every thing that they saw, knives and forks, glasses, decanters, curtains, swords, pistols, shoes, hats, and apparel of every description, as well as eatables and drinkables. Of biscuit, ham, and cheese, they ate voraciously, and washed down the repast with such copious libations of raw spirit, that the mercury in the animal thermometer soon rose to fever-heat. Old *Heo* and his countrymen were much too cunning for their American visitors, and had been too well feasted and bribed to feel a disposition to part with such generous friends. Accordingly, under pretence that it was necessary to transmit intelligence to Saigon that a strange vessel was in the river, and to obtain permission for her to come up to the city, Mr. White was detained several days; though it afterward appeared that *Heo* had it in his own power to grant this permission, if he had chosen. For some reason, the vessel did not proceed up the river, with or without leave; and it was resolved to go at once to Turon Bay and pay a visit to the city of Huè, where the King himself resided: but, while at anchor abreast of Cape Turon, Mr. White learned from some mandarins who came on board, that his Majesty had left his royal residence a few weeks before, and was then at Toan-hoa, in the Gulf of Tonquin, extending his conquests in that quarter. It seems a strange oversight that Mr. W. did not take with him some person who was acquainted with the language of the country about to be visited: in consequence of which every communication had hitherto been carried on by signs: but, having at length discovered how very defective, circuitous, and uncertain this pantomimic intercourse must prove, Mr. W. resolved to weigh anchor and proceed to Manilla, in the hope of finding some person who knew the Onam (Cochin Chinese) language, and would accompany him to Saigon, the ulterior object of his wishes.

Arrived at Manilla, the author devotes several entire chapters to an account of the Philippine islands, Paracels, Manilla,



Manilla, Luçonia, &c. &c.; and he not only gives his readers a history of the Philippine Company, and its charters, together with particulars concerning the revenue, imports, and exports of the islands, but indulges them also with an account of the discovery and settlement of those parts. We shall pass over these thread-bare episodes, that we may have more time to stay in Cochin China. When Lieutenant White reached Manilla, he was disappointed and surprized at not being able to find a person who could speak the language, and only three who knew any thing of the country, although it is situated within two hundred leagues of their own shores! One of these was a Dane, who had been at Saigon many years before, and had forgotten almost all that he had seen; another was an old Spanish sailor; and the third was a priest who had been in the district of Huè for a short time during the civil wars, and was very glad to escape with his life. So ignorant are the Manillans concerning Cochin China, that they confound it with Siam, and suppose them to be one kingdom to which the names of both are common.—Mr. White would now have taken his cargo to Canton, and was preparing for his departure, when the arrival of the *Marmion* at Manilla once again directed his hopes towards Onam. Although the *Franklin* was the first American vessel that had ever been at Canjeo, or had attempted to ascend the Don-nai river, it happened that a few days after she had left it the *Marmion* arrived there, also with commercial views, and availed herself of a native linguist who spoke the eastern Portuguese language, and who had been despatched by the viceroy at Saigon to offer his services to the strange vessel (the *Franklin*) which he had been informed was lying in the river. The commander of the *Marmion* was not able to effect any commercial exchanges because he had no Spanish dollars, and the Onamese knew nothing of the value of doubloons: he accordingly resolved to proceed to Manilla for a cargo, where he fell in with his countrymen in the *Franklin*; and it was now agreed that the two ships should return in company to Don-nai. When they arrived at Canjeo, they found the same attempts at roguery, chicanery, and extortion among the natives and authorities of the place which they had witnessed before: but experience had made them cautious; and, by assuming an air almost of defiance, they shook off these annoyances, and obtained permission from the governor to proceed to the city of Saigon.

Mr. Barrow has given a colored engraving, (such as it is,) which represents an offering of first-fruits to the fat god *Fo*; a scene which he chanced to witness one evening while he was

on the northern shore of Turon Bay. At the head of the main trunk of a wide-spreading Banyan-tree, he perceived a large cage of latticed work, with a pair of folding doors fixed between two boughs, and partly hidden by foliage; within which was a wooden figure of Budha, or Fo, in the usual squat, sitting posture, as he is represented in the temples of China. A little boy, attending on the priest, stood before him with a burning coal on a brazen dish: one of the peasants carried a ladder of bamboo, which he placed against the tree; and another, mounting it, deposited in the cage before the idol two basins of rice, a cup of sugar, and one of salt. While the priest extended his arms and raised his voice to heaven, muttering something in a low tone of voice, the man who carried the ladder made nine prostrations of his body on the ground, several women and children standing at a reverential distance to behold the ceremony. — Near a jungle, on the opposite side of the river to Canjeo, where Lieutenant White and a party had gone to shoot, they saw a small pagoda;

‘It was indeed nothing more than a miserable hut of rude construction, and contained two apartments. The frame was composed of rough trunks of trees planted in the earth, on which, at the height of ten feet, were placed horizontally rafters of the same materials, over which was raised the roof, thatched with palm leaves. The walls were constructed of small poles, closely interwoven with osiers. The flooring, which was of hurdles, was raised above three feet from the earth; and in front of the house was raised a platform, parallel with the floor, of the same materials, about eight feet wide, and was ascended by rough steps cut in a block of wood. The entrance to the first room was from the platform, through a large doorway. It was about fifteen feet square. At the further end was a sort of table of hewn planks, on one side of which was seated a small wooden idol with an elephant's proboscis, not unlike some of the objects of Hindoo worship, but of most rude and disproportionate manufacture. On the other side of the table was the model of a junk about two and a half feet long; and on the table was placed a brazen censer, and an earthen vessel half filled with ashes, in which were stuck a number of matches, the upper ends of which had been burnt. Several other small images, mostly broken and otherwise mutilated, were lying about in confusion. The back room was of smaller dimensions, and contained no object of curiosity. In fact, the whole establishment was in a ruinous state, and appeared to be seldom visited.’

These jungles being much infested with tygers, the ground near the pagoda was cleared all around beyond the leap of these animals, and their coverts had been destroyed, as a  
measure

measure of necessary precaution. — Proceeding up the river Don-nai, says the author,

‘ Our ears were saluted by a variety of sounds, resembling the deep bass of an organ, accompanied by the hollow guttural chant of the bull-frog, the heavy chime of a bell, and the tones which imagination would give to an enormous Jew’s harp. This combination produced a thrilling sensation on the nerves, and, as we fancied, a tremulous motion in the vessel. The excitement of great curiosity was visible on every white face on board, and many were the sage speculations of the sailors on this occasion. Anxious to discover the cause of this gratuitous concert, I went into the cabin, where I found the noise, which I soon ascertained proceeded from the bottom of the vessel, increased to a full and uninterrupted chorus. The perceptions which occurred to me on this occasion were similar to those produced by the torpedo, or electric eel, which I had before felt. But whether these feelings were caused by the concussion of sound, or by actual vibrations in the body of the vessel, I could neither then, nor since, determine. In a few moments, the sounds, which had commenced near the stern of the vessel, became general throughout the whole length of the bottom.

‘ Our linguist informed us, that our admiration was caused by a shoal of fish, of a flat oval form, like a flounder, which, by a certain conformation of the mouth, possesses the power of adhesion to other objects in a wonderful degree, and that they were peculiar to the Seven Mouths. But whether the noises we heard were produced by any particular construction of the sonoric organs, or by spasmodic vibrations of the body, he was ignorant. Very shortly after leaving the basin, and entering upon the branch through which our course lay, a sensible diminution was perceived in the number of our musical fellow-voyagers, and before we had proceeded a mile they were no more heard.’

Had the ears of Mr. Barrow been regaled with this subaqueous concert, he would not have been satisfied without obtaining a sight of these musical fishes, and would have furnished us with a drawing of the animal. Mr. White gives a very lively description of the scenes before him, but his earlier pursuits in life had not left him leisure to cultivate science and natural philosophy.

As in China, a part of the population of this country lives entirely on the water; and a whole family will occupy a boat, which is their only home, and support themselves entirely by fishing, trafficking in fruits, or plying for passengers, or in attendance on Chinese and other foreign vessels. In proceeding up the river, Mr. White was struck with the great number of boats of light and airy construction, each composed of a single trunk of a tree, and generally navigated by one woman. A long and very elastic oar, confined by

ligatures of rattan to an upright stake near the stern, is pushed forwards till it becomes nearly parallel with the boat's side; when, by a skilful inflection, it is made to perform the office of a scull, and preserve the momentum and direction of the boat. Several boats also passed along with amazing rapidity, each having nine rowers, 'who do not *keep stroke*, but push in regular succession, beginning with the oar nearest the stern and progressing alternately on each side, to the bowman, when the stern-rower again commences.' The boats that came alongside the American vessels had a great variety of tropical fruits, plantains, bananas, pine-apples, oranges, limes, mangoes, yams, sugar-canes, and confectionary.

Passing through a fleet of several hundreds of the country craft, the commanders of the two vessels, with a small party from each, landed on the 9th of October at the city of Saigon; preceded by linguists and interpreters, and bearing presents intended for the deputy-viceroy, (the viceroy himself being at Huè,) which consisted of globe-lamps, cut decanters, pistols, perfumery, cordials, and an ornamented box to contain his betel, areka, and chunam. They went through a spacious street, strewn with every species of filth, and stunned with the yelping of dogs and the vociferations of an immense concourse of natives; who indulged their curiosity so roughly in touching and handling every part of their dress, hands, and faces, that it was only by the free use of the cane they could be kept at a distance.

'We arrived by a handsome bridge of stone and earth thrown over a deep and broad moat, to the south-east gate of the citadel, or more properly, perhaps, the military city; for its walls, which are of brick and earth, about twenty feet high, and of immense thickness, enclose a level quadrilateral area, of nearly three quarters of a mile in extent, on each side. Here the viceroy and all military officers reside, and there are spacious and commodious barracks, sufficient to quarter fifty thousand troops. The regal palace stands in the centre of the city, on a beautiful green, and is, with its grounds of about eight acres, enclosed by a high paling. It is an oblong building, of about one hundred by sixty feet square, constructed principally of brick, with verandas enclosed with screens of matting: it stands about six feet from the ground, on a foundation of brick, and is accessible by a flight of massy wooden steps.

'On each side, in front of the palace, and about one hundred feet from it, is a square watch-tower, of about thirty feet high, containing a large bell. In the rear of the palace, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, is another erection of nearly the same magnitude, containing the apartments of the women, and domestic offices of various kinds; the roofs covered with glazed tile, and ornamented with dragons, and other monsters, as  
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in China. This establishment is devoted to the use of the King and royal family, who have never visited Saigon since the civil wars; it has, consequently, during that period, not been occupied. It is, however, used as a place of deposit for the provincial archives, and the royal seal; and all important business, requiring this appendage, is here consummated. On passing these buildings we were directed by the attendant mandarins, who set the example, to lower our umbrellas, by way of salute to the vacant habitation of the "Son of Heaven."

The Asiatics are wonderful adepts in the use of inflated language. The court of Onam, imitating the mighty monarchs of the celestial empire, bestowed on their own monarch the sublime epithet of King of Heaven; and as the King of Heaven could not, in common propriety, be lodged like the kings of this earth, Vous-tsoi, the immediate ancestor of the reigning sovereign, inhabited, according to the seasons, his winter, summer, vernal, and autumnal palaces; traveling, like his effulgent brother, the Sun, through all the signs of the zodiac.

Mr. White and his party were received by the Governor in his residence, a large quadrilateral building, eighty feet square, covered with tiles; and from the eaves in front a gently-sloping roof of tiles continued to a distance of sixty feet, supported by round pillars of rose-wood beautifully polished, the sides of the area being hung with screens of bamboo. The Governor received them very graciously, sitting cross-legged on an elevated platform; while mandarins, officers of various dignity, and files of soldiers with their two-handed swords and buffalo-shields, formed an awful vista for the procession. This introductory visit was taken up entirely with ceremonials, but the gentlemen afterward indulged their curiosity by a walk through the city. Under a large *bungalo*, they saw about 250 pieces of cannon of various calibres and fashions, principally of European manufacture; and among them some pieces of field-artillery marked with three *fleurs-de-lis*, and cast in the reign of Louis XIV.

Saigon contains 180,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 are Chinese: the houses are generally of wood, thatched with palm-leaves or rice-straw, and only one story high: but some few are of brick and tile, with 'hanging chambers built under the roof-tree,' extending the whole length of the building: they have wooden gratings for air, to which the ascent is by ladders. There are no glazed windows, and the wooden shutters must be thrown open for light. The dwellings of the poor are miserable and filthy in the extreme, and all are cheerless. The city contains a Christian church, where two

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Italian missionaries preside, who have a great many disciples. The number of Christians in Cochin China, according to the viceroy and the missionaries, is 70,000; of whom the division of Don-nai contains 16,000. Rice is a regal monopoly; large magazines of it are formed along the river; and its exportation is a capital offence. Lieutenant White says of the naval arsenal,

‘ This establishment does more honour to the Onamese than any other object in their country; indeed it may vie with many of the naval establishments in Europe. There were no large vessels built or building; but there were ample materials of the most excellent kind, for several frigates. The ship-timber, and planks, excelled any thing I had ever seen. I measured one plank, whose dimensions were one hundred and nine feet long, more than four inches thick, and perfectly square to the top, where it was two feet wide. It was sawed out of the trunk of a teak tree, and I believe there is no part of the world where these gigantic sires of the forest arrive at such magnitude as in Cochin China. I have seen in the country a tree that would make a natural main-mast for a line of battle ship, clear of knots; and this, I learnt, is not unusual.

‘ There were about one hundred and fifty galleys, of most beautiful construction, hauled up under sheds: they were from forty to one hundred feet long, some of them mounting sixteen guns of three pounds calibre. Others mounted four or six guns each, of from four to twelve pounds calibre, all of brass, and most beautiful pieces.’

Saigon is situated at the confluence of two branches of the Don-nai, and extends about six miles on the north bank. From the western part of the city, a canal has been cut 23 English miles in length, connecting with the Cambodia river. ‘ This canal is twelve feet deep throughout, about eighty feet wide, and was cut through immense forests and morasses, in the short space of six weeks. Twenty-six thousand men were employed, night and day, by turns, in this stupendous undertaking, and seven thousand lives sacrificed by fatigue, and consequent disease.’

Foreigners pay a tonnage-duty estimated by an actual ad-measurement of their ships. The *Franklin* was of 252 tons burden, and had to pay the sum of 1627 Spanish dollars, besides other exactions, such as *sagouêtes*, or presents, to the custom-officers, which swelled the amount to more than 2700 dollars! Mr. White says that it is impossible to describe the villainy and turpitude, the total want of all faith and honesty, even in the most trifling transactions, to which he was every where exposed; and which have made the Japanese relinquish the trade, have driven away the Portuguese of

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Macao, and are yearly and rapidly lessening the intercourse with China and Siam. With a climate as fine as any country possesses within the torrid zone, good bays, harbours, and rivers to facilitate navigation and commerce; with mountains producing gold, silver, copper, iron, and other metals; with every facility for cultivating sugar, cotton, tobacco, silk, spices, &c.; Cochin China has had its trade reduced by the wretched character of the government to nothing in comparison with its actual means and its former activity. The King is a military despot, ambitious and absolute: the higher ranks about his court are venal and oppressive; and the people are ignorant and dissolute. Every man is a soldier, and commercial operations are performed by women, who cultivate the earth, navigate the river-craft, and manufacture some of their silk stuffs. The Chinese scattered about the kingdom are the most industrious part of the population: they are the butchers, tailors, confectioners, and artizans, who are to be found in every bazar and every street, with their elastic pole carried across their shoulders, at each end of which is suspended a basket of merchandise. Chinese cooks also perambulate the streets with an elastic strip of bamboo across their shoulders, from the ends of which they suspend a sort of wooden scale, on which they carry dishes of provisions ready cooked for the table. A baked hog, covered with a coat of varnish made of sugar and molasses, is a favorite viand. The Cochin Chinese are very foul feeders; and the entrails of pigs, deer, and other animals which were thrown overboard by the *Franklin* and *Marmion*, were eagerly pursued and picked up by the boat-women, broiled, and eaten, after having been slightly washed. Putrid meat and fish were also generally preferred to that which was sweet and fresh.

‘ While upon an excursion one day, in pursuit of some planks to repair one of our boats, we observed, before an old woman’s stall, what we supposed to be turtle boiled, and exposed for sale in square pieces; but our linguist told us it was *cayman*, or alligator, and bid us follow him, which we did, to an enclosure at the back of the building, where there were about twenty of these hideous animals, from two to twelve feet in length, walking about, with their jaws bound together, — and the stench from them was intolerable. The method of taking them, we were told, was by placing a number of small lines in their haunts, with which they become entangled, and fall an easy prey to the hunters.’

The woods and mountains abound with wild beasts; the elephant is hunted for his teeth, the tyger for his skin, and the rhinoceros for his horn: but ivory and rhinoceros’ horn are,

are, like rice, a royal monopoly. The King resides at Huè; and during a period of more than twenty years,

‘He has lavished immense sums, and sacrificed the lives of thousands of his subjects, by keeping them at labour, without intermission, upon its ramparts. It is certainly a stupendous object, and would be esteemed so, even in Europe. It is situated upon a barred river, accessible to large vessels at high water only. It is surrounded by a ditch nine miles in circumference, and about one hundred feet broad; its walls are of brick, laid in a cement, of which sugar is a principal ingredient, and are sixty feet high; the pillars of the gates, which are of stone, are seventy feet high; over the arches, which are of the same materials, are towers from ninety to one hundred feet high, to which access is had by a handsome flight of stairs, on each side of the gateway inside the walls. The fortress is of a quadrilateral form, and built on the plan of Strasburg in Germany. It has twenty-four bastions, each mounting thirty-six guns, and the distance between each bastion is twelve hundred Cochin Chinese perches, of fifteen feet each; the smallest guns are eighteen pounders, and the largest are sixty-eight pounders, cast in the King's own foundery. The whole number of guns to be mounted, when the works are completed, is twelve hundred. The casemates within the fort are bomb-proof.

‘One hundred thousand men are constantly employed upon the works, and it will require, when finished, forty thousand troops to garrison it. It is now nearly completed.’

As no wheel-carriages occur in Cochin China, persons of distinction are carried in hammocks of blue cotton-netting, in which are pillows and a mattress; and the hammock is suspended to a pole, over which is hung a canopy in the shape of a tortoise-shell, made weather-tight by black varnish. The houses being built of very combustible materials, fires are not unfrequent; and, as they have no engines for the conveyance of water, they prevent fires from spreading by throwing down the adjacent houses by means of the elephants, one of which pushes with his head against the object to which he is directed by his driver, when the demolition is speedily effected. — The religion of Onam is polytheism; its basis being Chinese, on which are engrafted many of the rites and superstitions of Buddhism. Mr. White says that, in the woods at Banga and other suburbs, they frequently saw miniature-houses erected on four posts, with an idol in the interior, and offerings of fruits and cooked dishes placed before it. — In the administration of justice, the utmost venality prevails. — All capital crimes are punished by decapitation, except adultery; the parties convicted of which offence are bound together, back to back, and thrown off a bridge into the river: — but, in a country in which polygamy and concubinage are both alike universal,



universal, the temptations to commit adultery are much lessened. Marriage is a verbal contract made in the presence of parents or friends: a man seldom takes more than three wives, the children of which are equally legitimate: but there is no limitation to the number of his concubines.— With regard to the population of Cochin China, the accounts are so vague and contradictory that no dependence can be placed on any one of them: some of the mandarins asserted that the country contained ten millions of inhabitants; others said fourteen; and the Missionaries reduced the estimate to six.

The American vessels had now been lying about three months before Saigon without being able to obtain a cargo:

‘ All the Chinese commercial agents resided very near us, and to their warehouses we made our first visit; with the exception of some gambooge, peltry, and a little red wood for dyeing, there were no articles suited to the European markets. They had some odoriferous woods, birds' nests, *biches de mer*, and some very thick buffalo hides, which, by some process, they render semi-pellucid; it then has some resemblance to glue, and is an article of food among the Chinese. Even of the description of articles just mentioned, which they had on hand, the quantities were very small.’

They found, however, that a quantity of sugar might be obtained, though not sufficient to load both the vessels; and the merchants, being too keen-sighted not to observe the anxiety of the Americans to exchange their dollars for some sort of cargo, raised the price of every thing most inordinately. At last, since it was found necessary to come to their terms or return home on a bootless errand, a cargo of sugar was taken in; which, with all the heavy exactions and impositions, amounting to nearly half of the net invoice of the article itself, cost seven dollars and twenty-two cents per Chinese *picul*, of 133½ lbs. English.

Altogether, Lieut. White has composed a lively and interesting narrative of his voyage, and has collected, from various sources, much information. It must be confessed that the perusal of it is rather calculated to deter than encourage commercial enterprize: yet we doubt not that any European or American adventurers, availing themselves of the knowledge of the character of the Cochin Chinese which this book and that of Mr. Barrow afford, will be so prepared against their faithlessness and rapacity as in a great degree to frustrate the effects of both. The evil is, however, that these people are so jealous of foreigners, so prejudiced, and so ignorant of the real and reciprocal advantages of commerce, that a very long series

series of years must probably elapse before they will feel their interest in lowering their enormous cargo-duties, and in encouraging that interchange of commodities to which civilized nations owe their opulence and strength.

ART. II. *High-ways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Road-side, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Second Series. Large 12mo. 3 Vols. 1l. 10s. Boards. Colburn. 1825.*

IN our notice of the first series of these interesting tales, (November, 1823,) we expressed ourselves in a tone of strong though not unqualified commendation; and the perusal of the new volumes, now on our table, has served considerably to confirm and strengthen our opinion of the talents and genius of the author. We have been delighted, though in different degrees, by all the stories which this intellectual sportsman has contrived to pick up along the roads and among the villages of France; and with unmixed satisfaction we have strolled by his side through the romantic country which he describes, contemplating his pleasing pictures of the habits and manners of the sequestered and mountainous regions, which he and his faithful Ranger together so harmoniously traversed. The life and soul of his narratives consist in unstudied and casual impressions of external nature, and in the equally natural and unpremeditated adventures with which they abound. Every thing seems to happen without plan or effort, and so inartificially that we are quite at home in all his scenes and incidents; without being haunted by the conviction which so frequently obtrudes on us when we peruse the tales of less skilful artists, that all which we are reading is fiction. It is this perfect reality that constitutes one of the most striking merits of the 'Walking-Gentleman's' relations.

'Caribert, the Bear-hunter,' is a finely-wrought story. Aline, the heroine, is the daughter of a smuggler; whose hut, in which the Walking Gentleman found a most hospitable reception, is situated near the Spanish frontier, at some distance from the depôt on the French side. The chief interest of the story arises, first, from an ill-fated attachment, conceived by this simple but high-minded girl for a peasant who afterward becomes a maniac: but in whose unhappy situation all her feelings and sympathies are concentrated, and for whose recovery she watches day and night with the most agonizing solicitude; — and, secondly, from the unobtrusive, quiet, resigned love of another youth, who for a long time vainly seeks a return of his affection, and in the meanwhile joins her

her in the pious office of soothing the affliction and preserving the life of his rival. The incidents which led to this melancholy estrangement are highly interesting and awakening.

‘ The subject on which Claude and Caribert shewed at once the greatest sympathy and widest difference — was love. They had both nearly at the same period felt the first symptoms of attachment to the self-same object. I need not name her, or if I must, to avoid obscurity, to Aline. Claude had first known, and consequently first loved her. He was her near neighbour, and his sisters were her friends. He had scarcely reached manhood when, he lost both his parents, and was left the sole protector of three sisters, one older and the others younger than himself. This constant association with females added to the natural tenderness of his character, while the care of a family increased its prudence. A growing passion for such a girl as Aline had alone been wanting to make him one of the steadiest, as he had been before one of the kindest, lads in the world.

‘ Caribert seldom or never came down towards the low country. There was nothing he disliked so much as the level ground; and he was not fond of female society. He had neither sisters nor brothers. He loved his mother well enough, but he doated on his father. The roughness of the old man’s character, his desperate and reckless courage, and contempt of all the softer pursuits of life, deeply influenced the congenial mind of Caribert; so much so, that he often reproached his friend Claude with what he called his effeminacy, and resisted for some time his pressing request to submit to an introduction to Aline. After much soliciting, however, he consented, and came across the hill on a fine evening, when the fête-day of one of Claude’s sisters was celebrating at his cottage.

‘ A joyous party of the neighbours was assembled, and the dance was proceeding merrily on the grass-plot in front of the cottage, when Caribert made his appearance. Every eye was quickly turned towards him; many a joke, and welcome, and expression of surprise, were lavished upon his presence at such a scene. He replied to all with a joyous air, but his whole attention was soon attracted towards one of the dancers, whose manner and appearance struck him as something quite superior to those of many of her prettier companions. Claude saw this with delight, and it was not unobserved or unrelished by Aline herself, for it was on her that Caribert’s eyes were so firmly fixed. She had previously heard a great deal of this redoubtable hunter, and had once had a glimpse of him, as he pursued, with one of his companions, ‘a more than commonly ferocious wolf, that had ravaged the whole district, for many days, and had finally met its death from his well-nerved arm. Her imagination had been full of the hero, for he was such in his narrow sphere of action, but she had always pictured him as she had seen him in his coarse hunter’s costume, his pike in his hand, and his face and person animated  
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with rage. She could scarcely believe it to be the same person who was now pointed out to her, smartly dressed in a Spanish doublet and hose, a blue sash round his waist, and a bunch of rhododendron blooming gaily in his hat, in honor of his friend's sister, and to fit him for a place at her fête.'

Caribert and Aline became lovers. Her father, however, old Moinard, was favorable to Claude's suit, and saw with great alarm the probability that Caribert might become his rival: but Claude had never said that he loved her in direct terms, and Aline therefore gave the reins to her attachment with a clear conscience. Caribert also had afforded Claude reason to suspect that Jeanneton (Claude's sister) was the object of his affection; and thus old Moinard's alarms were satisfied. It was under the pretext of this courtship, that Caribert had frequent means of seeing Aline: but it was in their secret interviews that he breathed out the impassioned eloquence of his soul. As for poor Claude, he was not undeceived with regard to his friend's passion for Aline, till at last he observed a marked change in her manner.

We cannot omit the dreadful scene which ended in the mental darkness of Caribert, for it is drawn with that fullness of horrid painting which leaves nothing to be guessed or imagined. The whole is brought distinctly before us; not a struggle, not a groan, not a pang is lost. Caribert's father, who had been usually attended by him in all adventures where danger was to be found or daring required, but by whom he had been of late suffered to go unaccompanied on his hazardous expeditions against the mountain-bears, now reproaches him with his cowardice. The old man had returned home from a conflict with one of these animals, which had proved fatal to a favorite dog, and in which he himself had been wounded. The conversation, which had been acrimonious and severe on the part of the father, closes with the oath in which Caribert, roused to shame and indignation at his own want of energy, swears that nothing on earth shall keep him from accompanying his father to kill the bear at day-break on the next morning.

'The fatal results of this eventful expedition must be taken, in some measure, upon evidence not quite positive. They have been gathered from the scarce coherent disclosures of insanity — the broken and shuddering confessions of a maniac's lucid hours — the knowledge of the actors' characters — and the probabilities of the fact. Such is the foundation on which the universal opinion is built as to the accuracy of what follows.

'Soon after Caribert and his father had quitted their home, the morning, which had only just broke, began to be more than commonly

monly overcast. A snow-shower, mixed with rain, assailed them ere they reached the Pic du Midi; and the piercing cold of the air, added to the sleet beating cuttingly into his face, brought on, with Caribert, repeated attacks of violent and alternate fever and shivering. When they arrived at the den of the bear, which was formed of a cavity in the western side of the mountain, close to a terrific precipice, they were both benumbed, and scarcely capable of exertion; but the old man, rousing up all his wrath and courage for the onset, approached the cave, and with loud shouts of defiance, endeavoured to stir up the savage animal's rage. The summons was no sooner heard than answered. A horrible growl sent out from the recess, was followed by the appearance of the bear, which rushed forth as if in conscious recollection of yesterday's triumph. At the appalling sound and sight, Pero, the faithful and courageous dog, unsupported by his former ally, and having his share of brute remembrance too of the late rencontre, hung down his head, dropped his tail, and fled yelping down the mountain. Old Larcole grasped his pike firmly, and advanced. The hideous monster reared itself up on its hind legs, stretched out its fore paws, and as, with its jaws yawning wide, its fearful tusks displayed, and growling with horrid energy, it was in the very act of springing forward, the veteran hunter stepped close up, and aimed a thrust with no flinching strength, right at his enemy's heart. He was not far wide of that vital spot. His pike pierced the left breast, and went out clearly at the shoulder. Rendered frantic by the pain, the bear bounded up, flung itself full upon its undaunted assailant, and fell upon him to the earth. The old man, burying his head under the body of his foe, received on the back and shoulders of his doublet its unavailing efforts to penetrate the thick folds of armour with tusks and nails. He tugged at the pike to extricate it from the body, but his position was such that he could not succeed, and every new effort only tended to give issue to the thick stream of blood which flowed from the wound. During this frightful struggle, the yells of the bear were mixed with and smothered by the loud execrations of the old man. The latter, at length, gave up the hope of recovering his pike, but strove fairly next to get rid of his terrific burden. He succeeded so far as to get one leg clear, and with his nervous grasp, entwined round the body of the brute, he was rising on his knee, and called out, "Now Caribert, now! To his heart—to his heart the death-blow, now! strike, strike!"—but Caribert struck not! He stood gazing on the scene—panic-struck—fixed to the spot with emotions not fathomable to man,—a terrible but not solitary instance of the perilous risks run by mental courage, as well as by human virtue. I do not inquire into the mystery—but there he stood, its horrible and shuddering illustration!

The old man was now getting clear, but the bear had his hold in turn. His huge paws were fastened with a dreadful force round one of his victim's thighs; and recovering from his sprawling posture, he began to draw him backwards, evidently in the design of regaining his den. The old man's courage rose with

his danger, for he alertly drew his knife from his belt, opened the blade, and plunged it repeatedly into the body of the bear. The latter leaped and bounded with agony; and Larcole, recovering his feet once more, succeeded in grasping the savage in his arms. But the trial could not be prolonged. He was drooping under the dreadful gripe. — Breathless and faint, he could only utter some terrific curses against the recreant who had abandoned him; and while Caribert gazed, his brain on fire, his hands outstretched, his tongue cleaving to his mouth, but his limbs trembling, his heart sunk, and his feet rooted to the earth, he saw the white locks of his aged father floating over the neck of his destroyer; while the dying animal, in his blindness, not knowing what he did, had retreated to the very edge of the precipice, slipping at every backward plunge in the slough formed by the snow and his own heart's blood, by which it was dissolved. The old man, seeing his terrible fate, seemed to acquire for an instant the gigantic energy of despair. Throwing one glance across the horrid space on the border of which he stood, he screamed in a voice of thunder, "Caribert! Caribert!" The terrible expression conveyed in this hoarse scream struck on the mind of his son with an electrical shock. Suddenly roused from his stupor, he recovered for an instant all his recollection and his courage. He uttered a cry of corresponding fierceness, — swung his brandished pike — rushed forwards with open arms to seize his father, and snatch him from his destiny, — but it was too late! The monster touched on the extreme edge — lost his footing — plunged instinctively forward — took another backward step, — and just as Caribert believed he had grasped his father in his outstretched arms, both man and bear were lost to his sight, and their groans came mingling in the air, as they went crashing down below.

'The Priest and the Garde-du-Corps' is less interesting perhaps as a story, but not less powerfully written; and the scene is no longer in the romantic country of the Pyrenees, but transported to the stirring and tumultuous streets of the French metropolis, during the early events of the French Revolution. The personages, on whom the chief interest of the tale is suspended, are a young soldier of fortune and an Irish priest: the former of whom obtains a commission in the Garde-du-Corps, a regiment at this epoch consisting of eight hundred cavalry, chiefly young men of the first connections, to whom the exclusive privilege of protecting the royal person was confided. It will be conceived that the beauty of the Queen, her marked distinction of the corps, and the dangers which multiplied around her, inspired these brave and ardent youths with a chivalrous fidelity in her cause. The character of Cornelius, the hero of the tale, as it displayed itself in his early youth long before he arrived at Versailles, is thus developed, and prepares us for the enthusiastic devotion to the fair Marie Antoinette which after-ward

ward constituted the reigning passion of his life, to the absorption of every other faculty of his mind and feeling of his heart.

Cornelius was, in the purest meaning of the word, an enthusiast; a youth of genuine, not factitious sentiment, — of high-wrought feelings untinged by prejudice, and free from the spurious vigour which marks the tone of the fanatic. His intellect was expansive, and consequently liberal. His views were not narrowed, but his affections were. He could take a wide range into the fields of speculative enquiry; but when a passion touched his heart, it instantly absorbed it. He fixed on an object of devotion, and every faculty of his soul seemed centred there, as though one powerful point of attraction had gathered round it each varying tone of sentiment and thought. For this ruling object, be it what it might, he would risk any thing, without calculating what he risked, and sacrifice all, unconscious that he made a sacrifice. In gazing upon it, distance, or time, or obstacles, existed not for him. He bounded over space, and spurned impediments. The abstraction of his looks spoke the fulness, not the vacuum, of his mind. The fervour of his words sprung from energy, not violence. His individual existence seemed unreal. He neither lived nor moved as of or for himself; for the very plans and purposes of his being seemed dependant on that other impulse, whose movements seemed to lead, although they were not linked with his. Such are the striking characteristics of feeling — the wild forgetfulness of self — the absolute devotedness to somewhat else — be it a person, a passion, a sentiment, or a sensation — which constitute, according to my creed, the frame of thought that may be honored with the term enthusiasm.

But the dignity of such a state of mind is highly dangerous. The state itself is neither sane nor solid. It offers no security for real advantage to the possessor, or rational benefit to others. All its attributes are vapoury, however pure; and while the mortality it is joined with needs incitements essentially real, it yields but abstractions and vain sounds. To make enthusiasm useful to mankind, it requires a union with those positive feelings of our nature which modify its excess and bring it to the level of human sentiment, while it lifts them above the mark of human weakness. It is thus that enthusiasts are always bad statesmen and worse patriots. They pursue a phantom, and let slip the substance. They misconceive their object, and miscalculate their means; and in their ideal views of moral cause, they wholly overlook the more material point of physical result. Had the mind of Cornelius been finally devoted to his country's service, the chances are that he would have done her harm instead of good; and that his aspirations after liberty, his philanthropy, his courage, and his virtue, might have all, as in an instance later than his time, have led a noble youth into inevitable ruin, forced out his dying breath amidst the horrors of a scaffold, and buried the fresh springing hopes of his country in the imputed ignominy of a traitor's grave.

Much pleasing and genuine humour is displayed in the character of Father O'Collogan, the honest priest, who had long been devoted to the family of Cornelius, and to whose cares he had been recommended by his father. We could not but indulge some "broad grins," when we came to the priest's ludicrous translation of the quotations with which he is so fond of interlarding his remarks.

"Aye," said the priest solemnly, "aye, and this beautiful crature of a queen, who might be thought, from her condescension and goodness, to be an angel, even she will suffer, I'll warrant it, from these very States General. It's hard to say what one must expect in the time that's before us; but take my word for it, the poor thing has reason to look with a heavy heart and heavy eye, on what's coming to pass.

"*Le tems present est gros de l'avenir.* —

"To-day to our sorrow  
'S with child of to-morrow,

as the poet says, and a devil of a troublesome child that same morrow will be, I'm sore afraid."

"I hope, my dear Sir," said Cornelius, "that your forebodings are unfounded, and that you see things too much in the shade. Surely every appearance of this day promises happiness and greatness to the country, the king, and the queen."

"Don't be too sure of that, my dear boy," replied the priest; "you don't know the ill will that's working against her at any rate. Every thing bad, I tell you once more, is to be expected from these States General, and the turn the public mind is taking. We may say with Horace,

"*Grave virus munditias pellet;*

that is, putting it in the future,

"The *pison* spreads, and soon will ate  
Each healthy portion of the state.

"Why it's even reported about the palace, that at the procession this very day, a crature of that bad madman, the Duke of Orleans, insulted her majesty grossly, and was even going to strike her, till he was knocked down by a young Englishman, or a young Irishman may be; for that's more like."

"It is false, my good Sir," exclaimed Cornelius; "no one could be monster enough to dream of, much less attempt, such an outrage."

"And how do you know that?" asked the priest quickly.

"Because I was there, on the spot. — Because, in fact, I was — I was —"

"You were the young foreigner that knocked the fellow down," interrupted Father O'Collogan; "I see it with half an eye. — It was you, then! Oh, the blood of my friend the Major is boiling in your fine full veins! You knocked him down, the thief!"

"No,



“No, my dear Sir,” protested Cornelius, “no such thing I assure you.”—

“Yes, but you did though—I know better nor you.—Don’t deny it—never be ashamed of a good action. It was your bounden duty as a Christian.—Where did you hit him, tell me?”

The various events of the awful drama, which was then acting, gradually brought the King and the Queen into the utmost personal jeopardy, and day by day they were sunk to the lowest depths of humiliation. Cornelius, who on the extinction of his corps had lived at Paris in a state of concealment, arrived there after a temporary visit to Ireland, whither he had been summoned to attend the death-bed of his father.

“Well, then, the blessing of Heaven be about you, for ever and ever, my darling boy! Then you’re come back to me once more! Murther alive, but you’re looking pale and thin! what has passed over you? And your eyes! By the powers they seem darting and burning in through me! And you’re come! And your poor dear father, he’s gone! The Lord receive him, and the Virgin, and Saint Patrick, and all the army of martyrs—for bad luck to the other that ever deserved to be with them better nor he. Oh, Cornalius, Cornalius, my darling, but I’m glad to clap my eyes on you again! but sorrow’s the bit I can see of you now—for you’re swimming and dancing in the big drops that’s rising up between you and me. Sould all your fortune!—and kept the castle—and the monumint—and the grave in the ould burial-ground!—and sent all the heaps of money over to Paaris in a letter! why then think o’ that! O murther, murther, and it’s yourself that’s to the fore after all!”

Such was the greeting of Father O’Collogan, and his running commentary on his friend’s appearance and conduct, when he received him into his open arms, at the office of the coach which carried him to Versailles. Cornelius replied by a cordial embrace; and he begged of the priest to inform him truly of those particulars of the Queen’s situation which he had only hastily learned as he passed through Paris. But this was not consistent with his companion’s plan of conversational tact. He had a roundabout way of coming to any point, and my readers know already that Ireland lay constantly in his road. On the present occasion, the recent arrival of Cornelius from that dear loved spot of so many recollections seemed to draw the good priest’s feelings to it, by a closer tie—and he could not resist the overflowings of his heart, which swept away for a time every thought connected with other topics. To Cornelius’s anxious enquiries he replied, “Oh, botheration! my boy, don’t be after talking to me about kings and queens and royal families—I can think of nothing at all, at all, but yourself and my darling country,—just for all the world like Ovid,—

‘ “ *Nescio quid natale solum dulcedine cunctis  
Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui.* —

‘ “ I know not how it is, not I,  
That Ireland's always in my eye —  
But somehow ever it my fate is  
To think of bog and fog and grog,  
Strong arms, warm hearts,  
And maily praties!

‘ “ Oh, thunder and fire, my jewel, let us talk about ould Erin!  
how is she getting on? — may be she's better — she can't be  
worse, — and you were *there* the other day — Think o' that! why  
the very smell of the turf's on the soles of your shoes! and you've  
sowld all, and quit her for ever! but you'll go back to be buried,  
any how, or you wouldn't have kept the monumint. Oh my poor  
country! that's the way every thing good forsakes you — and the  
divil a bad thing can live in it, barring it's Engleified traitors, — not  
as much as a snake. *Nullus hic anguis, nec venenatum quicquam*,  
says ould Camden, no thanks to him for the same, the Sassanach!

‘ “ Nothing venomous lives in the land, by the mass,  
And 'tis there that you'll ne'er find a snake in the grass.

But she breeds plenty of human vipers to sting the mother that  
bore them, God knows! and Bede, what does the venerable  
Bede say?

‘ “ *Nullus ibi serpens vivere valeat* —”

‘ “ Let a sarpent smell the soil — no more —  
And he'll die without even touching the shore.

‘ “ I wonder how the divil Strongbow and King William, and the  
likes of them, got landed, bad luck to them! but there's no use  
in talking — a day will come!”’

Cornelius had contributed the last remains of a small pa-  
trimonial pittance to several schemes for the rescue of the  
royal family: but each was successively frustrated; the King  
suffered; the same melancholy fate awaited his bereaved sur-  
vivor; and at length we are conducted to the end of the  
wretched but high-minded enthusiast himself, poor Corne-  
lius, which was insanity and suicide!

We were much amused with the last tale of the series,  
‘ *The Vouée au Blanc* :’ — but we must refrain from additional  
extracts, and reluctantly take our leave (we trust only for the  
present) of the author and his very pleasing fictions. We have  
allowed both to speak for themselves; and we shall only observe  
farther that the passages, which we have selected as speci-  
mens, have been almost indiscriminately taken, and that the  
spirit and diction of the work are uniformly sustained with  
equal felicity. Several pieces of poetry are interspersed  
through the three volumes, not inferior in merit to the follow-  
ing patriotic ‘ *Stanzas to Ireland*,’ assigned to Cornelius:

‘ Aye,

- Aye, let all earth cry out on thee, — all those  
 Who mark thy red crimes blazoned to the world,  
 Like the stain'd Corsair's, whose broad banner glows  
 Far o'er the outraged seas in blood unfurled.  
 They hear the blasphemous utterance of thy tongue;  
 Thy miscreant yells come through the shuddering air:  
 But all unseen the goad and knotted thong,  
 Which lash thee on, and drive thee to despair.
- As Spartan slaves, wine-maddened by their lords,  
 Reviled — then scourged into sobriety;  
 So driven, so drunk with guilt, thy frantic hordes;  
 So scorn and scourge, my country, fall on thee!  
 What would thy rulers have from thee? Repose?  
 Are flowers the crop which ravaged deserts yield?  
 Or would they reap, from regions steeped in woes,  
 The harvest springing from Joy's cultured field?
- Like some bright blade — the day of battle past —  
 Flung by, in desolate damps, to rot and rust,  
 So they who used thy energies have cast  
 Thee off despised, to let foul crimes encrust  
 Thy beauteous face; and thence, corroding, eat  
 Deep to the inmost kernel of thy heart;  
 And when thy forced deformities they meet,  
 Cry out, "How rotten and how vile thou art!"
- But, as a lorn barge, loosed upon the wave  
 From the proud ship which bore it on her deck,  
 Thou yet may'st ride the storm — the billows brave,  
 Which whirl the fragments of *her* shattered wreck  
 Down ocean's gulphs; the while thy snow-white sails,  
 Emblems of purity and peace, are seen  
 In brighter suns, and fanned by milder gales,  
 To shine and flutter o'er the Atlantic green.
- Thy teeming vales, thy mountain heights sublime,  
 Where Nature's gifts have all advanced and thriven,  
 Tell that thou wert not singled out for crime,  
 Nor branded as earth's shame by angry Heaven.  
 And must the mighty river of the mind  
 Roll reflux back, despite of Nature's plan?  
 Must all else flourish, nurtured by mankind,  
 Save one degenerate growth, and that one — Man?
- No — suffering land! Heaven's righteous arm will foil  
 The impious author of thy deeds of night;  
 And o'er the stains of thine ensanguined soil,  
 Proud stems of virtue cast their shadows bright!  
 And shouts may echo yet from thy wild hills,  
 Their sides reverberant answering to the plains,  
 Such tone as that which through the bosom thrills,  
 When Freedom's trumpet sounds o'er broken chains!"

**ART. III.** *An Essay on Apparitions*, in which their Appearance is accounted for by Causes wholly independent of preternatural Agency. By John Alderson, M. D. &c. of Hull. 8vo. pp. 53. Longman and Co.

**ART. IV.** *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*; or, an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes. By Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. E. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 460. 10s. 6d. Boards. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker. 1824.

**I**T no longer admits of question that apparitions have so far a real existence, that the mind of an individual who is convinced of their presence is as vividly impressed as it can be by the common objects of sense. Without doubting, therefore, the reality of the impression, and the truth of the conviction, which have so often given solemn evidence of apparitions being seen, heard, and even felt, it has of late become the study of the philosopher to account for apparitions on natural principles, independent of all superhuman interference; and in this inquiry we owe great and lasting obligations to Dr. Alderson, Dr. Ferriar, and Dr. Hibbert. We place the name of Dr. Alderson first in this enumeration, because we think that he has fully established his claim to priority in suggesting a rational explanation of occurrences, which were previously regarded as either miraculous or altogether incredible.

We may perhaps conclude that spectral illusions arise chiefly, if not wholly, from three different sources. 1st, From deceptions of the senses; as where an object dimly seen, or indistinctly heard, is converted, under impressions of superstitious dread or powerful mental emotion, into some strange or awful form or sound. 2dly, From disorder of the bodily frame, more particularly of the digestive functions, and of the nervous system; with little or no deviation from health in the intellectual power. 3dly, From mental derangement; where, though alterations may have taken place in the corporeal instruments of thought, the bodily health is to all appearance perfectly sound. — In illustration of the first of these sources of apparitions, where the judgment forms an erroneous conclusion respecting the impression on the organs of sense, we would quote the case so well told by Dr. Ferriar; in which the light of the moon, falling on a well, presented to a person awaking from a frightful dream the image of a shrouded corpse. Perhaps we may also, without impropriety, class under the same head the remarkable illusion of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Being in much doubt whether he should publish

publish his deistical work *De Veritate*, or suppress it for a time, the noble author says,

“ One fair day, in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hand, and, kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words :

“ O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make : I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate* ; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I shall suppress it.’

“ I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came from the heavens, (for it was like nothing on earth,) which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

“ This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true ; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serene sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.”

It is probable that, at the time stated, some sound actually reached his ear, which, under the solemn impressions of the moment, seemed to be of unearthly tone, and to have issued from that part of the serene sky on which his eye was steadfastly fixed. Dr. Hibbert judiciously contrasts this singularly interesting story with the parallel of Colonel Gardiner’s conversion.

‘ The inference,’ he observes, ‘ which was drawn from Colonel Gardiner’s story is completely neutralised by this counterpart to it ; by the fact, that while one special sign warns a sinner of the awful consequence of slighting the Gospel, another encourages a deist to publish a work, the design of which is to completely overturn the Christian religion. Such are the contradictions which a superstitious belief in apparitions must ever involve.’

Of the second class of apparitions, or those arising from disorders of the bodily frame, we have very many instances on record. The case of Nicolai of Berlin, so well known, and of which a full account will be found in the sixth volume of Nicholson’s *Journal*, affords an interesting illustration ; and Dr. Alderson has contributed, from the stores of his own practice, many excellent specimens of *delirium tremens* and other diseases, in which the most remarkable spectral illusions were observed.

‘ I was called upon some time ago,’ says this able and ingenious physician, ‘ to visit Mr. ———, who at that time kept a dram-shop. Having at different times attended him, and thence knowing him  
very

very well, I was struck with something singular in his manner on my first entrance. He went up stairs with me, but evidently hesitated, occasionally, as he went. When he got into his chamber, he expressed some apprehension, lest I should consider him insane, and send him to the asylum at York, whither I had not long before sent one of his pot-companions. — “Whence all these apprehensions? — What is the matter with you? — Why do you look so full of terror?” He then sat down, and gave me a history of his complaint.

‘About a week or ten days before, after drawing some liquor in his cellar for a girl, he desired her to take away the oysters, which lay upon the floor, and which he supposed she had dropped; — the girl, thinking him drunk, laughed at him, and went out of the room. — He endeavoured to take them up himself, and to his great astonishment could find none. — He was just going out of the cellar, when at the door he met a soldier, whose looks he did not like, attempting to enter. He desired to know what he wanted there; and upon receiving no answer, but, as he thought, a menacing look, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and, to his no small surprise, found that it was a phantom. The cold sweat hung upon his brow — he trembled in every limb — it was the dusk of the evening; as he walked along the passage, the phantom flitted before his eyes — he attempted to follow it, resolutely determined to satisfy himself; but as this vanished, there appeared others at a distance, and he exhausted himself by fruitless attempts to lay hold of them. He hastened to his family, with marks of terror and confusion; for, though a man hitherto of the most undaunted resolution, he confessed to me that he now felt what it was to be completely terrified. During the whole of that night he was constantly tormented with a variety of spectres, sometimes of people who had been long dead, at other times of friends who were living; and harassed himself with continually getting out of bed, to ascertain whether the people he saw were real or not. Nor could he always distinguish who were and who were not real customers, when they came into the room, so that his conduct became the subject of observation; and though it was for a time attributed to private drinking, it was at last suspected to arise from some other cause. When I was sent for, the family were under the full conviction that he was insane, although they confessed, that in every thing, except the foolish notion of seeing apparitions, he was perfectly rational and steady. During the whole of the time that he was relating his case to me, and his mind was fully occupied, he felt the most gratifying relief, for in all that time he had not seen one apparition; and he was elated with pleasure indeed, when I told him I should not send him to the asylum, since his was a complaint I could cure at his own house. But whilst I was writing a prescription, and had suffered him to be at rest, I saw him get up suddenly, and go with a hurried step to the door. — “What did you do that for?” — he looked ashamed and mortified, and replied, “I had been so well whilst in conversation with you, that I could not believe that the phan-

phantom I saw enter the room was not really a soldier, and I got up to convince myself."

'I need not here detail particularly the medical treatment adopted; but it may be as well to state the circumstances which probably led to the complaint, and the principle acted on in the cure. Some time previously he had had a quarrel with a drunken soldier, who attempted, against his inclination, to enter his house at an unseasonable hour, and in the struggle to turn him out, the soldier drew his bayonet, and having struck him across the temples, divided the temporal artery; in consequence of which he lost a very large quantity of blood before a surgeon arrived, there being no one present who knew that, in such cases, simple compression with the finger upon the spouting artery, would stop the effusion of blood. He had scarcely recovered from the effects of this loss of blood, when he undertook to accompany a friend in his walking-match against time, in which he went 42 miles in nine hours. Elated with success, he spent the whole of the following day in drinking; but found himself, a short time afterwards, so much out of health, that he came to the resolution of abstaining altogether from liquor. It was in the course of the week following this abstinence from his usual habits, that he had the disease he now complained of. All his symptoms continued to increase for several days till I saw him, allowing him no time for rest. Never was he able to get rid of these shadows by night when in bed, nor by day when in motion; though he sometimes walked miles with that view, and at others went into a variety of company. He told me he suffered even bodily pain, from the severe lashing of a waggoner with his whip, who came every night to a particular corner of his room, but who always disappeared when he jumped out of bed to retort, which he did several nights successively. The whole of this complaint was effectually removed by bleeding, by leeches, and by active purgatives. After the first employment of these means, he saw no more phantoms in the day-time; and after the second, once only, between sleeping and waking, saw the milkman in his bed-room. He has remained perfectly rational and well ever since, and can go out in the dark as fearlessly as ever, being fully convinced that the ghosts which he was so confident he saw, were merely the creatures of disease.'

We cannot refrain from drawing one more interesting illustration from the same quarter.

'I was soon after called to visit Mrs. B., a fine old lady, about 80 years of age, whom I had frequently visited in fits of the gout. She was seized with an unusual deafness, and with great distension of the organs of digestion, at a period, when, from her general feelings, she expected the gout. From this time she was visited by the phantoms of some of her friends, whom she had not invited, and whom she at first so far considered as actually present, that she told them she was very sorry she could not hear them speak, nor keep up the conversation with them, she would therefore order the card-table; and she rang the bell for that purpose.

pose. Upon the entrance of the servant, the whole party disappeared — she could not help expressing her surprise to her maid that they should all go away so abruptly ; and could scarcely believe her when she affirmed there had been nobody in the room. She was so ashamed, when convinced of the deception under which she laboured, that she suffered, without complaining, for many days and nights together, the intrusion of a variety of phantoms ; and had some of her finest feelings wrought upon by the exhibition of friends long lost, who only came to cheat her fancy, and revive sensations that time had almost obliterated. Having determined not again to mention the subject, she contented herself with merely ringing her bell, finding she could always get rid of the phantoms by the entrance of her maid, whenever they became distressing. It was not till some time after she had thus suffered, that she could bring herself to relate her distress to me. She was all this time convinced of her own rationality, and so were those friends who really visited her ; for they never could find any one circumstance in her conduct and conversation to lead them to suspect her being in the smallest degree deranged, though unwell. This complaint was entirely removed by cataplasms to the feet, and gentle purgatives ; and terminated, a short time afterwards, in a slight fit of the gout. She remained to the end of her life in the perfect enjoyment of her health and faculties.

The spectral illusions occurring in febrile diseases, and more remarkably at the close of hectic fever, may be also adduced in farther illustration of the effects of bodily disorder in producing these delusive impressions. Dr. Hibbert has well observed that to this source we may safely ascribe those blissful visions, which have been sometimes known to cheer the last hours of persons of warm religious feelings.

3. Spectral illusions are also frequent in cases of mental derangement, especially in that form of it which is named hypochondriasis ; and many curious illustrations of this class of apparitions will be found in the writings of Pinel, and others who have treated of the subject of insanity.

Dr. Hibbert has explained his doctrine regarding apparitions after the manner of a metaphysician ; and, in doing so, he has in almost every instance followed as his guide the late lamented Dr. Brown of Edinburgh : the clearness and importance of whose views in this department of science have been so universally acknowledged. Dr. H. has pointed out a variety of laws in the operations of thought, which serve to explain the occurrence of spectral illusions ; and he has shewn, in a particular manner, the dependence which they have on the greater vividness of ideas above actual sensations. He has also introduced into his work tables of the comparative degrees of vividness and faintness in which they occur : but we confess



that these tables do not appear to us to afford any additional elucidation of the subject.

In the course of his inquiry, Dr. Hibbert has ventured to bring forwards several hypothetical opinions, which, however ingenious, seem to us altogether without foundation.

‘ In endeavouring,’ he says, ‘ to obtain a correct notion of certain vital properties of the human frame, and the relation which the immaterial principle of the mind may bear to them, I shall commence with that important fluid, the blood, which, from the peculiarity of its properties, has induced physiologists to maintain its vitality. This inquiry, at the same time, may meet with some assistance from observations upon the effect of certain gases, which, when introduced into the lungs, exert an influence over the blood. The pulse, for instance, of persons inhaling the nitrous oxide, though it may vary in different individuals, with regard to strength or velocity, never fails to be increased in fulness ; which result would intimate, that the general volume of the circulating mass is, upon the application of a proper agent, susceptible of an increasing degree of expansion. On the other hand, in the earliest stage of the noxious influence of the febrile miasma, there is an evident diminution in the volume of the blood, as is indicated by a small contracted pulse, and an increasing constriction of the capillaries. Hence may be drawn the general conclusion, that the corpuscles of the vital fluid possess within themselves an inherent dilatibility and contractility, by the alternate force of which they are enabled to act upon the elastic coats of the vessels of the human body.’

To this conclusion we cannot assent, for it appears to us that the opposite effects of which he speaks are produced not directly in the blood, but through the medium of the nervous system on the blood-vessels. These vessels, by their respective degrees of contraction, produce in the one case an expanded state of the cutaneous capillaries, and increased tone and constriction of the great internal trunks, with consequent exalted sensibility and pleasurable sensation : while in the other case the cutaneous capillaries are constricted, and the internal trunks turgid with blood, whence naturally follows a painful state of feeling.

Dr. Hibbert has been led to adopt the belief that past feelings are renovated through the medium of the organs of sensation.

‘ In persons under the influence of spectral illusions, the axis of vision has been directed to some particular part of a room where a phantasm was conceived to be present. Now, between the eye and the phantasm, some luminous object has afterwards been placed, so that rays reflected from it might impinge on the same points of the retina which were affected by the spectre ; and the  
con-

consequence has been, that, like the phenomena of intercepted sensible impressions, actual rays of light have succeeded in effacing feelings which were ideal. This fact was proved in the case of an inhabitant of the Scottish metropolis. He was constantly annoyed by a spectral page, dressed like one of the Lord Commissioner's lacqueys, whom he always saw following close to his heels, whatever might be the occupation in which he was engaged. But to this attendant soon succeeded another no less unremitting, but far more unwelcome retainer, in the form of a frightful skeleton. An eminent medical practitioner of Edinburgh was the exorcist properly called in, who, in the course of his interrogatories, inquired, if at that very moment his patient saw the spectre? The man immediately pointed to a particular corner of the room where he alleged his familiar was keeping guard. To this spot, therefore, the learned gentleman walked. "Now, do you see the skeleton?" he asked. "How can I," was the reply, "when you are interposed between us?" — Here, then, was a satisfactory indication that the retina had been actually impressed by the imaginary phantasm. — Soon, however, Fancy began her work again; for, with a sudden tone of exclamation that even inspired the philosopher himself with momentary alarm, the man suddenly exclaimed, "Ay, now I see the skeleton again, for at this very moment he is peeping at me from behind your shoulders!"

'I shall next observe, that there can be no doubt but that the ear is likewise the medium through which the past feelings of sound are renovated. In a case of *delirium tremens* which fell under my own observation, the patient, during his convalescence, was at intervals assailed, as from an adjoining closet, by imaginary voices, distinctly articulating certain expressions to him; and when thus addressed, he showed the same impatience at being prevented by the clamour from listening to some conversation that was going on in the room, as if he had been disturbed by real sounds.'

These symptoms we consider only as proofs of intense mental excitement, in rendering persons insensible to external impressions. The movement of the northern physician whose figure was sufficiently large and portly, and the question which he put, served for a moment to dispel the illusion; recalling the mind of the patient to the objects actually before him: but there is no ground for believing that he really displaced an image on the retina, unless we can bring ourselves to admit the sensible reality of the spectral skeleton. If Dr. H. should feel disposed to maintain his belief in this activity of the organs of sense, during the presence of apparitions, it will be expected of him that he should explain what changes take place in those organs, and by what means such changes are effected. The following may be considered as an ingenious attempt to supply in part the information which we have just required:

'I can-

' I cannot help suspecting that each organ of feeling is affected by two descriptions of nerves, which are more to be ascertained by their ultimate effects on the mind, than by anatomical observation :—that nerves of one description derive their origin from the external surface of the organ of feeling which they supply, and pass from thence to the brain or spinal cord ; these exclusively affecting sensations :—that nerves of another description have their origin in the brain and spinal cord, and being from thence dispersed to the self-same organ of sensation, separately contribute to the renovation of past feelings.

' The two distinct occasions, however, on which nerves are excited, chiefly indicate that two descriptions of them may exist. One set seems excited by the actual contact of material objects, when it imparts to the particular organ that it supplies, the degree of nervous influence necessary for the production of sensations. Another set of nerves never imparts its influence, but when excited by that ultimate law of the mind, which ordains,—that the repetition of a definite sensation shall be followed by a renovation of the past feelings with which it was before associated.'

The machinery thus invented, and set in motion, by the author, is not a little intricate, and its efficacy is to us incomprehensible. What, we ask, is it that acts in these presumed nerves, and how is it that they can affect the organs of sense ? Do the ideas of the mind throw these nerves into activity ; or can they, in their most active state, paint an image on the retina, or cause an impulse to fall on the nervous pulp of the ear ?

The author has furnished us with a very interesting account of the apparitions of the dead which have been recorded from the earliest periods : he has explained them on the same general principles as other spectral illusions ; and he has hazarded with regard to them an opinion, which strikes us as being at once novel and ingenious.

' It must be confessed, that the popular belief of departed spirits occasionally holding a communication with the human race is replete with matter of curious speculation. Some Christian divines, with every just reason, acknowledge no authentic source whence the impression of a future state could ever have been communicated to man, but from the Jewish prophets or from our Saviour himself. Yet it is certain, that a belief in an existence after death has, from time immemorial, prevailed in countries, to which the knowledge of the Gospel never could have extended, as among certain tribes of America. Can then this notion have been intuitively suggested ? Or is it an extravagant supposition, that the belief might have often arisen from those spectral illusions, to which men in every age, from the occasional influence of morbid causes, must have been subject ? And what would be the natural self-persuasion, if a savage saw before him the apparition of a departed friend or acquaintance, endowed with the semblance of life,

life, with motion, and with signs of mental intelligence, perhaps even holding a converse with him? Assuredly, the conviction would scarcely fail to arise of an existence after death.'

We have not lately met with any publication which has afforded us more real gratification than these 'Sketches' of Dr. Hibbert: for the subject, which possesses peculiar interest, has been treated by him with much ingenuity and research, and in the true spirit of philosophical inquiry, although (it must be admitted) sometimes with too strong a partiality for mere hypothesis.

ART. V. *Queen Hynde*; a Poem, in Six Books. By James Hogg, Author of "The Queen's Wake," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 443. 14s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

WE have perused the performance before us "with countenances more in sorrow than in anger." Unwilling to check the aspirings of a poetic mind, which have already found some favor with the public, we have endured, when we could not commend, one or two of Mr. Hogg's recent productions; not wishing to discourage him with faint praise, or ungentle admonition, but not being able conscientiously to speak of them in such a tone as would be agreeable to the sensitive feelings of an author. — On the present occasion, however, he must forgive us if we express ourselves with less reserve: for, in the post assigned to us in the commonwealth of letters, it is our duty to take care lest that commonwealth "*quid detrimenti capiat*." Critical encouragement bestowed on such poems as 'Queen Hynde' would bring the literary taste of the country into just suspicion; and however deserving Mr. Hogg may be of the public patronage, it highly imports the interests of our literature, that any thing which is due to his misfortunes should not be confounded with that which is due to his productions. A man naturally well-gifted, who struggles in obscurity and indigence with the hardships of his lot, is justly an object of sympathy to all feeling and considerate minds: — but it is a question whether we really aid him by encouraging him in fruitless endeavors to attain poetic excellence, and thus diverting him from the more profitable and equally laudable avocations, to which he was originally destined. On the contrary, we decidedly think that the sooner a man thus situated is taught to descend from the airy elevations of poetry, and to renounce its idle hopes and deluding visions, (one of the worst effects of which is, that they unnerve him for a vigorous conflict with the

the difficulties of life,) the nearer will he approach to that sober and practicable happiness, which is always within the reach of those who do not suffer themselves to be cheated by the precarious and fitful flatteries of public favor.

'Queen Hynde' is a poem spun out to six books, which compose a thick octavo volume; and it is, moreover, one of those Scottish lays which now form a perpetual theme that allows no repose to the press, as if it were impossible to find one topic of description, or one event of interest, south of the Tweed. Be that, however, as it may, it is but equitable that he, who makes so heavy a demand on the patience of his readers, should in some way or another repay what he exacts. Before we consent to a journey through such a poem, may we not reasonably bargain, even in the absence of sense and matter, for a little of that melodious and flowing versification, the smooth stream of which carries us gently along, and lulls and stills us with its murmurs; — or, if the numbers be broken and abrupt, for a higher compensation in those bold and towering conceptions, which, descending from the high heaven of invention, cast away, as incumbrances and restraints, the rules of rhythm and harmony; — or, if these be denied us, at any rate, for the humbler merit of interesting and awakening incidents? If 'Queen Hynde,' therefore, deludes all and each of these hopes; — if it be lamentably deficient in every requisite to render a book readable; — if its language be trivial and vulgar, its tale heavy, flat, and "signifying nothing," its versification inelegant and careless; — if, in short, it contains nothing to recompense us for the trouble of reading it; — surely Mr. Hogg, in sending forth so crude and negligent a performance, has shewn an inadequate return for the patronage which a benevolent public, never deaf to the appeals of obscure and indigent merit, has on other occasions awarded him.

Our remarks shall be confined to the first book: it is in pity to Mr. Hogg that we do not follow him farther; and, by selecting the best portion of the work, we cannot be accused of dealing with it unfavourably. We sincerely believe him to be capable of better things; and it is because we think so, that we conceive it to be a salutary discipline from which he himself (if ambitious of improvement) will not shrink, to bring in review before him a few of the specimens of bad taste and bad writing into which he was misled, not perhaps by want of genius, but by negligence and haste.

The old King resolves to die, thinking perhaps that he has reigned long enough; for there is nothing apparently the matter with him, except that he is seized just before his death

with a most intolerable fit of prosing. He dies, it should seem, in public; for every warrior, every minister, and every bard, was present: but he leaves rather an odd sort of injunction relative to his daughter, Queen Hynde, whom he recommends as his successor, and who is received with acclamation. She is to choose for a husband any person to whom she may take a fancy, provided that it be in public: but no professed lovers are to be admitted to her in private.

‘ “ Now note my will, — my daughter Hynde  
Must wed the knight that suits her mind ;  
Her choice no interest let revoke,  
Be it as free as bird on oak,  
Or the grey eagle of the rock.  
But suffer not, on any plea,  
A lover to her privacy ;  
No breathings of ecstatic bliss,  
No fond caress, or burning kiss,  
May be allow'd, else all is done, —  
A coxcomb shall the lady won,  
And Albyn's ancient royal blood  
Run to a weak and spurious brood.  
Forbid it, God ! — In time to be,  
Should my unbodied spirit see  
A son of mine to sloth betake,  
Or sleep while warriors toil and wake :  
On such my soul shall never tend,  
As guardian angel or as friend !

“ These woes and failings to prevent,  
Let young Queen Hynde, in royal tent,  
Hear chiefs debate on government ;  
Mark all their feats in bold tourney,  
And list their love or warrior lay ;  
And thus, her keen and piercing sight,  
Can hardly fail to judge aright.”

Having said this, the old monarch quietly gives up the ghost; first warning her that he means to be still near her, and therefore advising her to place great faith in dreams.

The Queen shortly afterward dreams of an old man and a bull; and to avoid the latter, she throws herself down a precipice: but, lest we should indulge our sympathies too much in the fate of his heroine, the poet is considerate enough to tell us that this is only in her dream, and that her leap was merely from a downy couch. The dream, however, gives her much disturbance, and away she hies to Columba, a saint of the isle of Iona; a man of spotless purity, and held in such respect that no Scottish sovereign ever attempted any thing

‘ Of war, religion, or of law,  
Without consulting Columbāw.’

She

She sets out in a barge which must have been very handsome, for the *sails* were of all the different colors of the rainbow. Very fortunately she is not indisposed, though the sea is rough; — a circumstance which Mr. Hogg does not leave unimproved; for he immediately apostrophizes a lady whom he terms 'Maid of Dunedin,' reminding her that, had she been there, she would certainly have been very qualmish. As it may be edifying to learn how the sea-sickness, though a most unpoetical sensation, can be made a pleasing topic in a poem, we subjoin the passage.

'Maid of Dunedin, well I know,  
Hadst thou been there, there had been woe!  
Distress of body and of mind,  
And qualms of most discourteous kind.  
But here, in days of yore, were seen  
Young Hynde, the Caledonian queen,  
With all her maids, enjoy the motion,  
Blithe as the bird that skims the ocean.'

Though women were forbidden at Iona, 'young Hynde' lands at that holy place, to the great scandal of St. Oran, who was at that very instant preaching against all womankind, from Eve downwards. The old priest calls on his brethren for aid, meaning to drive her back again into the sea, but Columba tells them that it is the Queen.

'That word was law — the rage was o'er,  
The stern St. Oran said no more.  
He sat down on his chair of stone,  
Shook his grey head, and — gave a groan.'

Queen Hynde had in her train a lovely, laughing, black-eyed-girl, extremely fond of roguery, and known by the name of 'Wicked Wene.' Seeing so many grave faces, she felt an irresistible desire for mischief, and began to tread on the toes of the poor monks, and fillip their noses; and all this with so winning a grace that they wished her to repeat the trick.

'No sooner had this fairy eyed  
The looks demure on either side,  
Than all her spirits 'gan to play  
With keen desire to work deray.  
Whene'er a face she could espy  
Of more than meet solemnity,  
Then would she tramp his crumpled toes,  
Or, with sharp fillip on the nose,  
Make the poor brother start and stare,  
With watery eyes and bristling hair.

And yet this wayward elf the while  
 Inflicted all with such a smile,  
 That every monk, for all his pain,  
 Look'd as he wish'd it done again.'

She then tries her instinctive love of fun on Saint Oran himself, and raises in that holy friar such rebellious emotions that he dreams of her at night, and is obliged next day, by way of penance, to request the favor of his friends to take off his dress, to bind him to the cross, and to flog him till the blood comes.

' From that time forth, it doth appear  
 Saint Oran's penance was severe ;  
 He fasted, pray'd, and wept outright,  
 Slept on the cold stone all the night ;  
 And then, as if for error gross,  
 He caused them bind him to the cross,  
 Unclothe his back, and, man by man,  
 To lash him till the red blood ran.  
 But then — or yet in after time,  
 No one could ever learn his crime ;  
 Each keen inquiry proved in vain,  
 Though all supposed he dream'd of Wene.'

On this occasion, the poet again addresses the 'Maid of Banedin;' and, after an allusion (not of the most delicate kind) to her own dreams, he confesses frankly, in the following elegant *couplets*, that he dreams every night of *her* :

' But ah ! If I were scourged to be  
 For every time I dream of thee  
 Full hardly would thy poet thrive !  
 Harsh is his song that's slay'd alive.'

**APP. VI.** *On the Nobility of the British Gentry; or, the Political Rank and Dignities of the British Empire, compared with those of the Continent; for the Use of Foreigners in Great Britain, and of Britons abroad; particularly of those who desire to be presented at foreign Courts, to accept foreign Military Service, to be invested with foreign Titles, to be admitted into foreign Orders, to purchase foreign Property, or to intermarry with Foreigners.* By Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta. 8vo. pp. 50. Hookham. 1824.

**M**UCH is promised in the title-page of this little pamphlet, but the promise is meritoriously redeemed; and we are glad to see this worthy Knight of Malta better employed than on some former occasions. In a small compass and an unpretending form, a great portion of useful heraldic information is here conveyed; and the main position asserted,



namely, that the *gentlemen* of England, whether peers, knights, or esquires, are the true nobility of the empire, is established with considerable ingenuity and learning. We shall give a short and rapid summary of the argument.

It has been generally supposed in France, and too generally admitted by Englishmen, that the *peers* of this country (about 380) constitute all its nobility: but in England 9458 families are intitled to bear arms; and "*Nobiles*" (says Lord Coke) "*sunt qui arma gentilicia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt.*" All these families are therefore noble. A prince, judging an individual to be worthy of distinction, gave him letters-patent of nobility, in which were blazoned the arms that were to distinguish his shield, and by this shield he became *nobilis*. A plebeian had no blazonry on his shield, for he was *ignobilis*. Whoever has a shield of arms is a nobleman.

The landed proprietors in every country are its natural nobility; and hence the noblest families are the land-holders who are named alike with their estates, as Fitzakerly of Fitzakerly, Wolsley of Wolsley, Wrottesley of Wrottesley, the Scottish families of *that ilk*, and the German families *von* und *zu*, or *of* and *at*. Under the feudal system, immense privileges attached to the soil; and, when the sovereign granted a fief, he granted nobility with it, without letters-patent: but, when he had no more lands to grant, he gave letters-patent with a coat of arms described therein. Several precedents of these grants are cited by Sir James Lawrence from the Harleian Miscellany, and from Rymer.

During the feudal times, all countries were divided into fiefs, and these again into *arrière-fiefs*. In France and England, the grand vassals of the crown, or the greater barons (afterward peers), composed the first; and the lesser barons (afterward knights and squires) formed the second order. Now the *second* class are styled *noble* as well as the first; and Sir James contends that the *rights* of this second class of nobles may be dormant, but cannot be lost. The citation from the contents of Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth is strictly in point.

"The first part, of gentlemen of England, called *nobilitas major*.

"The second sort, of gentlemen, which may be called *nobilitas minor*.

"Esquire betokeneth *scutiferum* or *armigerum*, and be all those which bear arms, which is to bear as a testimony of the nobility or race from whence they do come.

"Gentlemen be those, whom their blood and race doth make noble or known. The Latins call them all *nobiles*, the French nobles.

“ *Gens* in Latin betokeneth the race and surname. So the Romans had Cornelios, Appios, Fabios, Æmilios, Pisones, Julios, Brutos, Valerios. Of which, who were *agnati* and therefore kept the name, were also *gentiles*, and retaining the memory of the glory of their progenitor's fame, were gentlemen of that, or that race.

“ Yomen be not called masters, for that, as I have said before, pertaineth to gentlemen, but to their surnames men add Goodman.”

In 1586, Sir John Ferne wrote his Blazon of Gentry and Nobility, and the distinction between *nobilis* and *ignobilis* is there plainly stated to be that of wearing or not wearing coat-armour. Coke upon Lyttelton has the following passage on the *Stat. de Mil.* 1 Edw. 2.:

“ He that is destrained ought to be a gentleman of name and blood, *claro loco natus*. Of antient time those, that held by knight's service, were regularly gentile. It was a badge of gentry. Yet now *tempora mutantur*, and many a yeoman, burgess, or tradesman, purchaseth lands holden by knight's service, and yet ought not, for want of gentry, to be made a knight. At this time the surest rule is, *Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt*. Therefore they are called *scutiferi armigeri*.

“ A knight is by creation, a gentleman by descent, and yet I read of the creation of a gentleman. A knight of France came into England, and challenged John Kingston, a good and strong man at arms, but no gentleman, as the record shieth, *ad certa armorum puncta, &c. perficienda*. *Rex ipsum Johannem ad ordinem generosorum adoptavit, et armigerum constituit, et certa honoris insignia concessit.*”\*

Lord Coke continues to remark that “ great discord would arise within the realm, if yeomen and tradesmen were admitted to the dignity of knighthood, to take the place and precedency of the ancient and noble gentry of the realme.” Camden, who was Clarenceux King of Arms, observes; “ The lesser noblemen are the knights, esquires, and those whom we call gentlemen.” In his History of Queen Elizabeth he says; “ In 1559, some noblemen voluntarily departed the kingdom, of whom those of better note were Henry Lord Morley, Sir Francis Englefield, Sir Robert Peckham,” &c. &c. Edmondson, Mowbray Herald, the highest authority, not only declares that the English gentry are noble, but considers *gentility* as the most exalted word for nobility. An Harleian MS. mentions some meeting, anno 1458, “ *Præsentibus Wmo. St. George*

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\* “ The King made him no knight, as his adversary was, because he was no gentleman.”

et Joh'ne Colville MILITIBUS, Laurencio Cheyne et Thoma Lockton ARMIGERIS, et multis ALIIS NOBILIBUS;" and Lord Bacon, Hist. Hen. VII., inserts Perkin Warbeck's proclamation against the King. "First, he has caused divers nobles of this our realme to be cruelly murdered, as our cousin Sir William Stanley, Sir Simon Montford," &c. &c. Of these nobles, none was a peer. Heylin (Hist. Reform.) says, under date 1546, "In the next place came Sir Thomas Wriothsley, a man of very new nobility." Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a gentleman to be one of good extraction but not noble: but he was neither herald nor antiquary, and committed the modern blunder of confounding nobility with peerage.

Nobility may be acquired, but gentility never. The "title of gentleman," says a modern French author \* very correctly, "answered formerly to *gentilhomme*." The nurse of James I. intreated him to make her son a gentleman. "My good woman," said the King, "a gentleman I cannot make him, though I could make him a lord." The nobility of extraction is the true nobility, proofs of which are deposited at the Herald's Office. Many peers, in the eyes of the college of arms, are not more gentlemen than were in France many dukes, &c.; among whom M. de Beaufremont, who was no duke, was surprized to find himself the only gentleman in company. Selden, in his "Table Talk," says that God Almighty cannot make a gentleman.

'How great,' exclaims Sir James Lawrence, 'would have been the indignation of any English gentleman of quality two centuries ago, had he read in the Paris newspapers the following advertisements:

"An English Gentleman, who has had considerable experience as a Teacher, and can show respectable certificates, gives private lessons in the Greek, Latin, and English languages: terms 20 francs a month. Address, post-paid, at the office of Galignani's paper. May, 1823."

"Un gentleman anglais, d'une famille honnête, désire la place d'un gouverneur dans une famille respectable. Les Affiches, 1 Aout, 1822."

'If this individual were really a gentleman by birth, he was more than of *une famille honnête*; yet being reduced by misfortune to turn tutor, he ought to have concealed his quality. If not, he ought to have styled himself *un anglais d'une famille honnête*. This would have expressed a decent, creditable person, if his modesty forbade him to style himself *un homme de lettres*.

'Any Englishman, *gentilhomme de nom et d'armes*, who, in a French document, suffers himself to be styled "un gentleman an-

\* "Londres, et les Anglais," 1814, by Ferri de St. Constant.

glais," either exposes his ignorance, or seems to acknowledge the superiority of a *gentilhomme français*, and thus degrades the class to which he belongs.'

King Edward VI. complained "that the grazier, the farmer, &c. become landed men, and call themselves *gentlemen*, though they be churls." To remedy these abuses, the heralds went every 30 years on their different visitations in the different counties; viz. Norroy in the north, and Clarenceux in the south of England. The earliest visitation was in 1529; the latest in 1686. They summoned the gentry to the county town, and such persons as had usurped titles or dignities, or had borne ensigns of gentility which did not belong to them, were degraded by proclamation of the common crier; and under the names of those who had assumed coats of arms, was written the word *Ignobiles*, 'which sufficiently proves' (says the present author) 'that those, who are intitled to arms, are *nobiles*.'

'Those, who deliver passports for the Continent, ought to give the quality of gentleman to those only who are entitled to it; but those who are entitled to it, should not suffer it to be omitted. The disuse of the word may be of the greatest disadvantage. If arrived at the place of his destination, his letters of recommendation may indeed prove who and what a traveller is; but he may be induced to alter his route, his carriage may break down, he may have a dispute at a table-d'hôte, he may be mistaken by the police-officers, who are in quest of some offender. Every one who has travelled on the Continent, knows how great a recommendation the quality of a *gentilhomme* is to the protection of an *ambassadeur* or justice of peace, or to the hospitality of a lord of the manor.

'At Göttingen, where a succession of Englishmen have studied, the Prorector usually asks them, if they are esquires at home? and on their answering in the affirmative, they are entered as nobles. But at the other German universities, which have less communication with Great Britain, several young Englishmen, on being asked the usual question, if they were noble? unluckily knew as little about nobility as Dr. Samuel Johnson, and like him, always confounded the idea of noble with the idea of a peer, and consequently answered, No. Thus they, though perhaps of the most ancient families, have been inscribed in the matricule-book as the sons of the lowest burghers or mechanics,

'On continuing his travels into Hungary, a stranger's French passport is translated into Latin; thus the *gentilhomme anglais* appears as *nobilis anglus*. And an accidental omission of this title might occasionally prevent his receiving those civilities and that hospitality, which he otherwise would receive.'

A peer is only a person of rank, unless he be also a gentleman; but, in heraldry, every gentleman is a person of quality.

quality. Quality (according to a Dictionary of 1735) is a title of honour and noble birth. In "The New Atalantis," and in Fielding's and Smollett's novels, and down to a late period in the 18th century, every gentleman and every gentlewoman was a person of quality. In Richardson, too, Sir Charles Grandison and Lovelace are both men of quality.

Having followed Sir James Lawrence thus far in his argument, the comparatively small size of his publication would, under other circumstances, admonish us to close our article: but the following remarks on our House of Commons may rectify some very popular though gross misconceptions which prevail as to the word Commons, while they also strongly corroborate the author's able and learned reasoning:

'The commons; les communes;—and could the English knights, a body of warriors so hardy, so proud of their descent, so full of their own importance, so desirous of distinction, submit to have formed a part of the House of Commons? No, never, if the House of Commons had signified the house of the ignobles. But the word commons signified not, in parliament, common people in contradistinction to the nobility, but communities. The House of Commons therefore signified the House of Communities.

'The *communitas terræ*, or community of the kingdom, was ascribed only the barons and tenants in capite.

'In 1258, a community thus composed sent a letter to Pope Alexander. These "*litteræ missæ à communitate Angliæ*" conclude, "*communitas comitum, procerum, magnatum aliorumque regni Angliæ*," kiss the feet of your Holiness.

'In 1258, also, *tota terræ communitas* chose twenty-four of its members to treat for an aid for the king.

'"*Ce sont les 24, qui sont mis par le commun, à traiter de aid de roi.*"

'This *communitas terræ*, or *le commun de la terre*, was sometimes styled *tota nobilitas Angliæ* or *universitas baronagii*, and signified the body of the nobility of the realm: *le corps de la noblesse*.

'This *communitas terræ* was equivalent to the House of Peers, or rather to the Diet of the German empire. Several of its members, Simon de Montford, De Bohun, De Bigod, were as powerful as a duke of Wirtemberg, or an elector of Hesse.

'On other occasions the sheriff conveyed the *communitas comitatus*, or the body of freeholders, tenants in capite, in his county. At length, in 1265, the citizens and burghesses were first summoned to parliament to represent the *communitates civitatum*, the bodies of citizens or corporations.

'*Communitas*, like *societas*, means people partaking the same rights, and was equally applicable to the most exalted and to the most humble classes. Therefore, that their assembly was styled the House of Commons, could not offend the haughtiest knight that ever displayed his shield at a tournament.'

What

What is the utility, it may be asked, of establishing the positions for which Sir James contends? It is true, however triumphantly they may be proved, that, in the present day, when almost every person is called an *Esquire*, and an attorney is in law styled a *Gentleman*, they can be considered only as barren unproductive truths; and, as we do not wish that the visitation of a King at Arms should be renewed, we are willing that they should still remain so: but the antiquarian and heraldic researches displayed in this pamphlet are valuable, and must be interesting and amusing to those who are attached to such pursuits.

ART. VII. *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Source of the Pleasures derived from Tragic Representations*, from which is deduced the Secret of giving Dramatic Interest to Tragedies intended for the Stage. Preceded by a Critical Examination of the various Theories adopted on the Subject by the English, French, and German Philosophers. By M. M'Dermot, Author of "A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste," &c. 8vo. 12s. Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1824.

THEATRICAL representations of tragical events affect the human mind in different ways, according to its individual character and constitution. Some persons view them with a tranquil melancholy; others with overwhelming emotion; and some with indifference, because of their fictitious nature: while great numbers of all these descriptions are contented with the effect without inquiring into the cause, which is indeed a question of somewhat difficult and involved solution. The present writer resolves the secret of dramatic interest into the pleasurable emotions derived from a considerable degree of excitement: — he considers it as a case of strong sensation, and nothing more. Former writers, however, have been anxious to explain why such spectacles afford high gratification to any considerate beings, when the contemplation of them in reality would be productive of the greatest pain. Some have insisted that, during the representation, *no* illusion takes place; and that the spectator of a tragedy is, at every moment, conscious that he is in a theatre. Others have admitted a momentary illusion, but suspect that much of the pleasure is occasioned by the recovery from that illusion; and that persons expose themselves to a recurrence of the deception, though at some points of time it is by itself absolutely painful, from an expectation of the delight arising in the transition from this sort of dream to actual wakefulness. Different inquirers, again, think that much of the mystery is explained

explained by means of the pleasurable accompaniments, the decorations of the theatre, the poetical tenor of the language, the music, &c. They insist that the mind is thrown into a peculiar state of elevation by these circumstances; and that the most melancholy parts of a tragedy, although creating an illusion, produce one that is extremely modified, and intervenes in such a manner amid a succession of agreeable emotions, as to become mingled with and actually characterized in some degree by the preceding impressions. It is imagined also by most writers that the occasional excitements of passion, by tragic representation, have a tendency to soften and purify the affections, although the frequent recurrence of such sights in real life might rather dispose to insensibility. Mr. M'Dermot states his objections to the theories of others, and then gives an account of his own, which leaves the subject surrounded with all its original difficulties. He neither looses the Gordian knot nor cuts it, but with a perfect unconsciousness presents it to view at last as it was at first, and is not aware that what he calls his solution is merely a statement of the difficulty.

The delight afforded by tragedy is produced, according to Mr. M'D., because it excites a strong sensation. Now, all admit that it *does* produce a strong sensation: but the question is why a sight on the stage is agreeable, which, if actually witnessed in life, would overwhelm us with pity or consternation; and why the repetition of the fictitious representation should improve the heart, when the repetition of the reality would, it is thought, make the spectator callous. Mr. M'Dermot does not enter into these niceties, though at the very moment he utters shouts of triumph; and he cries out *Eureka*, as if the heart of man could not desire any thing more satisfactory than his own notion. The sight of tragedy, says he, produces a strong sensation, and there is an end of all the difficulty. What a strong sensation means, we should not do the author justice if we did not allow him to explain in his own words.

‘ A sensation that passes not to the *sensorium commune*, or sensitive soul, but continues to affect only the primary sensory or organ through which it is received, may be properly called a slight sensation; not that we can feel any organic sensation of which the *sensorium commune*, or soul, is ignorant, but it feels them as something external, something incapable of moving it to pleasure, or forcing it to pain. Thus, if a man takes me by the hand, I feel a sensation where his hand is in contact with mine; but this is the only sensation I feel; and, therefore, I call it a slight sensation: but if I happen to be in love, and that the object of my affections takes me by the hand, I feel a sensation as before in my hand,  
and

and this sensation is, as in the former case, a slight one; but then I feel another, sensation, of which I was in the former instance totally unconscious, and this sensation is felt, not in the hands or feet, or any particular member that I can mention: it is felt, if I may use the expression, every where and no where. In a word, it pervades the whole frame. This is what I would call a strong sensation, namely, a sensation that does not confine itself to the part where it was first felt, but passes on like an electric shock, and communicates itself to all parts of the system. These are the sensations which are always pleasing, unless they act so powerfully on the member through which they are communicated as to give actual pain, and, even then, they are pleasing, unless the pain be so intense as to render us incapable of feeling the internal pleasing emotion. The pleasure which a lover enjoys in stealing a kiss from his fair one is so great, that he is insensible of pain though she should happen to bite his lips in the very act; but if he received the same bite from a person to whom he had no attachment, he would feel it acutely. The reason is obvious: the strong internal sensation produced by the kiss extinguishes the pain which is felt in the lips, and converts it into a pleasing sensation; but if she bit off the lip altogether, the internal pleasing emotion produced by the kiss yields at the moment to the intensity of the pain, and, therefore, the internal pleasure is not felt until the pain abates. This, however, does not prove that the strong internal sensation is not pleasing, for though, at the moment, it is not sensibly felt, yet its latent existence is sufficiently proved by this circumstance alone, that it abates the acuteness of the pain; for he whose lip is bit off by the beloved object of his affections, does not not feel half the pain experienced by the man who loses his lip by the bite of a dog.

Mr. M'Dermot indulges in little excursions of ingenuity which are very amusing. In the subsequent passage, he clearly shews that it is as natural for a man to smoke tobacco as for a child to be fond of its mother's milk.

Mr. Knight, in accounting for the preference we give to tastes originally disagreeable, to those simple tastes with which we are pleased in our youth, calls the former acquired, and the latter natural, tastes; and says, that "all those tastes which are natural lose, and all those which are unnatural acquire, strength by indulgence." Among which he instances the taste and smell of tobacco. This does not appear to me to be philosophical language. It is not philosophical to call the taste of tobacco unnatural; first, because it is a natural plant; secondly, because if the taste which it produces be unnatural, it follows that the taste which it produces is not that which it ought to produce, but some other, for whatever produces what is ought to produce necessarily produces a natural effect. Tobacco has the same taste to all men: this uniform effect must, consequently, be natural; nor indeed can any production of nature produce an unnatural effect, for even admitting that it does not produce the same



same effect in different individuals, the effect produced in each is still natural, because it does not from any difference of operation in the cause, but from organical differences in the subjects acted upon. All tastes then are natural tastes, nor is there any thing gained by calling them *acquired*; as this epithet cannot serve to distinguish them from others. Man is born without ideas or reliques of any kind, so that he can have no particular taste which can be called natural before the body or fluid which produces this taste be received into the mouth. The taste of tobacco is communicated in the same manner, and the knowledge of both is acquired by the same means, and, therefore, one is as much an acquired taste as the other. The true cause, then, of the greater pleasure which tobacco affords, is, as I have already shewn, the strong and animating sensation which it produces.

On the whole, however, the gravity with which the author quotes, from "The Guardian," the case of Mr. William Peer, forms the most diverting passage in the volume. We suspect that Mr. McDermot may have taken the paper on "Chevy Chase" as a full proof of that poem being a thorough epic; and we doubt not that he would insist that Pope's remarks on the pastorals of Phillips fully establish the superiority of Phillips as a pastoral writer. In short, we may expect that, in some future work on taste, this author will assume the adventures of Don Quixote to be real history, or that *Candide* is a demonstration of optimism. — We will not disappoint the curiosity which our readers may have to see Mr. McDermot's illustrations on the instance of William Peer.

'I would be far from insinuating that an actor of little sensibility can ever attain to any eminence on the stage, whether he acts in his own peculiar way or attempts that of another; but I maintain that it is only by acting in his own way that he can attain all that eminence of which he is capable; for if he act otherwise he acts unnaturally, and if it be possible to act unnaturally and still attain to eminence, I have only to say that the public are no judges of good acting, and have no standard to be guided by if they abandon the golden standard of nature. In fact, though an actor can never rise to distinction without possessing that natural sensibility which responds to every influence, a sensibility which can neither be infused by instruction nor caught by imitation; it is still possible for an actor of very unenviable talents to acquire more credit, and impart more pleasure to his auditors by following his own peculiar manner, than we could easily be made to believe if the truth was not confirmed by experience. The instance of William Peer, related in the Guardian, is the only one I shall mention, because one instance is as good as a hundred, where it is confirmed by public feeling. It is thus related in the eighty-second number of that work.

“ Mr. William

“ Mr. William Peer, of the Theatre Royal, was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble he performed it well, and the common comparison between the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar,—the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself. One of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play which is contrived, in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the consciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as (that he) made the others on the stage appear real great persons and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great merit but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause :

“ For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says, very archly, upon the pronouncing of it, Is this a prologue or a poesy of a ring? However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got great fame upon another little occasion. He played the apothecary in *Cains Marius*, as it is called by Otway, but *Romeo and Juliet*, as originally in Shakspeare. It will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. *Marius*, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it, after this manner :—

“ I do remember an apothecary,  
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death :  
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

When this spectre of poverty appeared, *Marius* addresses him thus,

“ I see thou art very poor,  
Thou may'st do any thing ; — here's fifty drachms,  
Get me a draught of what will soonest free  
A wretch from all his cares.

“ When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, *Marius* urges,

“ Art thou so base and full of wretchedness  
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;

The

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws ;  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich, —  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed when, in the most lamentable tone imaginable, he consents, and delivering the poison like a man reduced to the drinking it himself if he did not vend it ; says to Marius,

“ My poverty, but not my will, consents :  
 Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person permitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of ‘ property man.’ ”

‘ This circumstance in the life of Peer shews that minds of limited capacities are those which benefit least by the light of culture or the guidance of authority or precept. They see but a short way, and their feelings never stray beyond the horizon of their perceptions. Their homely feelings and perceptions may, therefore, be said to be better acquainted with each other than the more diversified feelings and perceptions of a man of genius ; and this acquaintance produces so perfect a harmony, or familiarity, between them that they both seem to be cast in the same mould ; and we instinctively acknowledge the correctness of that taste which suits, even in little things, “ the action to the word, and the word to the action.” Hence it is, that men of narrow parts have always something more fixed in their character than men of enlarged and comprehensive minds. They have a certain manner of thinking and of feeling, from which they seldom deviate ; and the range of this commerce between the passive and active powers being so extremely limited, the same round of thought and feeling must frequently recur, and thus stamp a character for them, which is recognized after a very short acquaintance.

‘ Will it then be said that Peer could have succeeded in this humble part better than he did, had he abandoned his own simple natural manner of acting and adopted that of some of his superiors ? If so, why could none of his superiors equal him in this humble part ? His excellence then evidently arose from his acting it in his own way. Had he followed another he could certainly do it no better than his original, which is saying, in other words, he could not perform it as well as he did, as none of his contemporaries could act it as well.’

The above passage seems to us exquisite ; and the author's logic is so vigorously applied, that the conclusion which he draws from the instance of Mr. William Peer is in every  
 sense

sense quite irresistible. As he deems it an admirable compliment for Mr. William Peer that he had the art of shewing himself at once both an actor and as acting an actor, and that his excellence arose from his acting in his own way, so we may say with great truth of the author himself, that he can shew himself at once as a critic and as criticizing critics, and that his peculiar excellence arises from his criticizing in his own way. We can assure Mr. M'Dermot that, whatever deficiencies may be fancied in his productions, no man will be weak enough to impute to him any want of originality.

ART. VIII. *The Writer's Clerk*; or, *The Humours of the Scottish Metropolis*. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Whittaker. 1825.

**WE** conceive that the novel, the title of which we have just copied, was written with the laudable purpose of weaning the idle readers of modern fiction from so unprofitable an employment: but we had toiled through the greater part of the first volume, before we discovered the mystic sense which lurked beneath the outward and apparent plan of this meritorious author. Indeed, long before we had gone through the history of the honest Mr. Kiniven and his interesting family, we had been conscious of certain symptoms of wearisomeness and disgust, which increased on us in every page: but it was not till after much study and examination that we renounced our first impression of the writer having had no meaning at all, for the conviction which we feel at present that the latent purpose of the work was that of nauseating the idle votaries of the circulating library, and thus winning them over to pursuits of a higher and more useful nature.

The hero is the son of a respectable tailor; and we are not only led through the early life of this amiable youth, but made acquainted with several of his school-fellows. What a delightful delineation of a parish-school, and what a charming groupe of chubby-faced boys, are brought before us in the passage which we are about to quote; and how skilfully does the author interweave, in these interesting pictures, so many biographical notices and characteristic traits of their not less interesting fathers and mothers! How consistently, too, does he pursue the design which we take to be the foundation of the whole, by laying open the little lives and the little hearts of these pretty masters; well knowing, as he did, that every yawn of the reader would be an undeniable proof of the success and effect of his experiment! We should never have forgiven

forgiven him had he neglected to introduce us to the worthies whom he thus enumerates :

‘ The first of our hero’s school-fellows we shall mention is Colin Dowell, who was indeed more the associate of Stuart ; but still it is necessary that he should be introduced. He was the only surviving son of the former clergyman of Homeston, and might be about the same age with Stuart. His mother resided at a farm called Purly-knoll, which lay a few miles distant from the town. The farm was managed and cultivated under her superintendence ; and with the productions of the farm, and a little bank-stock, which the economy of her husband had secured to her, together with an annual allowance from the funds of that excellent institution appropriated for the benefit of the widows of clergymen of the church of Scotland, enabled both her and her son to live in their usual comfortable condition. Mrs. Dowell was indeed an excellent woman. While she could manifest the dignity of her station to equals and superiors with ease and grace, she was at the same time, to her more humble acquaintances and dependents, conciliating and kind. She had experienced much family affliction. Three of her sons, who were successively prosecuting their studies for the church, had died, the one almost immediately after the other. These mournful events, notwithstanding all her other amiable qualities, had tended to contract on her countenance a settled grief, which to a companion might be easily discerned by occasional sighs, and which the mellowing hand of time seemed unable to remove. She had attributed the affliction arising from the death of her beautiful boys as the premature cause of her husband’s death. Colin was now her only child, and of course the object of her tenderness and care. When he went to school in the morning she longed for his return, for she was never happy except when he was in her presence.

‘ From the situation of a family of this description, it cannot be expected that Colin Dowell was a playful or mischievous boy. He was the reverse ; and though he could not be called a perfect misanthrope, yet to some of his actions that character could not be erroneously attached. He had imbibed a considerable portion of his mother’s grief, and consequently seldom or never associated with his more frolicsome school-fellows. He often looked upon their amusements as wanton insults on melancholy and affliction ; and although he could neither prohibit nor condemn their conduct, yet, when passing their sports, he frequently smiled with contempt on such a foolish abuse of time, and sometimes muttered to himself, — “ Thoughtless, unfeeling fellows ! ” Notwithstanding this apparent sullen and cold behaviour, Colin Dowell was far from being either unfeeling or unkind. His companions in school were few, and Stuart Kiniven was the chief of those few. To him he expressed more of his mind, and reposed more confidence than any of the others with whom he conversed. Stuart, as we have already observed, never courted the acquaintance of any of his school-fellows : — his delight and pleasure

were his studies, and on this account many courted his acquaintance; but it was from no such motive that Colin Dowell formed an acquaintanceship with him. He possessed penetration enough to enable him to discover that the character and conduct of Stuart Kiniven were more congenial to his temper than those of any other in school, and he therefore cultivated his friendship. With James he associated but seldom, and of course knew little or nothing about him.

It may appear somewhat unaccountable, that Stuart, who was careless of cultivating the friendship of his school-fellows, and seemed to possess little penetration or wish to discover the real character of any of his acquaintances, should have become so instinctively attached to Colin Dowell. Perhaps it might have proceeded from a previous knowledge of the character and sufferings of the Dowell family, or possibly as the real character of Colin Dowell became gradually unfolded to him in the course of their acquaintance. From what cause, however, it proceeded, it was evident that they became daily more fond of each other. Stuart often accompanied Colin half-way home to his country residence. Colin, who always informed his mother of his conduct and acquaintances at school, soon made known to her his connexion with Stuart; and Mrs. Dowell was glad to hear that he had formed a connexion with any member of the Kiniven family, of whose character her husband had ever entertained a high opinion. She therefore expressed her approbation of his acquaintance; and Colin received his mother's permission to invite Stuart to the house, which was accordingly done, and Stuart occasionally spent an evening or a night at Purly-knoll.

There was an apparent difference in the conduct of Colin when at home from that which he manifested at school. Perhaps the good-natured simplicity and mildness of Stuart tended much to dispel the cloud of sorrow which sometimes hung on his brow. When in company with Stuart in the evenings, he was not only good-humoured but cheerful; and they passed the time assisting each other in their respective studies, and talking over the incidents which had occurred in school.

James did not entertain such a high opinion of Colin Dowell as his brother. He mistook his real character for pride, and was on that account careless of his friendship.

The next we have to introduce is Richard Valeburn. He was of the same age with James. His father was factor and land-surveyor on the estate of a neighbouring freeholder. Mr. Valeburn was not possessed of great affluence, but was regarded by the inhabitants of Homeston as a worthy respectable gentleman. He discharged the duties of factor with honour and fidelity. He never wished to ingratiate himself with his constituent by an over-stretched exercise of power, — by imposing on industrious tenants excessive rents, or causing ruinous law expences to be incurred for a trifling unintentional violation of their engagements, — a character which, by the by, is rarely conspicuous in many factors nowadays. Mr. Valeburn was rather advanced in years when he married :

ried: his only children were his son Richard and a daughter named Eliza, who was at this time only a few years old.

Richard Valeburn was of a good-natured disposition, and carried his mildness and forbearance almost to simplicity. Though he was fond of participating in the sports of his school-fellows, yet he never countenanced them in any of their mischievous scenes. His pleasant manners and cheerful temper rendered him a particular favourite among them, as he tended to exhilarate their hours of recreation. He could not be called a bad scholar; but it must be confessed that he did not sometimes relish the tasks of the school so much as he did the sports of his companions. James and he were very intimate, from the circumstance of studying the same books in Latin, and also from Stuart assisting both at the same time in preparing their exercises.

Another member of the school of Homeston we have to take notice of is Stays Maclachlan. This young man was some months older than the others. His father, now deceased, was laird of Drumbible, a small estate in the neighbourhood of Homeston. His mother resided on the estate, and foolishly allowing her son all manner of indulgence, he became petulant and mischievous. Being a noted boxer, he was of course the champion of the school, and many of the scholars on this account conceived it an honour to be admitted as his acquaintance.

The great skill of this useful writer is displayed in tracing, through all the folds and integuments of the human character, those singular and rare traits which belong exclusively to his hero; yet not the traits of the hero only, but of many other little personages of the school. For instance, in young Stays Maclachlan we are enabled to discern peculiarities of disposition which entirely distinguish him from other school-boys, and which could never have been detected and brought to light without a familiar acquaintance with all the turns and labyrinths of the human heart. 'In school,' we are told, 'he trifled his time in talking, and hindered himself and others from attending to their studies.' A still rarer and more deeply-seated quality of a school-boy's character is discovered in the said Stays Maclachlan; for *he rejoiced at a holiday*, when the teacher allowed the scholars an occasional relaxation! — We must omit all mention of Sandy Girmour, whose father was a shop-keeper of the same description with Mr. Kiniven.

If, however, any thing can throw a still more heartfelt interest over the history of this little school, it is the beautifully drawn, but sombre, sentimental character of Master Colin Dowell. We envy not the feelings of those who can rise from his story without being strongly affected by its irresistible pathos, and profoundly penetrated with the striking originality of the concluding sentence, which we put into italics.

"My afflictions," said Colin, (a lad of fifteen,) after a pause, and in a low voice, "have been of no ordinary kind: the rapid deaths of three brothers, and that of my dear father, and the consequent grief of my mother, which appears so settled in her countenance that I am afraid time will be unable to remove. I can never forget the anguish of my father for their loss, although I was then but a mere child. The last time I saw him shall never be forgotten. I went to his library for a book, according to my usual custom: he was so much absorbed in contemplation that he did not observe my entrance. I heard him repeat to himself, after heaving a deep sigh, — 'My poor boys! — I had at least expected to see one of you fill my place, and be a comfort to your poor mother after I am gone; but God's will be done.' I was all this time transfixed to the very spot on which I stood when I entered. As these expressions proceeded from the inmost recesses of his heart, they pierced my very soul; and it was not till I had burst into tears that my father turned suddenly round and observed me. 'My dear boy,' said he, 'don't you break your heart: I do not mourn for your brothers, for I know they are in heaven; but when I think on your poor mother, the care with which she brought them up, and the prospects which she fondly cherished for them; now that they are no more, I cannot refrain from feeling deeply for her lonely situation. But you, my dear Colin, it grieves me much to see you so sad: you who are now my only child, — who I trust will be a blessing to your parents, and that you will one day be able to fill your father's situation, although you will not immediately succeed me, — for 'the time of my departure is now at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'"

'I thought I perceived him more than usually exhausted; I remember I looked on his countenance, and that it was very pale; and when he suddenly made a stop in the holy passage, I saw that it proceeded from inability. I attempted to cry, but my voice failed me, and I stood gazing on his countenance. He perceived my situation, for he took hold of my hand, and pressed it tenderly. "My dear Colin," he said, "comfort your mother when I am gone." These were his last words: he fell back on the sofa on which he had been sitting, and instantly expired. I was so much afflicted and horror-struck at this scene, that I fell almost lifeless on the floor, from whence I was carried to my bed, where I lay in a state of insensibility for upwards of a month. Such, Stuart, is only a part of the afflictions that I have experienced. It was long before my mother could support herself under this bereavement; and, instead of my being a comfort to her, I only tended to renew her grief, by my incessant lamentations; and I know that she even now attempts to be cheerful merely to make me so. She tells me, although she cannot herself set the example, *that sorrow can do the dead no good, while it is injurious to the health of the living.*'

We cannot dismiss the school without citing a most interesting and pathetic incident which befel poor Colin, who  
was



was detained by a shower of rain, and prevented from getting there at the usual hour. Mr. Black, the master, was that morning in bad humor from another cause; and the attitude, the look, the indignation, the strap, of that worthy pedagogue, are painted with a skilful hand. Equal justice is also done to the dignified resentment and sudden surprize of Colin, as the strap saluted his shoulders.

‘ When Colin entered the school, Mr. Black appeared to regard him as a particular object of his vengeance, for he had no sooner caught his eye than he darted towards him a look of rage, and, seemingly glad to have this opportunity of evincing to his opponent his authority and discipline, he applied the strap pretty smartly across Colin’s shoulders. “ What time of day is this to come to school, Sir ?”

‘ This chastisement was unusual and unexpected. It was the first that Colin experienced in his life from parent or teacher, and it could not therefore be supposed that a boy of his character could bear this insult with composure or indifference. He turned round : — his eyes kindled with indignation, looked the teacher full in the face, and was apparently about to do or say something, when, it is probable, the situation of his mother darting athwart his mind prevented his purpose; that mother, to whom he was accustomed to pay implicit respect, and who had taught him to be humble and obedient to his superiors.

‘ These thoughts, in a great measure, served to check his resentment; but he said, firmly, to the teacher, “ Sir, you have no right to manifest your authority in this manner. I have been to-day necessarily detained, and the cause you have no right to inquire.”

‘ Colin went over to his seat, sat down very doggedly, not a little mortified that he had been so unjustly insulted and abused in presence of the school. He kept his head declined on his hand, and appeared to have his eyes fixed on his book, but in reality saw or read nothing, so deeply was his mind occupied with the unmerited insult he had received.’

From these quotations, it might be hastily imagined that the author’s *forte* lay chiefly in pathetic description: but the following slight specimen will serve to shew how truly dramatic is his dialogue, and that the “ *Little Unknown*” closely approaches the “ *Great Unknown*” in this agreeable department of fiction. How admirable, sudden, original, and unexpected is the answer of Mr. Kiniven to Mrs. Dowell’s question !

“ “ I hope you are very well, Mr. Kiniven ?” said Mrs. Dowell, as she entered.

“ “ *Pretty well, I am much obliged to you,*” was the answer.

“ “ Is my son Colin with your Stuart ?”

"Oh, Mrs. Dowell," said Mr. Kiniven, "I beg your pardon, Ma'am; it's becoming rather dark, and I did not know you at first."

It must be recollected that the title-page of this exquisite fiction promised us 'the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis;' and our readers will naturally be anxious to have a sample of the author's powers of humor. What, then, can be more facetious than the sketch of Thomas Mandate, Esq., one of the agents in the supreme courts of Scotland? &c.

'Mr. Mandate might be about forty years of age. Though his appearance seemed to indicate a demure temper, yet his disposition was easy and humble, and altogether destitute of nicety or pride. He was honourable and rather active in the prosecution of his business. But as no man can be free of faults, so neither was Mr. Mandate. He could not be exculpated from an entire dereliction of his religious duties, though, at the same time, few extraordinary and habitual acts of immorality could be laid to his charge. He never went to church or attended to the duties of the Sabbath, and, from his whole words and actions, it was evident, that he was but very little influenced by religious considerations. With him the Lord's day was spent in the perusal of Erskine's Institutes, Mackenzie's Criminal Code, Morison's Dictionary, or in looking over the debit columns of the ledger, or in the performance of some other duties which had been omitted in the course of the week.

'Another fault of Mr. Mandate's (if it can properly so be termed) was, an occasional absence of mind. He has frequently gone to the Register Office instead of the Parliament House, and to the latter in place of the former. It is told of him, that on one Sabbath morning he hurried up to the Parliament House, and so much did the interest of his client absorb his thoughts, that he did not even observe the shops and places of business closed and the solemn stillness of the morning, so becomingly indicative of the first day of the week, but walked speedily up, with one hand in his pocket, the fingers of the other fixed across his mouth, and his eyes gazing with wistful anxiety towards the Parliament Square, apprehensive that his cause might be called ere he arrived, and decret in absence pronounced against him. He had not even observed that the door of the Parliament House was shut, and, in his hurry to rush into the court, he struck his nose with full force against the door. The error was then discovered, and Mr. Mandate consoled himself for this unseasonable blunder, by the reflection, that it was owing to an honest zeal for the interest of his client.'

There may be a grave, dull, reader or two, who will not discover the latent humor of such passages, and consequently will utter a tremendous yawn as they glance over them. Let them, however, remember the author's aim, which we have already

already pointed out, and then they will be glad to acknowledge the steadiness and uniformity with which he pursues it into the most humorous as well as the most pathetic parts of his novel. He has adhered, in this salutary and instructive dullness, which is designed to deter all future readers from taking up a Scottish novel, to the true Horatian maxim :

*" Servetur ad imum*

*Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."*

Now let us, in the name of anxious guardians, watchful mothers, and jealous husbands, return our thanks to the writer of this useful and truly moral novel. We will venture to say that no human being can possibly be the worse for reading it. It has none of those eloquent and fascinating pictures which embellish Vice ; none of that sophistical and powerful rhetoric which, in other fictions, so often makes it speak the language of Virtue ; and it excites no dangerous and insidious passion, to shake or undermine the morals of the rising generation. The inflammable emotions even of a lady's maid would not be kindled by the perusal of ' The Writer's Clerk : ' for the author deals in much softer sensations, anxious at one time to produce the not displeasing languor of that drowsy and oblivious state of mind, which no wakefulness can resist ; and at another, of exciting that vehement impatience of all fictitious writings which may terminate in the very desirable effect of abjuring them altogether.—We had nearly forgotten to point out the many aphorisms of moral wisdom interspersed over the three volumes. Who will not admit the truth and originality of the following exclamation ? ' Happy, truly happy, is he who is able to resist the influence of vice ! ' (Vol. ii. p. 321.) Or of this novel and ingenious observation ? ' That mind is callous, indeed, that bears misfortune with motionless unconcern. When one reflects that his misconduct has deprived him of comfortable and honorable living, it must awaken every feeling of shame and remorse.' (Vol. iii. p. 1.)

ART. IX. *Lives and Memoirs of the Bishops of Sherborne and Salisbury*, from the Year 705 to 1824. By the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A. M. 8vo. pp. 840. 11. 5s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1824.

THE history of a see which has been illustrated by names so conspicuous in the annals of literature as Jewel, Ward, Burnet, Hoadly, Sherlock, and Douglas, requires something more than antiquarian research and mere industry in com-

pilation to do it justice. In the absence, however, of any superior records, we are glad to receive the present volume, and think that the public are indebted to Mr. Cassan for putting together such materials as he could collect, although he has not shewn much skill or discrimination in the use which he has made of them. — From the pen of any author capable of appreciating the merits of the different prelates who have distinguished themselves as ornaments of this see, and of sketching their characters with vigor and fidelity, a book might have been produced at once interesting and of substantial worth. We would not be understood, however, as expressing our regret that much of this publication consists of extracts from other works, and that Mr. Cassan has not interspersed more of his own composition: — on the contrary, we think that he has consulted both his own strength and the reader's patience in the plan which he has adopted; since the amusement which we have received from his extracts is our only compensation for the want of information, and the intolerance, which generally characterize his own original matter.

The life of Jewel is a reprint from one which appeared in 1685; and that of Seth Ward is in like manner a reprint of the Memoir written by Dr. Walter Pope, but omitting some of the digressions contained in that amusing production. The biography of Burnet is taken principally from the life compiled by his son Thomas, and subjoined to the Bishop's "History of his own Times;" containing in particular the beautiful character drawn of him by the Marquis of Halifax. The account of Hoadly is extracted from the *Biographia Britannica*. The sketch of Sherlock's life is taken from that which was prefixed to the collection of his sermons; and the life of Bishop Douglas is principally formed from Mr. Macdonald's memoir. To all are subjoined what the author terms '*Addimenta*,' being compilations from other quarters, with occasional remarks interspersed by Mr. Cassan himself. The following observations are prefixed by way of caution to the life of Hoadly; and we quote them as a specimen of the tone in which the author's sentiments are generally expounded:

'Before entering on the life of this anti-prelatical prelate, it will be necessary to remind the reader, that the dangerous and unscriptural, though popular and imposing doctrines broached by him, have been most ably and convincingly refuted by the very learned William Law, in his *Three Letters*, in the Bangorian controversy. These letters have been reprinted in the *Scholar Armed*, vol. i. p. 280—492. (a work that should be read by every friend to the constitution, in church and state. It is decidedly friendly to the good "*old paths*," and is a sovereign antidote

antidote to the poison of innovation, and of those latitudinarian principles, miscalled liberality, whose career threatens a second subversion of the altar and the throne of these realms.)

‘Hoadly, though a bishop of the church of England, however incredible it may appear, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a *Dissenter*. The manifest tendency, the confessed object of his writings, is to demolish all institutions of apostolic origin, as inimical to “civil and religious liberty.” In the pride of human nature he postpones the tenor of Scripture, to the exercise of “private judgement.” He lays the axe to the root of episcopacy, — apostolic succession, — church communion, and Christian unity: and substitutes, as all in all, sincerity; so that if a man be not a hypocrite, it matters not what religion he is of! In the plenitude of his “liberality,” he writes the church down to Dissenters, instead of writing them up to it. With him, departure from the *sinless* communion of a church, whose priesthood deduces its authority and commission from the very fountain-head of sacerdotal power, is “no sin;” — with him to “divide the body of Christ” is not only venial, but if done with sincerity, both commendable and acceptable. — Thus those who *sincerely hated and persecuted* are on a par with those who *sincerely loved and obeyed* the Founder of Christianity. The well regulated mind revolts with disgust from such liberality, and latitudinarianism. Such, however, was the road to preferment at the juncture at which Hoadly lived; and while treading under foot the usages and doctrines of the apostles, he was content to receive the emoluments, and enjoy the dignities, of that church, whose constitution he despised, and whose authority he degraded and vilified.

‘In the following memoir, composed by the Bishop’s son, the Rev. Dr. John Hoadly, for the *Biographia Britannica*, from which work it is faithfully reprinted, (see *old edition*, fol. vii. p. 98.) the reader will bear in mind that I pledge myself to none of the commendatory phrases which filial partiality led the writer to adopt, in regard to principles and doctrines which must be considered as an insult to every sober minded churchman.’

The ensuing extract from the *Additamenta* to the same life is a specimen of the same spirit: the italics and the capitals are not *our* marks:

‘Indeed it is evident from the whole tenor of Hoadly’s writings, that he was lamentably ignorant of the doctrines of the church of which he was a bishop. The notions which he had the audacity to broach, however, were pleasing to the then ministry, *who took advantage of his imprudent concessions to dissolve the CONVOCA-TION*, inasmuch, at least, that government has not permitted it to proceed to business since Hoadly’s time.

‘Bishop Hoadly sat at Bangor 6 years; at Hereford 2; at Salisbury 11; and at Winchester 27; thus having, and from its highest eminence, been a scourge to the church for the long period of 46 years.’

We forbear to make any comments on the judgment, the discretion, or the Christian temper, of this writer when he speaks in such language of a prelate whose learning, ingenuity, and controversial talents, were admitted by his keenest opponents; and whose good sense and candor operated more to conciliate the respect and affections of the community towards the religious establishment of the country, than the conduct of any of his contemporaries. He believed Christianity to be not a structure of forms or a chaos of mysteries, but a system of precepts and a revelation of practical truths, calculated at once to inform the understanding and to influence the heart. He thought that forms would not be less useful when considered as forms; and that the spirit of devotion might be equally fervent, although the judgment was not perplexed with interminable obscurity of doctrine. He was an ardent admirer of a limited monarchy, from a conviction that such a form of government was most conducive to the commonweal; a sincere and strenuous advocate of the Christian faith, from an intimate assurance of the necessity of religion to the well-being of society, and of the truth of *that* religion from the purity of its tenets; while he was at the same time an enemy to *king-craft* and *priest-craft* under every disguise. He had the honor, when living, of being hated and calumniated by the bigots of his own times; and, in proportion as intolerance and the spirit of religious persecution prevails or abates, will his memory be now and in future disliked or revered.

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ART. X. *Thoughts on Prison Labour, &c. &c.* By a Student of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 492. 9s. Boards. Rodwell and Martin. 1824.

WE have already been called more than once to discuss the nature of the novel and extraordinary punishment which has lately found its way into our executive jurisprudence; and when we reflect on the consequences which have followed its adoption, with the zeal which has been displayed in its defence, we cannot feel satisfied without re-enforcing our opinion on so important a subject: especially as we possess in the volume before us, and in a variety of other publications, sufficient data to assist us in forming an impartial and (we hope) a correct judgment respecting it.

It is not our intention, however, now to resume those inquiries concerning the nature of crimes and punishments, to which we adverted in an article in our last Number: but we shall content ourselves with resting on a position recognized by all writers on the subject, that a most essential end  
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of punishment is the prevention of crime; and by this standard we shall measure the virtues of the tread-mill. The grand and sole principle on which its advocates rely is one of most venerable antiquity, the principle of terror; and, pursuing the much-approved maxim, "*Etsi meliores sunt quos ducit amor, tamen plures sunt quos corrigit timor*," the friends of the tread-mill congratulate themselves on having discovered an instrument so tormenting and odious, that thieves and vagabonds will become honest and well-ordered at the mere prospect of its salutary inflictions. Let us see whether this be indeed the case, or whether the tread-mill be not attended with disadvantages more than sufficient to counterbalance its exemplary virtues.

That "the hand-writing on the wall," the ominous warning which in some places meets the eyes of the King's lieges, *Beware of the Mill*, is altogether without its effect in reminding the vicious of the lot which awaits them, we do not assert, but that it operates in the miraculous manner which many persons have supposed we do mean to deny. *Beware of the Gallows* might also have a similar effect. — We believe that very false notions are entertained as to the sovereign efficacy of example; a truth of which our own penal code ought to convince every cool-minded inquirer: but our modern magistrates, adhering to antient principles, have discovered in the terrors of the tread-mill an influence which even the axe of the headsman and the rope of the hangman have failed to exert. We are told that where the mill has been established, crime has almost disappeared; that the "petit larceny-thief" and the vagabond dare not venture within the circle of its influence; and that its purifying effect on the atmosphere of vice is felt for miles around. When these assertions were first made, and in that tone of confidence which it is not easy to withstand, we felt some difficulty in reconciling the facts thus stated with those principles of penal jurisprudence, in the correctness of which we had put our faith; and our perplexity reminded us of an anecdote of an unfortunate individual who, for some supposed infraction of the law, had been consigned by an over-zealous functionary of justice to the degrading punishment of the stocks. A reasoning acquaintance observing his situation, and inquiring into the circumstances of the case, immediately exclaimed, "But, my poor friend, they *cannot* put you into the stocks for any such thing;" to which the sufferer made this very conclusive reply, "But they *have* done it." Even so with the tread-mill; contrary to all our theory, we were assured that it *had* diminished crime.

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On farther inquiry, it appears that the facts thus boldly asserted are not substantiated by the evidence. The decrease in the number of prisoners in the Brixton House of Correction was attributed to the influence of the new system: but, on turning to the tables given in the present volume, we find that, in a number of gaols where no mill exists, a similar decrease has taken place; and that, in some instances, the commitments have actually *increased* where tread-mills have been erected. Thus, in Chester Castle, the commitments were,

For the year ending August, 1821	-	-	220
1822	-	-	177
1823	-	-	97;

and yet no tread-mills exist at Chester to account for this extraordinary diminution of crime. At Dorchester gaol, on the contrary, where that engine has been in operation since the 12th of January, 1822, the number of commitments has increased.

In 1819	-	-	-	394
— 1820	-	-	-	399
— 1821	-	-	-	457
— 1822	-	-	-	471.

Taking such facts as these for the foundation of our argument, we might, with some shew of reason, proceed to prove that this novel punishment has actually increased the number of offenders: but it is sufficient for us to point out the great uncertainty of the calculations which have been made on this subject; and to shew the danger of adopting, on data like these, a system which is in many respects eminently objectionable.

Among the most injurious qualities of the tread-mill, is its degrading and pernicious effect on the moral character of the prisoner; a circumstance which a prudent legislator will not fail to take into serious consideration. "The nature of our nation," says Sir Thomas Smith in his Commonwealth of England, "is stout, prodigal of life and blood: but *contumely, beating, and servile torment and punishment, it will not abide*. So in this nature and fashion our ancient princes and legislators have nourished them to make them stout-hearted courageous soldiers, not villains and slaves, and that is the scope of almost all our policy." It always, indeed, appeared to us that the punishment of the tread-mill was eminently anti-national, and approached too nearly to the *galleys* of France and Italy. It is literally that "servile torment and punishment" which, in the days of Sir Thomas Smith, Englishmen "would not abide." Certainly, if the offender is never  
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more to mix in society, the moral state of the individual becomes a matter of small moment as far as society is concerned: but, if he is to be restored to its bosom, it is surely of some consequence that he should not be restored with a character depraved and degraded even beyond its former depravity and degradation. We are told, however, of the great benefit of *example*; and does the dreadful effect, which the example of a hardened and corrupt offender necessarily produces over all who are within his pernicious influence, weigh nothing with the lovers of Example? Is it nothing that an unreclaimed criminal is heedlessly cast into society, with vices sufficient to leaven the whole mass? Do the friends of exemplary punishments need to be told that the examples, which really influence mankind, are those which are around them in the daily intercourse of life, which are mingled with their pleasures and pursuits, which are studied at the board and round the hearth, and not those pompous public exhibitions which seldom excite any other feelings than those of curiosity? We firmly believe that the corrupting society of one single knave will accomplish more evil, than the hanging of twenty of his associates will be able to prevent. It is not pretended by the advocates of the tread-mill that it can, in any manner, operate to improve the moral feelings of the individual, unless by affording him a constant occupation; though even in this respect the punishment is eminently defective. Now what is the nature of this occupation, and how is it calculated to improve the habits of the prisoners? It is described in the Third Report of the Prison Discipline Society as a *kind of hard labour to which every one has a natural dislike*; it gives no employment whatever to the mind; its motions do not even impart any mechanical habits to the limbs, which can qualify the criminal for the performance of any task but that of a turnspit; it is, in short, an occupation of which the pure and sole result is the suffering that the offender undergoes. Therefore it seems to us that, if the prisoner were compelled to pass the whole day *stans pede in uno*, or in any other situation sufficiently painful, his time would be occupied as advantageously as on the steps of the tread-mill. The benefits to be derived from a system of hard labor consist in expelling, from the mind of the criminal, the habits of vicious thought which it has contracted, and in forcing it to employ its energies on honest and useful matters. The tread-wheel, on the contrary, affords employment for the feet, and for the feet only; and if by such a process "the moral habits" of the prisoner are improved,

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the task of reforming the wicked is much easier than even the most sanguine philanthropist imagined.

We regard the introduction of the tread-mill as pernicious, not only from its perfect inutility as an engine of reformation by any other means than those of terror, but as having in a great measure put an end to those important experiments which were about to be made on the effect of active, useful, and productive labor on the character of criminals; and from the operation of which the best results were to be anticipated. The offender, on his release from his prison, would have entered into society with new habits and new capacities of exertion; he would have lost, in despite of himself, his old propensities to idleness and dishonesty; and he would probably have applied, contentedly and industriously, to the prosecution of some skilful employment with which his imprisonment had rendered him acquainted. Now, let loose from the tread-wheel, where, even if he were enamoured of the occupation, can he look for similar employment? Nobody possesses a tread-mill on which he can display his accomplishments, with any remuneration for his labor; and his long practical experience is entirely thrown away. Even in point of exemplary effect, we do not see why the condemnation of a criminal to useful and productive labor would not operate to deter both him and others from committing a similar offence, as successfully as sentencing him to the empty labors of the tread-mill.

Another most serious objection may be urged against this modern scheme of unproductive labor. The inhabitants of our prisons, instead of supporting themselves by their own exertions, which it has been proved both in this country and in the United States\* that they are capable of doing, become a heavy burden to the county; so that, for the satisfaction of knowing that the minds of the prisoners are exasperated at the idea of working to no end, the liberal people of England are contented to disburse many hundred thousand pounds per annum.

We conceive that the suggestions which we have stated against the adoption of the tread-mill, together with the absence of all satisfactory proof with regard to the beneficial effects of that engine, establish a sufficient case against it, without resorting in any degree to the more doubtful question of its operation on the bodily health of the prisoners; for, respecting this point, the most opposite evidence has been

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\* See the Appendix to Mr. Roscoe's "Observations," and "Additional Observations on Penal Jurisprudence."

laid before the public. A medical gentleman, well known in his profession, has written strenuously against the use of the machine, as tending in many cases to produce injurious effects on the health of the prisoner.\* On the other hand, a number of certificates from the medical attendants of different gaols has been produced, in which it is even stated that the general health of the criminals has been improved by the adoption of this new mode of labor. Perhaps the utmost that can be shewn in its favor may be that, when strong and healthy offenders only are placed on the mill, its effects may be in some degree beneficial: but there appears to be no doubt that it has been employed in many instances in which the most lamentable consequences have ensued. Not only must the infamous practice of compelling pregnant women to undergo this punishment be most strongly reprobated, but it scarcely appears to be in any instance a fit employment for a female. We must account it one of the most serious objections to the use of the tread-mill, that it cannot be safely applied unless under medical cognizance; and we can all imagine the degree of attention which is likely to be paid by gaol-surgeons to the representations of a prisoner, who is so deeply interested in proving his inability to labor.—While we are considering this part of the subject, we may remark that, in its present form, the tread-mill is really a most dangerous and destructive engine, and that several fatal accidents have been occasioned by it. In the Copy of the Correspondence between Mr. Peel and the Visiting Magistrates of Prisons in which the Tread-wheel has been established†, several instances are mentioned in which these accidents have happened; in the Report from the Visiting Magistrates of the House of Correction at Leicester, we are told that “two fatal accidents have occurred from the perverseness and wilful misconduct of the men: *Joseph Sumner* was killed in 1821, and *Thomas Saunders* in July, 1823, and three other persons were slightly bruised.” The wheel, it appears, has since been altered.—In the Report from the Swaffham Bridewell, also, we find that “one man has lost his life by the tread-mill.” This unfortunate creature was endeavoring to converse with a person in the next division; and in drawing back his head (as it is supposed) within the wheel, it dragged him in and crushed him to death.—Again, at the North Allerton House of Correction, a man suffered so severe an injury of the arm as to render immediate amputation necessary.

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\* See Dr. Mason Good's Letter to Sir John Cox Hippesley.

† See the Appendix to ‘Thoughts on Prison Labour.’ P. 310.

In the volume now before us, a great variety of useful information is collected on the subject of the tread-mill, though disposed with very little regard to order and arrangement; and it will be found to confirm in almost every respect, by the facts there stated, the view of the question which we have just taken. We can no where trace the great advantages with which the friends of this punishment insist that it is attended. In the first place, it does not even afford any thing like a constant employment for the criminals; for the severity of the labor is such as to render it impossible for a woman to sustain it more than two or three hours in the day. By an official Letter from the visiting magistrates of the House of Correction at Cold Bath Fields, we learn that in that prison,

“ At the present time, the labour of the wheel is regulated in the following way:— the prisoners work nine minutes and rest nine minutes, and so on for *two hours* in the morning and *three hours* in the afternoon. About one week in every month, each female prisoner is excused the labour of the wheel. Thus the time spent by each prisoner on the wheel is *two hours and a half* out of each day, and three weeks out of every month. No pregnant woman, if she be known to be so, is put on the wheel.”

So far, therefore, from supplying a constant occupation to the prisoner, the tread-wheel does not fill up one-sixth of the time of the female criminals; and even in the case of men, whose nominal period of labor in some of the gaols is twelve hours in summer, only six hours daily are in fact employed. In this small portion of time, however, a prodigious quantity of labor is compressed. The author of the present volume has compiled ‘A Table shewing the Amount of Tread-wheel Labor per Day, in Summer and Winter, according to the present System of Management;’ and, by way of giving inexperienced persons a more correct notion of the sufferings endured by the unfortunate ‘treaders,’ he has measured their labors by the height of the Monument, which contains 345 steps. If his calculation be correct, the lightest labor *per diem* on the wheel is equal to thirty-two ascents of the Monument; a task which, for our own part, we should hold in the utmost abhorrence. At the Stafford mill, however, the labor is the same as that of ascending the Monument *ninety-six times*! It should be remarked, also, that the difference in the construction of the wheels, in various prisons, renders a sentence to hard labor in one county a much greater punishment than in another. This fact is explained by the author in the following passage:

‘ Here is exemplified one species of inequality, namely, that which arises from the different degree of toil imposed in almost every different tread-mill prison, on individuals whose sentences are, in the

the eye of the law, one and the same. Thus the justices of Staffordshire *daily impose* on a worker at *their* mill 11,030 more feet of ascent to climb than are prescribed for a worker at the mill in Chelmsford. Yet the SENTENCE of the judge shall in both cases be *equal*; viz. three months', or six months', or twelve months' "HARD LABOUR, WITH IMPRISONMENT." Allowing for Sundays, &c. supposing two convicts to retain sufficient strength to work, one at the former, and the other at the latter, of these mills, 300 days in the twelve months; the treader at the Stafford wheel, equalling 96 ascents of the Monument per day, plus 118 feet, will in 300 days have performed 29,005 such ascents, plus 140 feet; in other words, he will have ascended 4,989,000 feet. The treader at the Chelmsford wheel, equalling but 32 of these ascent per day, plus 96 feet, will in 300 days have performed 9767 such ascents, plus 76 feet, or have ascended 1,680,000 feet, leaving a surplus of 3,309,000 feet as the amount of ascent beyond his own amount performed by an equal in crime, who was SENTENCED TO THE SAME PUNISHMENT as himself! Here it is evident, that of the 4,989,000 feet of *penal* ascent, the DISCRETION of the magistrate *adds*, without law, and contrary to every sense of EQUAL justice, THREE MILLIONS THREE HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND feet of *penal* ascent extra!!!

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who is an active member of the Prison-Discipline Society, has congratulated the country, with reference to the introduction of the tread-mill, "that by good fortune a punishment has been discovered carrying with it no valid objection; inflicting no injury on the health, and entailing no corruption on the morals; *full of ignominy*, and meeting as it were the wishes of the legislature, which has long desired to find a punishment that might be substituted for banishment and death." We fully agree with the present author in his observation that, 'upon reflection, the noble Marquis will most probably allow that for a *punishment full of ignominy* to entail no *corruption on the morals* is an ethical impossibility.' Many instances might be adduced of the pernicious effects of this punishment on the moral habits and feelings of criminals. Mrs. Hearne, formerly matron at the Cold Bath Fields' House of Correction, has remarked that 'she found the tread-wheel *rendered the women hardened*; for when they first came to it they were abashed, but on being recommitted they appeared callous, and not to care for it.' Does any person fancy that the punishment of the pillory (now so properly abolished in almost every case) ever operated to amend the moral habits of the criminal, or produced any other effect than that of degrading him still lower in his own estimation, as well as that of others? — and yet Lord Lansdowne might with equal justice have described it as "carrying with it no

valid objection \*, inflicting no injury on the health, entailing no corruption on the morals, and *full of ignominy*." It is really time that the principles of human nature, as well as of penal jurisprudence, should be better understood.

At the conclusion of the present work, the author has made some well-founded observations on the Reports of the Society of Prison Discipline, whose Committee "believe they were the first to recognize and advocate the introduction of this species of prison labor," but who have since altered their opinion of its effects. It has been very justly remarked by an able writer in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the Fourth Report of this Society "confounds two things, *punishment* and *prison-discipline*, which are totally distinct; and between which it is of so much importance to preserve the distinction, that, without it, not a rational idea can be entertained of either. What business have the Committee with punishment? The assigning of punishment the legislature has given to other and better hands, — to those who take cognizance of the offence, and who alone ought to measure the punishment."

It is singular to remark how immediately, and how warmly, the feelings become excited in the discussion of a public question, though the result of that question may not personally affect the disputants. The heat and vehemence, even the anger, with which the tread-mill controversy has in some instances been conducted, almost induce us to credit Captain Gulliver's narrative of the feud between the *Big-endians* and the *Little-endians*. In Surrey, a benevolent and intelligent magistrate (Mr. Briscoe), who has always opposed the treading system, and who has published a sensible pamphlet on the subject, stood in some jeopardy of being sentenced to the wheel himself by his exasperated brothers, for having ventured to question the propriety of *chaining* two men to this machine; and Dr. Mason Good incurred the fierce resentment of the same zealous individuals, by venturing to examine some of the prisoners as to the effect of the labor on their health. We hope, however, that real benefit will ultimately result from the discussion.

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\* Occasionally, indeed, an unfortunate criminal lost his life in the pillory, as well as in the tread-mill. See the Trial of Dalton and Griffith for the murder of John Waller in the pillory, by pelting him with *cauliflower-stalks*, &c.; and the account of the death of Egan who was killed in the pillory in 1756. *Howell's State Trials*, vol. xix. p. 809.

**ART. XI. *Memorial de St. Hélène.*** — Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. Vol. III. Parts V. and VI.; and Vol. IV. Parts VII. and VIII. \* 8vo. 2l. 2s. Boards. Colburn.

**T**HE event has proved that Napoleon Bonaparte was stimulated and goaded, in his high career, by that " vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself:" — that, whether in prosperity or in adversity, he was urged onwards, like the heroes of the Greek tragedians, to fulfil the destiny which the extraordinary determinations of the Fates assigned to him. It is equally obvious that the intensity of the feeling which he excited, during the period of his activity, had so far exhausted public interest, that the extinction of his power, and finally the extinction of his life, occurred without producing any adequate sensation in that world in which his name had been as familiar and as fearful as " household-gods." What a lesson to ambition does this fact present! Can we name the man, in ancient or in modern times, who has run a course, all circumstances taken into consideration, that can bear comparison with the course of Bonaparte; and if a few short years can almost render *his* name and memory devoid of interest, who may hope to gain renown that is worth the contest which must win it? How forcibly are we thus taught that the deeds which wisdom and virtue inspire are alone deserving of our aim; that they alone can earn the reward of universal and imperishable testimony; that they alone can satisfy the conscience in the hours of reflection, or calm it on the bed of death; and that they alone are the acts of our frail nature which can tint with joy the view beyond the grave!

The comparatively cool reception which we believe the volumes of Count Las Cases have experienced from the public may be cited as one proof of the indifference which we have just remarked: yet few are the books which relate to the events of human life that, in our opinion, can compete with these in curiosity and import; and we greatly err if such a feeling does not increase rather than diminish with the progress of coming years. Much, too, is contained in them that is of moment to this country, with reference to the great transactions in which it has been or may be concerned, to its government, and its individuals " who sit in high places;" and every day may be said to render some of these matters more evident to the conviction of the reader. As one instance, we think that Napoleon's remarks on the character and con-

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\* For the former Parts, see M.R. vol. c. p. 306., and vol. ci. p. 78.

duct of the late Lord Castlereagh begin to be more felt and admitted; and the change in the policy of our administration seems in unison with the fact. In a long conversation on the English ministers, (vol. iv. part vii. p. 209.) Lord Liverpool is respectfully treated, Lord Bathurst severely censured, and Lord Castlereagh totally condemned. It is observed: 'If all that is said of him be correct, he must be execrated by his countrymen the Irish, whom he betrayed; and by the English, who may justly regard him as the destroyer of their domestic liberties and foreign interests.' — Many voices both in Ireland and in England will echo this opinion; and many more will agree in the subsequent remark, that

' "It was a misfortune for England, that her prime minister treated personally with the continental sovereigns: it was a violation of the spirit of the British constitution. The English at first felt their pride flattered, at seeing their representative dictate laws to Europe; but they have now abundant cause to repent, since the result has proved that, on the contrary, he only stipulated for embarrassment, degradation, and loss.

' "It is an undoubted fact, that C..... might have obtained all; while, on the contrary, from blindness, incapacity, or perfidy, he sacrificed every thing. When seated at the banquet of monarchs, he blushed to bargain for peace like a merchant, and determined to treat liberally like a lord. Thus he gained something in point of vanity; and, it may be presumed, he lost nothing in point of interest: his country alone suffered; and will long continue to suffer."

If the statement be correct, it is curious that Lord C. was personally in the power of Napoleon while at Chatillon, in consequence of a temporary advance of the troops of the latter beyond the seat of Congress. He 'maintained no public character, and was without the law of nations: was aware of his embarrassing situation; and manifested the utmost uneasiness: but I intimated to him,' says Napoleon, 'that he might set his mind at rest, as he was at perfect liberty.'

Our great military Commander, too, is introduced, and a sort of prophecy about him is hazarded which we shall not presume to appreciate. In general, says the Count, Napoleon refrained from expressing an opinion on the man who had conquered him: but on one instance his feelings were roused; and he gave way to some indignant observations, which he thus closed:

' "W..... possesses only a special kind of talent: Berthier also had his! In this he perhaps excels. But he has no ingenuity; fortune has done more for him than he has done for her. How different



different from Marlborough, of whom he seems to consider himself as the rival and equal. Marlborough, while he gained battles, ruled cabinets and guided statesmen; as for W....., he has only shewn himself capable of following the views and plans of C..... Madame de Stael said of him, that when out of the field of battle, he had not two ideas. The saloons of Paris, so distinguished for delicacy and correctness of taste, at once decided that Madame de Stael was in the right; and the French plenipotentiary at Vienna confirmed that opinion. His victories, their result, and their influence, will rise in history; but his name will fall, even during his lifetime."

The manners of Napoleon's attendants in exile appear to have been most respectful and affectionate towards him, and to have been requited by his conduct to them: though, on some occasions which called for it, he gave them good advice in the form of admonition. The following anecdotes afford characteristic samples of the latter description, and of his domestic affections:

' During the dinner somebody mentioned a pool which stands in our garden, not far from the house, and which is deep enough to admit of a lamb having once been drowned in it, in attempting to drink. The Emperor said on that occasion, to one of the inmates of the house, "Is it possible, Sir, that you have not yet had this pool filled up? How guilty you would be, and what would not your grief be, if your son were to be drowned in it, as it might easily happen!" The person thus censured answered that he had often intended to have it done, but that it was impossible to get workmen. "That is not an excuse," said the Emperor sharply; "if *my* son were here, I should go and fill it up with my own hands." —

' It is certain that he was tenderly attached to his wife and his son. Those persons who have served in the interior of his household now inform us how fond he was of indulging his feelings of affection towards his family; and point out some shades in his disposition, the existence of which we were far from suspecting at the time.

' He would sometimes take his son in his arms, and embrace him with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love. But most frequently his affection would manifest itself by playful teasing, or whimsical tricks. If he met his son in the gardens, for instance, he would throw him down or upset his toys. The child was brought to him every morning at breakfast-time, and he then seldom failed to besmear him over with every thing within his reach on the table. With respect to his wife, not a day passed without her forming part of his private conversations; if they lasted any length of time, she was sure to come in for a share in them, or to become the subject of them. There is no circumstance, no minute particularity relating to her, which he has not repeated to me a hundred times.'

As to the personal vanity of Napoleon, and his persuasion that every Frenchman loved him, we have before spoken of those feelings and given instances of them, to which others might now be added. Respecting his private acts of benevolence, we have a pleasing anecdote or two in part vi. vol. iii. p. 71., besides others.

' In the course of the day, the Emperor related, that as he was once travelling with the Empress, he stopped to breakfast in one of the islands of the Rhine. There was a small farm in the neighbourhood, and while he was at breakfast he sent for the peasant to whom it belonged, and desired him to ask boldly for whatever he thought would render him happy; and in order to inspire him with the greater confidence, the Emperor made him drink several glasses of wine. The peasant, who was more prudent and less circumscribed in his choice, than the man described in the story of the three wishes, without hesitation specified the object which he was ambitious to possess. The Emperor commanded the prefect of the district immediately to provide him with what he had made choice of, and the expense attending the gratification of his wish did not exceed 6 or 7000 francs. (250*l.* or 300*l.*)

' Napoleon added, that on another occasion, when he was sailing in a yacht in Holland, he entered into conversation with the steersman, and asked him how much his vessel was worth. "My vessel!" said the man, "it is not mine; I should be too happy if it were, it would make my fortune." — "Well, then," said the Emperor, "I make you a present of it;" a favour for which the man seemed not particularly grateful. His indifference was imputed to the phlegmatic temperament natural to his countrymen; but this was not the case, "What benefit has he conferred on me?" said he to one of his comrades who was congratulating him; "he has spoken to me, and that is all; he has given me what was not his own to give — a fine present truly!" In the mean time Duroc had purchased the vessel of the owner, and the receipt was put into the hands of the steersman, who, no longer doubting the reality of his good fortune, indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The expence of this purchase was about the same as that attending the present made to the countryman. "Thus," said the Emperor, "it is evident that human wishes are not so immoderate as they are generally supposed, and that it is not so very difficult to render people happy! These two men undoubtedly enjoyed perfect happiness."

Of his habit and *tact* for improvement, the Count speaks strongly as being very decidedly and constantly displayed whenever the conversation took a turn that could lead to such remarks, whether relating to a city, a province, or a kingdom. In this spirit, he one day made some observations respecting the colonial possessions of England that may deserve the consideration of our countrymen and our government:

"The colonial system is now at an end for all; for England, who possesses every colony, and for the other powers, who possess none. The empire of the seas now belongs indisputably to England; and why should she, in a new situation, wish to continue the old routine course? Why does she not adopt plans that would be more profitable to her? She must look forward to a sort of emancipation of her colonies. In course of time many will doubtless escape from her dominion, and she should therefore avail herself of the present moment to obtain new securities and more advantageous connexions. Why does she not propose that the majority of her colonies shall purchase their emancipation by taking upon themselves a portion of the general debt, which would thus become specially theirs? The mother-country would by this means relieve herself of her burthens, and would nevertheless preserve all her advantages. She would retain, as pledges, the faith of treaties, reciprocal interests, similitude of language, and the force of habit; she might moreover reserve, by way of guarantee, a single fortified point, a harbour for her ships, after the manner of the factories on the coast of Africa.... What would she lose? Nothing; and she would spare herself the trouble and expence of an administration, which, too often, serves only to render her odious. Her ministers, it is true, would have fewer places to give away; but the nation would certainly be no loser."

His rapidity of idea, of dictation, and of mental arrangement, is curiously exemplified in the subsequent passage:

"When we went back into the house, the Emperor sat down to work. The Campaign of Italy was nearly finished, but he provided me with a new subject.

"Note, write:"—These were the words which the Emperor uttered abruptly when a new idea occurred. What follows is literally what he dictated to me, in this instance: nothing has been altered in it, and he has never read it over.

"Note.—The Campaign of Italy being completed, Las Cases will, in the course of a week, undertake the period from the breaking of the treaty of Amiens to the battle of Jena. In 1802 all Europe is at peace; shortly afterwards all Europe begins war: the Republic is changed, and becomes the Empire; the maritime question becomes the chief cause of the rupture of the peace of Amiens.

"Las Cases will begin by causing extracts to be made from the *Moniteurs* of that time, by little Emanuel, under his directions: he must get through at least six or seven a-day, which will make one hundred and eighty, or a period of six months, in one month. There must be at least a period of six months extracted before we begin.

"The periods preceding and following that period will be prepared and arranged by the other gentlemen. In making the extracts, the plan already prescribed to M. Montholon must be

followed; that is, of extracting all that relates to one event, and referring to the page and month.

“ *The following will be the great Events of this Period :*

- “ 1. History of the flotilla.
- “ 2. Declaration of Austria.
- “ 3. Movements of the fleets.
- “ 4. Battle of Trafalgar.
- “ 5. Ulm — Austerlitz.
- “ 6. Peace of Vienna.
- “ 7. Negotiation of Lord Lauderdale at Paris.
- “ 8. Battle of Jena.

“ *To be inserted in their respective Places :*

- “ 1. Conspiracy of Georges.
- “ 2. Affair of the Duc d'Enghien.
- “ 3. Coronation of the Emperor, by the Pope.
- “ 4. Imperial organization.

“ This will be one of the finest periods of the history of France; for it exhibits, in the space of one year, on one side a Pope coming to France to crown an Emperor, — an event which had not taken place for one thousand years before; and, on the other, the French flag waving over the capitals of Austria and Prussia, the Roman empire dissolved, and the Prussian monarchy destroyed.”

‘ I take pleasure in transcribing literally the above dictation of the Emperor, with his first ideas and in his first words, in order to shew his style and manner.’

Lucien Bonaparte's poem of Charlemagne found a severe critic in his brother, who ended his strictures on it with a droll suggestion. If, said he, ‘ Lucien could not resist the temptation of scribbling verses, he should have prepared a splendid manuscript, embellished with elegant designs and superb binding, with which he might now and then have gratified the eyes of the ladies; occasionally allowing a few quotations from it to creep into publicity; and, finally, he should have left it to his heirs with a severe prohibition against submitting it to the press.’ We do not quite concur in this censure of Lucien's poem, but the plan recommended would be very advisable in a great many cases.

We have in a former instance rather surprized our readers, perhaps, by representing Bonaparte as the (*soi-disant*) friend of liberty; and now we find him the advocate of *equality*: that is to say, equality of rights, or the power of aspiring to and obtaining advancement and distinction. He observed: ‘ I have not reigned all my life: before I became a sovereign, I recollect having been a subject; and I can never forget how powerfully the sentiment of equality influences the mind, and animates the heart.’

The

The execution of the Duke d'Anguien is again introduced, and again argumentatively justified by Napoleon, on the principles of the law of nature and nations: but it is to be noted that he added, 'If I had been informed in time of certain circumstances respecting the opinions of the Prince and his disposition, — if, above all, I had seen the letter which he wrote to me, and which, God knows for what reason, was only delivered to me after his death, — I should certainly have forgiven him.' — The proposed murder of other and still higher branches of the Bourbon family is also repeated, and he expressly declares that an offer of this kind being once made to him when he was at Boulogne, he ordered the bearer of it to be brought to him:

' " Well, Sir !" said I, when he appeared. — " Yes, First Consul, we will give him up to you for one million." — " Sir, I will give you two millions; but on condition that you will bring him alive." — " Ah! that I could not promise," said the man, hesitating, and much disconcerted by the tone of my voice and the expression of my looks at that moment. — " Do you then take me for a mere assassin? Know, Sir, that though I may think it necessary to inflict a punishment, or make a great example, I am not disposed to encourage the perfidy of an ambuscade;" and I drove him from my presence. Indeed his mere presence was already too great a contamination."

We are surprised to find Count Las Cases repeating, with the semblance of gravity, the ridiculous *hoax* about the French prisoners in this country being so tormented by hunger that they once seized a horse and ate it. Napoleon himself laughed at the evident absurdity. \*

Another instance of the ready recollection with which this extraordinary man would detail and enumerate facts, as well as of the unreserved complacency with which he dwelt on his own merits, occurs in consequence of a paragraph having been one day read in the English newspapers, asserting that he had concealed immense treasures. He begins by displaying his great acts as the richest of his treasures, and then states the reality of the money, and its source, which he had been permitted by the allied powers to retain. The enumeration is worthy of being quoted.

' On this occasion, the Emperor dictated as follows:

' " You wish to know the treasures of Napoleon? They are immense, it is true, but they are all exposed to light. They are:

\* The Count has also committed a little oversight when he says, vol. iii. part vi. p. 5., that, in all the conversations about great men, Napoleon never spoke of Frederick of Prussia; whereas we find him mentioned at p. 353. of the same volume, and in part vii. pp. 181. and 193: — Part viii. p. 154. the *Ville de Paris* was a *first-rate*.

The

The noble harbour of Antwerp and Flushing, which are capable of containing the largest fleets, and of protecting them against the ice from the sea, — the hydraulic works at Dunkirk, Havre, and Nice, — the immense harbour of Cherbourg, — the maritime works at Venice, — the beautiful roads from Antwerp to Amsterdam; from Mentz to Metz; from Bordeaux to Bayonne; — the passes of the Simplon, of Mount Cenis, of Mount Geneve, of the Corniche, which open a communication through the Alps in four different directions; and which exceed in grandeur, in boldness, and in skill of execution, all the works of the Romans; in that alone you will find eight hundred millions; — the roads from the Pyrenees to the Alps, from Parma to Spezia, from Savona to Piedmont, — the bridges of Jena, Austerlitz, Des Arts, Sevres, Tours, Rouanne, Lyons, Turin, of the Isere, of the Durance, of Bordeaux, Rouen, &c.; — the canal which connects the Rhine with the Rhone by the Doubs, and thus unites the North Sea with the Mediterranean; the canal which connects the Scheldt with the Somme, and thus joins Paris and Amsterdam; the canal which unites the Rance to the Vilaine; the canal of Arles, that of Pavia, and the canal of the Rhine, — the draining of the marshes of Burgoine, of the Cotentin, of Rochfort, — the rebuilding of the greater number of the churches destroyed during the Revolution, — the building of others, — the institution of numerous establishments of industry for the suppression of mendicity, — the building at the Louvre, — the construction of public warehouses, of the Bank, of the canal of the Ourcq, — the distribution of water in the city of Paris, — the numerous drains, the quays, the embellishments and the monuments of that large capital, — the works for the embellishment of Rome, — the re-establishment of the manufactures of Lyons, — the creation of many hundreds of manufactories of cotton, for spinning and for weaving, which employ several millions of workmen, — funds accumulated to establish upwards of 400 manufactories of sugar from beet-roots, for the consumption of part of France, and which would have furnished sugar at the same price as the West Indies, if they had continued to receive encouragement for only four years longer, — the substitution of woad for indigo, which would have been at last brought to a state of perfection in France, and obtained as good and as cheap as the indigo from the colonies, — numerous manufactories for all kinds of objects of art, &c. — fifty millions expended in repairing and beautifying the palaces belonging to the crown, — sixty millions in furniture for the palaces belonging to the crown in France, and in Holland, at Turin, and at Rome, — sixty millions of diamonds for the crown, all purchased with Napoleon's money, — the *Regent* (the only diamond that was left belonging to the former diamonds of the crown) withdrawn from the hands of the Jews at Berlin, in whose hands it had been left as a pledge for three millions. The Napoleon Museum, valued at upwards of 400,000,000, filled with objects legitimately acquired, either by money or treaties of peace known to the whole world, by virtue of which the *chefs d'œuvres* it contains were given in lieu of territory or of contributions.

tions. Several millions unmassed to be applied to the encouragement of agriculture, which is the paramount consideration for the interest of France; the introduction in France of Merino sheep, &c. these form a treasure of several thousand millions which will endure for ages! *these* are the monuments that will confute calumny!

"History will say that all these things were accomplished in the midst of perpetual wars, without having recourse to any loan, and whilst the national debt was even diminishing every day, and that nearly fifty millions of taxes had been remitted. Very large sums still remained in his private treasure; they were guaranteed to him by the treaty of Fontainebleau as the result of the savings effected on his civil list and of his other private revenues: these sums were divided, and did not go entirely into the public treasury, nor altogether into the treasury of France!"

Napoleon's opinion of Bernadotte, as King of Sweden, is not favorably conceived. Having stated that, in good policy, he ought rather to have recommended the King of Denmark to fill that neighbouring throne, he observes that Bernadotte was elected, and came to him to obtain his fiat.

"Bernadotte, affecting great dependance on me, came to ask for my approbation, protesting, with too visible an anxiety, that he would not accept the crown, unless it was agreeable to me.

"I, the elected monarch of the people, had to answer, that I could not set myself against the elections of other people. It was what I told Bernadotte, whose whole attitude betrayed the anxiety, excited by the expectation of my answer. I added, that he had only to take advantage of the good will of which he had been the object; that I wished to be considered as having had no weight in his election, but that it had my approbation and my best wishes. I felt, however, shall I say it, a secret instinct, which made the thing disagreeable and painful. Bernadotte was, in fact, the serpent, which I nourished in my bosom; he had scarcely left us, when he clung to the system of our enemies, and we were obliged to watch and dread him. At a later period, he was one of the great active causes of our calamities; it was he who gave to our enemies the key of our political system and communicated the tactics of our armies; it was he, who pointed out to them the way to the sacred soil! In vain, would he excuse himself by saying, that in accepting the crown of Sweden he was thenceforth bound to be a Swede only; pitiful excuse, valid only with those of the populace and the vulgar that are ambitious. In taking a wife, one does not renounce his mother, still less is he bound to transfix her bosom and tear out her entrails. It is said, that he afterwards repented, that is to say, when it was no longer time, and when the mischief was done."

Count Las Cases having remarked on the singular aptitude of the name of Bernadotte's son, Oscar, for a person who was to reign over the Scandinavians, among whom it was a national

national appellation, Napoleon said that he was the youth's godfather, and had so named him merely because he was at that time 'raving mad with Ossian.'

A long conversation is contained in part v. of vol. iii. on the subject of religion, the conduct of the Pope, and the Emperor's treatment of him. It is too extensive for quotation, and on the former subject shews only what we have stated in a former article, that Bonaparte was but imperfectly informed and waveringly inclined with regard to it. — This volume includes also a sketch, by the author, of a history of the emigration of the French princes to Coblenz, their behaviour while resident there and at Worms, &c., which would be interesting if the topic had any longer the power to excite that feeling. The Count was himself one of the emigrant host, and by no means conceals the pride, folly, and profligacy which distinguished their conduct and behaviour. — In vol. iv. part vii. we find a copy of the treaty of Fontainebleau in April, 1814, which Count Las Cases says was 'carefully suppressed at the time it was drawn up, was never published in the *Moniteur*, and remained long unknown. It is to be found only in official collections, and even there the copies differ from one another.' Our readers will remember that in this treaty, which was not *signed* by any person on the part of England, though Lord Castlereagh *acceded* to it in the name of his court, the other allied powers fully acknowledged the imperial and princely titles of Napoleon and all his family: yet Lord C., in his official letter to Lord Bathurst, studiously avoids the use of them: excepting that in one instance he, by mistake, no doubt, speaks of *the Empress*.

The curiosity and the doubts of the public, both in England and over the whole Continent, were much excited eight or nine years ago by the appearance of a work intitled *Manuscrit de Saint Hélène*; which came "in such a questionable shape" that nobody knew what to make of it, nor of its pretension to be the work of Napoleon himself. Count Las Cases met with it while he was at the Cape on his return to Europe, after having been sent away from Saint Helena, and was puzzled by it as well as others: but he is the only person who has given, or probably ever will give, any thing like a clue to the explanation of it, which we therefore copy from part viii. and last of his narrative.

'I here obtained a sight of the famous Manuscript of St. Helena, which excited so much interest and curiosity throughout Europe. Opinion was powerfully divided on the subject of this publication; a thousand conjectures were afloat respecting its authenticity and real origin. It would certainly be difficult for me



to describe the astonishment and doubt which it excited in my mind. What were my feelings and thoughts when I found pages of truth, which seemed to have escaped from my own secret collection, mingled with whole pages of error and frivolity! I several times stopped, doubting whether I was not dreaming. I recognized not only the substance of certain passages, but even phrases and expressions, in the literal form in which I had myself transcribed them from the mouth of the narrator. They were contained in the very papers which Sir Hudson Lowe had detained at St. Helena. I could positively have affirmed, that all the grand ideas and noble conceptions, formed by Napoleon, — all the political speculations, — and, in short, all the most attractive and interesting contents of the celebrated Manuscript, were in my Journal collected from the conversation of Napoleon. If only this portion of the publication had been read to me, I should not, for a moment, have doubted that the work had been obtained directly from Longwood. Even the dates would have warranted this conclusion; for six or seven months had now elapsed since my expulsion from St. Helena. But whence had been procured the alloy with which the better (*larger*) portion of the work was mingled up? This was a riddle which I could not attempt to guess. Can it be, thought I, that the facts contained in this publication have been surreptitiously derived from my papers, certain parts of which may have been selected and put together by strange hands? But, besides that, I could not bring myself to cherish such a disagreeable suspicion without better proof; what probability was there that the hostile authority of St. Helena would favour the publication of that, which was, upon the whole, favourable to the illustrious victim of the ostracism of kings?

What was the real sentiment which dictated the Manuscript of St. Helena? This is, in many instances, very equivocal. By what hands was it produced? This question gives rise to many contradictory conjectures. Finally, it may be asked, what was the real object of the publication? It presents various styles, various sentiments, and bears evidence of various degrees of information. This publication must have been the patchwork-production of various hands; for how could the individual, who appears to have been so familiar with the secret designs of the supposed author and his cabinet, have been ignorant of his opinion on various public acts, when that opinion was accessible to every body? as, for example, on the subject of Napoleon's first marriage; the situation of the French in Egypt; the trial of the Duke d'Enghien; &c.

Is it probable that the man who could have procured by his own means facts of so confidential a nature should have been reduced to the necessity of mingling them up with vulgar errors? And even supposing any one to have had sufficient shrewdness to have guessed these great truths, would not his judgment have suggested to him the propriety of being correct with respect to the rest. I shall say nothing of the far-fetched and singular phraseology which disfigures the work, and which can only be regarded

garded as a proof of bad taste and an unsuccessful attempt at imitation. Neither shall I comment on the numerous and extraordinary anachronisms which this Manuscript contains. These and other circumstances render the publication totally inexplicable.

This last volume is occupied with the Count's own proceedings, from the time of his quitting Saint Helena to that of his being made acquainted with the death of Napoleon, and his own return to France; his concluding page being dated from Passy, near Paris. After the protracted attention which we have bestowed on his work, though our report of it is still so excessively inadequate, he will not deem it an ill compliment if we do not follow him in this detail of his personal hardships and conduct during this period. It will be *no compliment* to him, but a mere tribute to truth and justice, if we state, as we do very readily, fully, and feelingly, that he has proved himself to be one of the most devoted and zealous of all the followers of fallen fortune that history records. His motives throughout were disinterested, even to the ruin of his own prospects, peace, and comfort; his admiration of his Great Master was sincere and unbounded; his endeavors to please and amuse him while with him in exile were unremitting and laborious; and his attempts to soften the rigors of that captivity after he had himself returned to Europe were affectionate, persevering, and courageous. We lament to hear that from all these causes his health has been essentially injured: but we are sure that his own reflections will ever be to him the greatest consolation; and that he will rest his greatest boast on the attestation borne to his merits, in the letter written to him by Napoleon on his departure from the rock of banishment. "Your conduct at Saint Helena," says the Ex-Emperor, "has been, like the whole of your life, honorable and irreproachable; I have pleasure in giving you this testimony."—"Once in Europe, whether you proceed to England or return home, endeavor to forget the evils which you have been made to suffer; and boast of the fidelity which you have shewn towards me, and of all the affection I feel for you."—"Receive my embrace, and the assurance of my friendship. May you be happy!"—We echo the aspiration.

A new edition of these volumes, in an abridged form, we understand, is preparing;—if it has not already been published.

**ART. XII.** *Memoirs of India*: comprising a brief Geographical Account of the East Indies; and a succinct History of Hindustan from the most early Ages to the End of the Marquis of Hastings's Administration in 1823. Designed for the Use of young Men going out to India. By R. G. Wallace, Esq., Author of "Fifteen Years in India." 8vo. 14s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

**WORKS** concerning Hindustan are rapidly increasing, and it is not surprising that an intense interest is now awakened respecting that country. Its early but imperfect civilization, the permanency of its institutions, the immovable identity of its habits and its customs, which seem to have suffered no change in a long cycle of years, its varied literature, its fanciful and sublime mythology, make it an object of learned and political curiosity: but, more than all these, the great infusion of British population in both services of the East India Company into its territories, and the magnitude of the empire which, having been won by our military skill, is now to be maintained by our civil wisdom, have given the force of an almost domestic tie to that which connects us with India; rendering all that relates to it equally a matter of solicitude to the scholar and the statesman,—in one word, to every class of persons in England. Every book, therefore, which contributes to familiarize the knowledge of the country, and to furnish a young man proceeding thither with some initiatory information relative to tribes of beings with whom he is about to be thrown into contact, and over whose fortunes he is not unlikely to have hereafter an efficient influence, cannot fail to render him a most essential service. He may thus be prevented from staring around him in ignorant astonishment when he arrives there; or from feeling that absurd impatience of a new system of habitudes and manners, and that contempt of the natives, which have with too much reason been ascribed to the English residents in India. Nothing in Anglo-Indian education is of more vital importance, than that which instils into the mind of the youthful functionary a mild forbearing respect for the Hindu character, and for Hindu customs. Contempt of those whom we govern must necessarily render our domination unjust and cruel: it cuts asunder the relation that ought to subsist between those who rule and those who obey; and it tends to convert our government into a galling yoke imposed on conquered subjects, rather than a scheme of healing and beneficent policy.

If, therefore, it be either important or desirable that those who are trained up to public stations in India should carry with

with them correct appreciations of the character of its native population, care ought to be taken that they do not derive their information on the subject from the accounts of the missionaries: particularly from the writings of Mr. Ward, who, however ardent in his zeal, and in other respects highly estimable and benevolent, has anathematized (to use an expression of Mr. Burke) the whole people of Hindustân "by lines of longitude and latitude." Much as they may differ in moral habits or national character, that pious gentleman puts them all into one sweeping ban of proscription: yet the vices thus indiscriminately ascribed to so many races of people are so flagrant, that civil society could not be kept together if they existed; and it is notorious to every person acquainted with India, that a great diversity of character prevails through that immense territory. Mr. Ward's statements can repose on no other basis than his own personal experience, which was limited to Bengal; and it is well known that the Bengalees are the most contemptible race in Hindustân. So broad and undistinguishing are the generalities in which he deals by wholesale, that he scarcely advances a proposition which is not to be received with suspicion. For instance, it required no common allowance of religious bigotry to assert, as he does with much gravity when he illustrates the Lingam or Phallic worship, — that a chaste woman, faithful to her husband, is scarcely to be found among the millions of India. This state of universal dissoluteness would necessarily end in a total dissolution of society; for marriage could not exist in such a condition of moral depravation. The fact, however, is directly the reverse: Marriage is held in high reverence both in the continent and the peninsula of Hindustân; and every violation of this solemn pact is followed by a loss of casta, compared to which the loss of life is in India scarcely considered as a punishment. Their legislator Menu says, "A married woman, who violates her duty to her lord, brings infamy on herself in this world, and in the next shall enter the womb of the Shakal, or be affected with the elephantiasis, and other diseases, which punish crimes."

That the Hindus are not free from the vices which are always found more or less prevalent among large masses of population, who can deny? Sir John Malcolm, however, who has been a more accurate observer of the moral features of the national character in India than Mr. Ward, and had incomparably better opportunities of studying them, thus records in his public orders, dated Camp Dhoolia; 26th June, 1821, his own opinions on this important subject\* :

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\* See Asiatic Journal, No. lxxviii.

"Many

"Many of the moral defects of the natives of India are to be referred to that misrule and oppression, from which they are now, in a great degree, emancipated. I do not know the example of any great population in similar circumstances preserving through such a period of changes and tyrannical rule so much of virtue, and so many good qualities, as are to be found in a great proportion of the inhabitants of this country. This is to be accounted for in some degree by the institutions of the Hindoos, particularly that of caste, which appears to have raised them to their present rank in society at a very remote period: but it has certainly tended to keep them stationary at that point of civil order to which they were thus early advanced. With a just admiration of the effects of many of their institutions, which cause in vast classes not merely an absence of the common vices of theft, drunkenness, and violence, *but preserve all the virtuous ties of family and kindred relations*, we must all deplore some of their usages and weak superstitions: but what individuals or what races of men are without great and manifold errors and imperfections; and *what mind, that is not fortified with ignorance and pride, can, on such grounds, come to a severe judgment against a people like that of India?*"

We have thus lost sight for a short time of Mr. Wallace and his publication, for the purpose of suggesting to him the necessity, in a future edition, of revising the few unsatisfactory, not to say incorrect, observations on this momentous topic, which occur in it; and we now proceed to a short notice of his *Memoir of India*, and of the subjects which it comprizes. The first book consists of a geographical outline of India; an account of the islands, and a geographical description of India. The second includes a history of that country from the most early ages; the Portuguese conquests and discoveries; the various European East India companies; the British settlements and conquests, down to the end of Lord Wellesley's administration and the return of Lord Hastings from his military expedition; and an account of the three presidencies, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. The last book comprehends miscellaneous remarks for the benefit of young adventurers in India, the requisite preparations for the voyage, remarks on a residence in the country, on returning from it, &c. &c.

From such contents, it will be perceived that Mr. Wallace's work is chiefly a compilation from other authorities, and so far may be useful to the young Indian student: but that it also comprizes much information which might as well have been omitted, is equally evident. Thus, a long account of the East India companies of so many European nations, and the Portuguese discoveries and conquests, might have been spared: for, where so much is to be learned, nothing more

than it was necessary to know ought to have been inserted, because it tends to distract attention from the central subject. — We insert the account of Calcutta, which, on the whole, is tolerably correct.

‘ Calcutta, the capital of British India, is situated on the eastern bank of the river Hooghly, in lat. 22° 33' N., long. 88° 28' E. It is about 100 miles from the sea, by the winding of the river, which is, before the city, full a mile broad. The approach is magnificent, each bank being adorned with elegant villas and gardens. In the year 1717 this extensive city was a petty village, and the country around it a jungle and marsh. It now extends along the river upwards of six miles, and the numerous spires of churches, temples, and minarets, with the strong fortifications of Fort-William, and several imposing public edifices, such as the government-house, exchange, town-hall, college, writers' buildings, and the suburb called Chouringee, which is a line of Grecian palaces, render the external aspect of Calcutta perhaps equal in splendour to any capital in the world. But, upon a closer view of the houses, which are about 100,000 in number, they will be found poor mean buildings, with the exception of the European part of the city, consisting of perhaps 8000 dwellings, occupied by British, Portuguese, and Armenian inhabitants. The whole population is estimated at 600,000 souls; and the surrounding country is so numerously inhabited, that in an extent of 20 miles round, it is said there are 2,225,000 people.

‘ The European society of Calcutta is numerous, their habits convivial and hospitable, their mode of living luxurious, and their appearance splendid in the extreme. Visits are paid generally in palanquins; but covered and open carriages, of all the descriptions fashionable in England, are numerous. The table is covered with vast variety, and Madeira and claret are introduced even in the houses of the middling classes every day at dinner.

‘ There would be no great interest in describing the public edifices of Calcutta, most of which are common buildings, on the usual principles of European architecture. Places of public amusement are not numerous. There is one respectable theatre, and an assembly room, but little frequented; for, although no place in the world exhibits a more numerous display of splendid private parties, yet public intercourse is unfashionable, and pride has separated general society into circles, whose centres are like the heads of castes by which they are surrounded.

‘ The descendants of Europeans, called half castes, are here very numerous; and seven large schools are supported by them. There are also excellent male and female orphan-asylums, hospitals, and a variety of charitable institutions, which do honour to the liberality of the inhabitants of Calcutta. Since the establishment of an episcopacy in 1814, in India, consisting of a bishop and three archdeacons, &c. great attention has been paid to the education of the natives. The late Dr. Middleton, first bishop of Calcutta, was mainly instrumental in founding the Mission College,

lege, for instructing native youth in the doctrine and discipline of the church of England, in view to their becoming preachers, catechists, and school-masters, and for other general purposes connected with the extension of education and conversion. It appears from the last Report of the Calcutta School Society, that there are 200 schools within the precincts of its control, and that upwards of 5000 native children are studying various branches of European literature in Calcutta and the vicinity. But what proves beyond doubt that an amazing change has taken place in the prejudices of the natives is, that Hindoo females are now students at several of our institutions. At the last anniversary meeting of the Calcutta Female School Society, the Committee remark, that there were pupils from the highest as well as the lowest castes; for instance, there were two Brahmans, four Kaynasthus, and seven Vishnubers, who are considered of the highest rank. In short, a learned native has published a treatise, in the Bengalee language, to prove that it was formerly customary among the Hindoos to educate their females, and that the education of women is not, as is generally supposed, disgraceful or injurious, but, if encouraged, will be productive of the most beneficial effects.

Calcutta is as yet in an infant state: — no city in the world has ever improved or grown more rapidly, and if it continue for another century to progress as it has done during the last, it will be the wonder of posterity. Some of its institutions are, however, susceptible of great improvement, particularly the Supreme Court, whose jurisdiction over Europeans extends to the distance of 1200 miles, and yet there is no circuit branch; so that a criminal, with all the witnesses necessary to convict him, must be brought to the presidency, where punishment is inflicted, at a distance from the scene of perpetration. Another defect is, that all the natives, who are subject to the jurisdiction of the King's court, are tried by a British jury, of which they may complain with good reason. In short, executions have taken place in Calcutta for crimes, on principles of British law, which according to the Hindoo code were not capital offences. The case of Rajah Nund Comar is quite in point, and as his fate has been described, an allusion to it is only necessary.

The external and internal trade of the presidency of Calcutta averages about 14,000,000 sterling annually, a great part of which is carried on by private adventurers, since the opening of the ports of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, to a free trade; but the East India Company have such an advantage in a monopoly of certain articles, and in the privilege of framing local regulations, that no enterprise can compete with, and many speculators to the Indian shores have been completely ruined. Upwards of 600 ships and vessels take their departure from Calcutta annually, with 150,000 tons of merchandise; and as the same number, on an average, yearly sail up the river, the activity of the scene may be conceived.

In Calcutta and its vicinity the curiosities are not numerous, but interesting. There are no great temples and mosques.

The churches, chapels, and meeting-houses are not very commanding edifices compared with the private mansions, many of which are truly magnificent. But when I was in Calcutta, the Black-hole was to be seen, and the monument which commemorated its tragical story, though so much shattered by lightning, that I understand it now ceases to meet the eye. The Company's Botanic Gardens are also worthy of observation, and the Governor-General's country-residence at Barrackpore, in a beautiful park, is another object, with the Danish, French, and Dutch settlements up the river Hooghly, the banks of which at all times present contrasts of natural beauty and *frightful* superstition.'

Mr. Wallace is infected with the prejudice of military men against the Supreme Court. Though the jurisdiction of this court extends to every European, all over the territories subject to the presidency, it does not include more of the natives than those who reside there; and he mistakes when he intimates that the latter have any ground of complaint for being tried by a British jury. What native of any country can legitimately complain of being tried by a British jury? Has Mr. W. learned by his residence in India to undervalue the dearest privileges and most admired institutions of his ancestors? Every one endued with common information knows the slow, cautious, and humane procedures of our criminal law; and the natives (we speak not without authority) have frequently lamented that the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court could not be extended over the whole of each presidency. With regard to executions after conviction, according to the principles of English law, they never take place but in those cases in which great crimes, contrary to natural law, such as murder, rape, &c., and which would have been punished with death and torture by their own law, have been perpetrated. Forgery is not a capital offence in India. Nundoomar's case is no precedent:—Sir Elijah Impey has to answer for that affair.

We copy also the account of Madras.

'Madras is the capital of the British possessions in the Deccan, and south of India. It stands in lat. 13° 5' N., long. 80° 25' E., and is distant from Calcutta 1090 miles, and from Bombay 770.

'The coast on which Madras stands is lashed by a raging surf, over which the city appears to great advantage, and the numerous palms in its vicinity look charmingly green. All the sandy beach seems in motion with human life. The colonnade-edifices that meet the eye have the appearance of marble, from the fine shell-mortar with which they are plastered and polished. Romantic boats and canoes approach the vessel, filled with gracefully formed natives, and the attention is divided between bodies rustling in silk and decorated with jewels, and others almost naked.

'At



' At Madras nearly all the civilians live in garden-houses, so that the town does not present the splendid appearance of Calcutta; but the country around, though naturally barren, is rendered artificially beautiful; and fine roads, shaded with trees, intersect it in all directions. The mode of living at Madras is much the same as in Calcutta; but provisions of every description are much dearer than in Bengal, and of course society is not so extensive as in the supreme presidency. It is, perhaps, on that account, full as pleasant, and more general. The whole population of the black town of Madras and Fort St. George is about 350,000 souls. Accounts are kept at this presidency in star pagodas, fanams, and cash; while in Calcutta the currency is in rupees, annas, and pice. Eighty cash make one fanam, twelve fanams a rupee, and three and a half rupees a pagoda, worth eight shillings. In Calcutta twelve pice make an anna, and sixteen annas a rupee, worth two shillings and sixpence.

' Justice is administered on the same plan as in Bengal; a Supreme Court is established at Madras on the model of that of Fort-William. The revenue is about five millions sterling per annum, which is nearly all expended in paying the necessary establishments. This presidency indirectly controls about twenty millions of the native population of India, but its immediate subjects do not exceed twelve millions; for it has within its boundaries the nominally independent principalities of Mysore, Travancore, and Cochin.

' In a commercial point of view this presidency is inferior to Bombay. Its export trade is chiefly in piece-goods; and the whole value of its shipments out and in annually does not exceed five millions sterling.'

As the author's admonitions may be useful to a young man proceeding to India, we quote a part of them:

' It is assumed, that all young men who adventure to India embark for that distant region to better their condition, with the hope of returning to their native land for the purpose of enjoying that *otium cum dignitate* which ought to be the reward of an actively employed manhood. For this purpose, habits of economy and care should be early formed, and from the first conception of the idea of making India the sphere of exertion for independence, a regimen of both mind and body should be commenced, and undeviatingly pursued. To preserve health in India, strict temperance in all things is indispensably necessary; to acquire wealth, a fixed practice of living under income, whatever it may be. Youth most unfortunately often imagine that they are called upon, when mixing with society, to imitate the highest in extravagance of expenditure. The generous principle from which this imagination of the heart flows, is honourable to man's nature, but discreditable to his judgment; for the increase of salaries is a reward for service, and as etiquette has established a scale for expence in proportion to rank, it is an absurdity for a junior to ape seniority. It is like the dwarf foolishly attempting the stature

of the giant, and generally meets the fate of the frog in the fable, that burst by over-exertion to rival the ox in size.

'In fitting out for India, we would strongly advise the young adventurer to take nothing with him but what may be absolutely necessary. In this small stock, we place a few very useful books of reference. But to carry out the stores of camp-equipage, the saddles, bridles, bales of broad cloth, and varieties which many young men do, is altogether mistaken profusion. In nine cases out of ten, the stock which a young gentleman takes out is injured by want of care, or is of a different description to that which he finds necessary on arrival in India. He also discovers that he could have equipped himself there at half the expence which he did in London, and his regret and chagrin are increased by the want of those means of which he was deprived by rash anticipation. The wisest plan is to embark with only what is necessary for the voyage; and with such scientific apparatus as may be useful in all situations, either for amusement or improvement, carrying out a bill on some house of agency; or a sum of money for equipment in India. The bill is the better mode of the two, for it serves as an introduction, and provides against probable loss, for the exchange on English money varies very much in India, and a system of fraud is practised on Johnny Newcome at each of the presidencies, which it requires no common prudence to repel.

'The passage to India now seldom exceeds four months and a half, but it is a period to which great importance ought to be attached. An adventurer is fortunate, who meets with a gentlemanly experienced commander of the ship, for much depends upon his temper and manner, in keeping up proper ceremony and preserving that agreeable harmony which is so very easily disturbed by selfishness and imprudence, in the narrow sphere to which the passions and inclinations of society are confined on board a vessel, where there is no such thing as avoiding daily intercourse without the most intolerable imprisonment. Indeed the situation of a set of fiery impatient young men, cooped up within the sides of a wooden house, surrounded by the ocean for four months, is so critical that it requires every possible attention and care to prevent the many unhappy consequences which may arise out of accidents. When good temper and a general disposition to please prevail, the hours fly away swiftly, and there is so little to draw away attention while scudding before the trade or monsoon, which steady weather is experienced during the greatest part of an Indian voyage, that an improving course of reading may be pursued, and the mind invigorated while the imagination is amused.'

We cannot omit the very useful hints which follow :

'Upon landing at any of the presidencies, crowds of natives, who speak tolerable English, press upon strangers, and it requires no small share of prudence to guard against imposition. They approach with the most insinuating address, and produce characters which are calculated to remove suspicion. The necessity a stranger is under of placing himself in the power of some interested

ested person, as well from want of information as for the supply of his absolute wants, ensures employment to great numbers of the most cunning description of men in India. Their objects are, to get charge of the luggage for the purpose of conveying it to some tavern, the proprietor of which rewards them for bringing him guests; to engage such servants as the stranger may require, all of whom pay for their places; to exchange English money and purchase the refit, which every one requires after a long voyage, by which they make considerable profit. To avoid the consequences of reposing confidence in such designing knaves, I would suggest that the stranger should leave his luggage on board the ship, and go on shore with any letters of introduction he may have, or for the purpose of reporting his arrival at one of the public offices, where he will receive information that may be serviceable. Such young men as do not belong to the civil or military service will do well to be guided by the advice of the captain of the vessel; for I can assure them, that by placing themselves at the disposal of an agent, who will offer himself at the landing-place, they may, probably, be led into folly and inconvenience, which they will long remember with deep regret. In short, I consider caution on this head of such importance, that I have known the worst misfortunes of several adventurers originate in connections which they accidentally formed with natives, on arrival in India.

The next point, to which I would advert, is the caution that ought to be exercised in the choice of companions. In general, our youth contract in public schools, from mixing with ranks in life far above them in fortune, notions of extravagance and splendour, which are agreeable to the generous and liberal feelings of that animated period of existence. But if these propensities be not checked, they inevitably lead to the formation of habits, which completely destroy that prospect of independence for which a man is adventuring his life, and spending his time in an uncongenial climate, at a distance from all the associations of childhood. If the inconsistency of human nature was not proverbially known, it would surprise any man to behold young adventurers in India living in such a state of intemperance and luxury, as if the pursuit of pleasure and the expenditure of wealth and health, were the objects for which they had left the bracing regions of Europe, to sojourn in the burning plains of Hindostan. It is a lamentable fact, that the votaries of fashion every where stimulate each other to excess, by a constant struggle to make what is to follow surpass every thing that has gone before in magnificence; but in no part of the world is this truth more obvious to common observation than in India, where a rage for display seems to be a species of epidemic, that attacks every stranger, if not resisted by sound judgment and strength of understanding. I, therefore, warn every young adventurer to reflect, at the threshold of his undertaking, upon the views which he and his friends have had, in making India the scene of his operations, and to act in consistency thereto, by avoiding companions who evidently proclaim the danger of their course by not following reason as their guide, which would

lead them to practise the strictest rules of self-denial, as a sure and certain means of expediting the accomplishment of their fondest hopes.'—

'Young men go out to India, at that period of life, when the love of pleasure and self-gratification supersedes considerations of remote interests: the future, for which life is risked in a dangerous climate, is sacrificed without reflection to the present. Such is the inconsistency of our nature. Hence it is, that so many amiable youths of most respectable families form connections, by marriage in India, which blight the fond hopes of their parents; whilst others become entangled by the voluptuous charms of some sable beauty, and, before they are aware, find themselves surrounded by a numerous offspring of half caste illegitimates, the difficulty of providing for whom embitters their future lives. Both these dangers ought to be avoided by a sound exercise of wisdom and restraint; but I certainly pity the youth less who marries and becomes the father of children of his own colour, of whom he need not be ashamed, than the unfortunate man who entails disgrace upon the natural objects of his affection, and who at length has to leave them in an inferior walk of life, when he returns to his native country. The Indian beauties, while young, possess fascinations of the most bewitching description, and often fix the affections of Europeans to such a degree, that every thing is sacrificed to them. But they soon grow old and ugly, and not being linked to the heart that fondled them by mental congeniality, they are forsaken very often for some young countrywoman, who adventures to the East in search of a husband. Such is the effect of familiarity in blunting sensibility, that I have known several of these cast mistresses and their children receive very kind attention from the ladies who supplanted them in affection; whilst, in other cases, I have discovered a deep source of unhappiness in the jealousy of the wife, who viewed every tender remembrance of her husband for his illegitimate children and their mother as a declension of her hopes, and an insult offered to her superiority. Of all things I enjoin young adventurers to form early resolutions against connections with the half caste, Hindoo, or Mohammedan women, either by marriage, or in the common way, as not only involving their own happiness and future prospects in misery and disappointment, but entailing upon others anguish and ignominy, for which the gift of life is no recompence.'

We conclude our remarks with recommending Mr. Wallace's volume as an useful and interesting monitor to young writers and cadets, during their outward-bound voyage. He manifests great good sense in his cautions to the young and untried adventurer, and they ought to be diligently studied and scrupulously followed: for they will lead him to affluence and happiness, and keep him clear from the shoals on which so many promising young men have suffered both to be wrecked.

**ART. XHI.** *An Essay on the Laws of Gravity, and the Distances of the Planets ; with Observations on the Tides, the Figure of the Earth, and the Precession of the Equinoxes.* By Captain Forman, Royal Navy. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Longman and Co. 1824.

OUR readers have heard of an unfortunate juryman being shut up with eleven *obstinate fellows*, who could not be persuaded to adopt his opinion ; and Captain Forman's case is of the same description. Instead of the odds of eleven to one, however, he has every scientific man in Europe against him ; and after all that he can do or write, he cannot persuade them to give up their own positive knowledge in order to adopt his negative assumptions. Indeed, he himself seems half disposed to abandon his original ideas relative to the cause of the tides ; having now substituted for his woollack, and his bag of marbles, a pair of magnets and a piece of iron : proving that, as a piece of the latter metal suspended by one magnet will fall when the opposite pole of another magnet is applied to the first, so the water in the ocean falls (or rather rises) on the side of the earth most distant from the moon, when the magnetic power of the lunar orb is intercepted by the terrestrial sphere.

As the tides, on both sides, correspond with the moon's motion, we must look to the moon as the primary cause of their rising, and therefore must suppose that the moon, in some way or other, diminishes the gravity of the waters on both sides. Without pretending to understand how it is brought about, I shall content myself with shewing the reader that a similar effect may be produced by a couple of magnets ; and when he has ocular demonstration that such a law does exist in nature, he can have no reason to suppose that it may not exist in the magnetic powers of the heavenly bodies, as well as in a magnet. If we take up a small piece of iron with the side of a magnet, and apply either end of another magnet to the opposite side, the following phenomena will take place. On the application of one end of the second magnet, the iron will still remain attached to the first, but the two magnets will either repel, or but slightly attract, each other ; but, on the application of the other end, the two magnets will attract each other very strongly, and the iron will drop off. It is clear, then, that the power of attraction, on the opposite side, is diminished in the first magnet by the application of the other ; and have we not a right to suppose that the same properties may exist in the magnetic powers of the earth and moon ? Have we not a right to suppose that the moon's magnetic rays, in passing through the earth, may either diminish the power of the earth's attraction on that side, in proportion to its own power ; or, what would amount to the same thing, change their own properties, and become a repellant, instead of an attracting, power ?

The

The theory of the tides, however, is not the principal object of the present pamphlet, but is merely introduced by Captain Forman to shew how ill he has been treated by all the philosophers of the nineteenth century. In return, Sir H. Davy, the Secretary of the Board of Longitude, Dr. Brewster, Laplace, and a few others, are most unmercifully reproved by him; and even we poor Reviewers (although we did expect rather more consideration, from the way in which we discussed the subject,) fare very little better under his hands. From regard to the author, we attempted to convince him of the error under which he labored by fair and candid argument: but this he calls our being 'put to our last shift,' and he apprizes us that, as we are 'living in a glass-house, we should avoid throwing stones at our neighbours.' Notwithstanding all this, however, we will still endeavor to shew the Captain that he is not sufficiently conversant with his subject, to treat it in a manner that will redound to his credit. His entire argument relative to the received doctrine of the tides arises from his misunderstanding the authors whom he quotes, and *all* that is advanced in the present pamphlet is equally erroneous. He supposes that Kepler's law of "equal areas being described in equal times" implies, that each and every planet describes equal areas in equal times; that is, that the *radius vector* of Mars or Mercury describes the same area in the same time as that of Saturn or the Georgium Sidus. Yet Kepler never advanced any such doctrine, and nobody but Captain Forman ever imagined that he did. The same planet in different parts of its orbit describes equal areas in equal time, but not different planets. If an author will set out with such mistaken ideas about the meaning of words, he must not be surprized that he can obtain no followers; the utmost that he can expect is to excite the curiosity of a few readers, who will wonder that any man in the present day, and particularly an officer in the British navy, should be so profoundly ignorant of a subject which now forms the exercise of students in the earlier stages of their education: — Having pointed out this fundamental error in Captain F.'s idea, we shall probably be told by him that we have in this instance, as he complains that we have done in others, passed over all the beauties and perfections of his argument, in order to find one single blemish on which to vent our spleen: but he must be aware that, when this error in his first premises is corrected, every thread of his argument from beginning to end falls to the ground; and that the whole pamphlet will require to be re-written, and the objections to the established theory be constructed on some other foundation.

It certainly is very surprizing that Captain Forman should not deem it at least as possible that his views of the theories of the tides, of gravity, &c. are erroneous, as that all the philosophers from the time of Newton to the present day have been mistaken: men who have spent their lives in the pursuit of a science ought to be at least as able judges as one who has employed only a few hours on the inquiry, and who acknowledges that he knows little or nothing of practical astronomy. It would be just as reasonable for a bold citizen, who has made one adventurous excursion from the Tower Stairs to Ramsgate, to undertake to write on the theory and practice of navigation, to dispute with all the first navigators of the day concerning the practice of their art, and to accuse them not only of a want of knowlege in their particular departments, but of a want of common honesty, if they failed to acknowledge his new and untenable positions. If such a man were to attempt to place himself as a navigator on a parallel with Anson, Cook, or Parry, "who would not laugh" at his folly? yet it would be as reasonable as for Captain Forman to deem himself equal as an astronomer to Copernicus and Kepler, which he does not scruple to intimate in the broadest terms. — We will, however, before we proceed farther, give some quotations from the pamphlet, on the points mentioned above.

*The moral character of modern philosophers, according to Captain Forman :*

' If the discovery of truth were the sole object of philosophical research, it would only be necessary to make known our discoveries, in order to have them fairly discussed, and, if true, universally adopted. Unfortunately, however, this is not the case. Our philosophers can see no beauty in truth, except where it serves as a stepping-stone to their own exaltation; and when any one ventures to propose an improvement, or to point out an error, in their systems, they are sure to take offence, and oppose him with all their might. They will pass over all that is excellent in his work, lay great stress upon his most trifling inadvertencies, distort facts, and have recourse to the meanest artifices in order to obscure the light of truth. If possible, they will hold him up to ridicule and contempt; and even when they are finally put to silence, and convinced, by incontrovertible arguments, that truth is on his side, they will not come forward and acknowledge it; but, notwithstanding they profess to be teachers of philosophy, would rather suffer mankind to remain in ignorance of many things, than be at all instrumental in raising the reputation of any one, who does not happen to belong to their own coteries.' —

' The foregoing are a few out of a great many instances that I might produce, of a defective judgment on the part of our most distinguished philosophers; but I have a charge against some of them

them of a much more serious nature. Error is no crime, and we are all, more or less, liable to be mistaken, but nothing can excuse a disregard for truth in a philosopher; for, to say nothing of the injury done to an individual, who may have made some discovery, by depriving him of the just reward of his exertions, it is *intentionally* to keep mankind in a state of ignorance, and to take an unfair advantage of the confidence of the public; who, not very wisely, have placed such implicit reliance on his opinions.'

After some other remarks of this kind, the author continues:

'How a philosopher could think of writing a theory of the tides without consulting a tide-table, is a phenomenon which none but a philosopher can explain; but, be that as it may, nothing can justify Dr. Young in refusing to acknowledge his theory to be erroneous, whatever he may think of mine. To say the least of it, it is a downright imposition on the public, and disgraceful both to the man and the philosopher.'—

'All men are liable to error, and though Sir Isaac Newton inadvertently overlooked an indispensable principle, his error was undoubtedly the effect of carelessness and not of ignorance; but what can be said in defence of those philosophers who cannot perceive the necessary consequence of this principle, when it is clearly pointed out to them, or, if they do perceive it, have not the honesty to acknowledge it?'—

Sir Isaac Newton, indeed, seems to have been a sad blundering man: but his moral character does not appear to have been so bad as that of the philosophers of the present time. He is only accused of disfiguring 'the beautiful structure he had raised, by almost as many errors as he had previously exploded.'

*Captain Forman's opinion of himself:*

'The Essay, which I am now about to introduce to the reader, was sent to Sir Humphry Davy to be presented to the Royal Society; and here I cannot help contrasting the liberal and noble conduct of Ticho Brahe with—can I give it any other name?—the little-mindedness of the President of the Royal Society. Every one knows that the discoveries of Kepler were made subsequent to his acquaintance with that philosopher; and that the paper or letter, which recommended him so strongly to his favour, contained nothing more than the promise of what, with proper encouragement, he might hereafter become. I know that I shall be taxed with vanity; but, in defiance of the jeers of those who are so ready to substitute ridicule for argument, I maintain that my Essay contains more information, and, in every sense of the word, will bear a comparison with that paper of Kepler; and yet his procured for him the protection and friendship of the truly noble Dane, while mine is sent back to me by the President of the Royal Society, accompanied with mockery and insult.'—

'I know that this hypothesis, for I do not pretend to give it any other name, will be sneered at by the philosophers; and the public,



public, for a time at least, will side with them. I do not expect that I shall live to see any of my opinions adopted, but I shall not altogether lose my reward. The labour of acquiring knowledge repays itself by the acquisition, and there is some pleasure in anticipating the approbation of posterity. I know that my name will not always be a term of reproach; and I know, too, that a great many of those, who now affect to look down upon me, will either be forgotten altogether, or, if they should be remembered, will be classed with the opposers of Galileo and Copernicus.'

We shall not trouble our readers with any other quotations: but we request Captain Forman to imagine any parallel expressions in the work of our supposed Cockney navigator, reflecting on the scientific and moral character of not one only but of every distinguished officer in the British navy, and then to say what his opinion would be of such a person. To have misunderstood altogether one of the first elementary laws of physical astronomy, and to have written a pamphlet to prove that it is inconsistent with facts, are such blunders as could not be exceeded by the London and Ramsgate adventurer.

The author's mistake relative to the figure of the earth is more excusable; that is, his idea of the proposition is exactly the one which occurs to every student when he *first* reads it. In general, however, a young man will say, "I must surely misunderstand this, because all astronomers come to a directly opposite result; and I must therefore get it explained to me by somebody who is master of the subject:"—whereas it is Captain Forman's misfortune to set a higher value on his own first glance of an astronomical theorem, although he confesses that he knows nothing of the practice of the science, than on all the laborious researches of such men as Newton and Laplace. With these unfounded pretensions, he must not be surprized that Sir H. Davy declined the honor of corresponding with him "on subjects connected with philosophical inquiries."

ART. XIV. *Redwood; a Tale.* By the Author of "A New England Tale." 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Miller. 1824.

SINCE the appearance of the novels intituled *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, &c. by Mr. Cooper, and of *Seventy-Six* and others by (it is said) Mr. Neill, on the other side of the Atlantic, the new world can scarcely complain of want of amusement at least in this branch of literature. If we regard either

either the number or the quality of those writings, they are well calculated to prevent any dearth of such entertainment, not merely in themselves, but by the example which they have afforded to numerous followers. In this respect, indeed, the author of *The Spy* has not a little responsibility on his head ; inasmuch as he is doubtless the cause of inflicting a good deal of trash on the American reading public, from the pens of others who are more ambitious than able to equal his sterling merit. The evil of this, however, is in a measure corrected by a few productions of a superior class ; which approach nearer to those strong graphic powers and fine delineations of human life and character, that are so richly interspersed through the productions of the above-named writers. Such, in some respects, are the productions announced to be written by a lady, one of which now lies before us ; though it cannot boast the same strength and energy, the same vivid and correct pictures both from nature and mankind, with the same experience and accurate description of events and scenes in which the writer has been either an actor or a witness, as we find in the publications of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Neill. Its features, as we might expect, are wholly of a milder and more serious cast ; its principle is instructive and devotional ; and in no way, perhaps, except in the occasional beauty of its descriptions, — certainly not in extent of intellect and strong natural powers, — can it be said to bear any kind of resemblance to the works above mentioned.

Perhaps the chief interest of this tale, and an interest to which all American works reprinted here are indebted for their reception, is its prevailing tone of English taste and feeling ; — displaying the same views and spirit, as being the same in language and descent. In all its leading characteristics, indeed, American literature bears the strongest resemblance to our own, as in point of fact it is derived from it : for, though the possessors of a new country, the Americans are not a new people, gradually rising into importance, but an old colony that has established its independence, retaining the same advantages and prejudices, together with the same language and literature, which the mother-country possesses. Consequently, to whatever height of political or commercial greatness it may attain, the literary fame of America, as, indeed, of all colonies of long established governments, must consist in partaking and identifying itself, as it were, with that of the parent state. — Hence we perceive that the Americans, who from their intellectual position cannot flatter themselves with the hope of boasting native geniuses, such as the Chaucers, the Shakspeares, the Bacons, and

and the Lockes of their respective ages, assert absolute independence on all other questions, but are eager to claim a share in England's literary honors, emoluments, and reputation. There is nothing, however, of unfairness or hostility in an ambition of this kind; on the contrary, it rather tends to prove the existence of that similarity of literary views, feelings, and interests, which is calculated to form the most solid basis of international concord and union. It also renders their writings more acceptable to us, as fruits from the same stock; an inclination which we are mutually enabled to indulge, without the usual medium by which so much is lost between nations, that of translation. The spirit and character, also, of the respective productions, being almost as much identified by similarity of national habits and custom as the language itself, such literary intercourse cannot fail, in every point of view, to be productive of mutual advantages; and long, we trust, this prevailing and increasing tone of literary amity and right feeling will continue; — as long as mutual instruction and entertainment form one of the most strong and pleasing bonds, calculated to unite the interests, the happiness, and the extended influence of the two greatest countries in the world.

Should these remarks be considered as both too general and too serious for the subject of a novel, we must remind the reader that this novel is of a very serious cast; — that its principle is extracted from Paley's moral treatise, and announced in the shape of a motto: "Whilst the infidel mocks at the superstitions of the vulgar, insults over their credulous fears, their childish errors, their fantastic rites, it does not occur to him to observe, that the most preposterous device by which the weakest devotee ever believed he was securing the happiness of a future life, is more rational than unconcern about it. Upon this subject nothing is so absurd as indifference; no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness or levity." Redwood, of course, is the unlucky personage designed to illustrate the truth of this doctrine; one who, in the enjoyment of all the other advantages in the world, is guilty of this imputed folly and indifference, and made to eat the bitter fruits of it; — according to the severest moral anatomy inflicted on him, and the severest retribution allotted to him, by the fair author. Here, however, we have to accuse her of the usual inconsistency into which all writers wedded to a favorite theory, sacred or profane, are apt to fall; namely, in order to give full relief to the one great virtue which they wish to illustrate, they scruple not to make a character, that is perfect in every other respect, extremely culpable and unhappy from the want of this single good quality. Her hero, though  
a very

a very clever and well disposed young man, and *inclined to be religious*, is supposed, from having imbibed '*free thoughts upon faith*,' almost to undergo a metamorphosis; and, instead of being the most amiable kind-hearted fellow in the world, he shews himself capable of treating the object of his affections with heartless cruelty and desertion, and of becoming morose and misanthropical: all because we are to presume that he did not go to church. This is giving to the cardinal virtue of devotion, so much maintained by the author, more than its due; for we may easily gather from a few traits in the character of her hero, that his peccadillos were as much caused by a want of sound head and sound heart, as by a deficiency of religious faith and principles. The same remark may be applied to the unfeeling character and conduct of his daughter; whose most unamiable disposition, and cold and haughty demeanor, are wholly ascribed to the want of more religious tuition: though we much doubt whether either Mr. or Miss Redwood would have made very striking examples of all that is excellent, if they had possessed a more enlarged capacity for belief in Scripture. In many points, neither their characters are ill drawn nor those of the more subordinate personages of the story; in which one of the Methodist societies, called the Shakers, is brought forwards in a somewhat satirical and ludicrous point of view. The main features, however, consist in the conversion of Mr. and Miss Redwood to more orthodox points of faith; when we are to presume that they become as pre-eminant as they were before blamable in the fair writer's eyes.— Having made these exceptions to the leading character and principles of the work, it is but fair to add that it is both very amiable and very spiritedly written; the traits of American manners and society are happily selected and described; the incidents and the dialogue are often interesting and amusing; and the characters introduced, from the various classes and relations in life, are well calculated to afford a correct view of the feelings and opinions of the rising communities of the United States, more particularly with regard to their religious persuasion.

Into the merits of such a picture, however, neither our time nor our limits will permit us to enter; and we must content ourselves with summing them up by observing that, with all the religious tendency and correct good feeling, occurring in similar works from the pen of our celebrated Mrs. Hannah More, the one before us contains more interest, incident, and amusement. It is undoubtedly very creditable to the female literature of America; and we trust that we shall soon be en-

abled to give notice of its increasing spirit in a number of equal specimens, not only from the North but in all probability from the South American ladies.

The 'New England Tale' was briefly mentioned in vol. ci. p. 105.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR APRIL, 1825.

### BOTANY.

Art. 15. *First Steps to Botany*; intended as popular Illustrations of the Science, leading to its Study as a Branch of General Education. By James L. Drummond, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution. 12mo. pp. 400. 9s. Boards. Longman and Co.

The object of this introduction is to combine the explanation of the technical language of botany with some degree of pleasing and interesting information relative to the more inviting departments of the science, thus alluring the tyro to the threshold of Flora's temple. Such a design, though not original, is well conceived; and, in the present instance, it has been accomplished with much distinctness and ability, the definitions being not only concise but accurate and perspicuous, and occasionally accompanied by short remarks and statements, calculated to arrest the attention and quicken the student's diligence and zeal. They are also conveyed in an easy elegant style, and illustrated by neat wooden cuts, incorporated with the text. The tone of the performance rises above that of a mere compilation, for the materials are culled and arranged with taste and discernment; and the general execution manifests not only extensive reading, properly directed to unity of purpose, but a mind capable of judging for itself, and of indicating the errors into which even grave authorities have been betrayed. Thus Dr. Drummond, though we presume an Hibernian, detects a *bull* in the application of the epithet *inanis* to a *pithy* stem; which, indeed, is tantamount to *full of emptiness*:—Others have employed the term *farctus*, *stuffed*; or *crummed*.

Again, p. 80., 'In the *frond*, according to Sir James E. Smith, "the stem, leaf, and fructification are united, or, in other words, the flowers and fruit are produced from the leaf itself, as in the fern tribe." Now, I would with all due deference suggest the possibility of this passage leading the young botanist to pronounce the *butcher's broom*, and some other plants which bear their flowers and fruit on the leaves, to be *fronds*; and besides, some of the ferns bear their fructifications in *spikes distinct from the leaf*, as in the genera *Osmunda*, and *Ophioglossum*. In the English

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Botany,

Botany, this excellent author says, "The Linnæan term *frons* cannot *without violence* be used in the genus of *Ophioglossum*, as there is no necessary connection between the leaf and fructification, one species, if not more, having them on distinct stalks." I believe, however, that Linnæus never contemplated this circumstance as *essential* to the constitution of a frond. He confined the term to palms and ferns, and he illustrates his definition in the *Philosophia Botanica* by a figure of a palm-leaf, though no one knew better than he, that in the palms the *leaf does not bear the fructification*. In the definition alluded to, he says that the frond *frequently* bears the fructification, not that it *necessarily* does so.'

At pages 100. and 101., the author successfully confutes Willdenow's theory of spines being only imperfect buds, — which Sir James E. Smith had pronounced to be ingenious and satisfactory; and he controverts, in like manner, the opinion of Willdenow which ascribes the spiral form of tendrils to their tenuity and weakness. — On the fashionable doctrine, which maintains that the races of plants are continued only by the seeds, and that "all other modes of propagation, being but the extension of an individual, sooner or later terminate in its total extinction," we find the ensuing pertinent remarks:

'I believe that in many plants the reproduction by roots would perpetuate the species as effectually as that by seeds. As in plants, for example, which have tuberous roots, those especially that are gemmaceous, or furnished with eyes or buds, as the potato; in those with repent roots, as mint, and couch-grass; and also in many bulbous-rooted plants, which may be propagated apparently *ad infinitum*, by their bulbs alone. Plants, too, sometimes *prefer* increasing by roots when in situations where they are supplied with abundance of nourishment. Thus the American arbor vitæ tree (*Thuja occidentalis*), when growing in marshes and thick woods, is almost always barren of seeds, though these are produced plentifully when it stands accidentally on the sea-shore, or in places unfavourable to its rooting. Kalm observed a similar fact in the sugar-maple, the white fir, and a number of other trees. But it may be urged, that these are not examples in point, that they are instances even of the propagation of trees being *checked* in consequence of their roots becoming so luxuriant as to exhaust that nourishment and vital energy which should go to the branches, and promote fructification. But I apprehend that no such objection can be made to the following fact. In South America there is a species of Bamboo (*Bambusa Guadua*), which forms forests in the marshes, of *many leagues* extent, and yet Mutis, who botanized for twenty years in the parts where it grows, was never able to detect the fructifications. In addition to this, it may be stated; that viviparous grasses, &c. plants with bulb-bearing and those with sarmentose stems, would probably continue to increase and multiply for ever, though they were never to perfect a seed.'

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In his exposition of terms, as in his summary of the Linnéan system, Professor Drummond's manner is at once scientific and popular, and enlivened by select and appropriate poetical allusions. His concluding section comprizes some excellent observations, penned *con amore*, on the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the diversified aspects of the earth's surface, with reference to the vegetable kingdom. On the whole, we are acquainted with few elementary treatises that are more eminently fitted than this to guide the botanical pupil in the "ways of pleasantness," at the very outset of his inquiries.

## POETRY and the DRAMA.

Art. 16. *Translations from the German; and Original Poems.*  
By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. 8vo. pp. 153. 9s. 6d.  
Boards. Murray. 1824.

Lord Francis Gower deserves a conspicuous niche in the temple of royal and noble authors, for he has enriched our literature with elegant translations of foreign master-pieces, and with pleasing original lucubrations. One-half of the present volume contains translations from Schiller, Goethe, Bürger, Salis, and Körner, and the latter moiety is "all his own." As a specimen of his versions from the German, we take Schiller's Address to the faithless Minna:

- ' Whence the dream that hovers o'er me?  
Have my senses told me right?  
Yes, 'twas Minna pass'd before me, —  
And the trait'ress shunn'd my sight.  
Leaning on some witless minion,  
Fluttering, fanning, light, and fast,  
Glorying in her new dominion;  
Yes, 'twas Minna's self that pass'd.
- ' On her brow is nodding proudly  
Many a plume, — the gift was mine;  
Many a love-knot tells as loudly  
Him for whom they learn'd to twine.  
Mine the hand which rear'd the flowers  
On thy bosom blooming yet:  
Ere they fade how few the hours, —  
Still they bloom, and you forget!
- ' Go! by flatterers vain surrounded, —  
Go! forget my love to prize;  
Her, on whom my hopes were founded,  
Changed and thankless, I despise.  
Mine the heart no wish concealing, —  
Honest was its pulse and true:  
It shall bear the bitter feeling,  
That it ever beat for you.

- ' In the wrecks of all thy beauty,  
Lo, I see thee stand alone :  
Flatterers, fools, have ceased their duty,  
And thy May of life has flown.  
Watch the swallow, as he hovers  
Studious of the low'ring sky ;  
Such thy minions, — such thy lovers :  
False one ! not like them was I.
- ' Yes ! I see them pointing, scowling,  
Baskers in thy earlier morn ;  
Hear their fiendish laughter howling,  
See their grinning looks of scorn.  
How then, trait'ress, will I scorn thee !  
Scorn thee, Minna ! Heaven forefend !  
No ! the bitterest tears shall mourn thee, —  
Tears of a deserted friend.'

A pleasing sample of the original compositions will be the elegy intitled 'The Soldier's Funeral.'

- ' 'Twas done ! — the veteran's mortal race was o'er ! —  
I stood to watch the burial of the brave,  
And trace the dark procession as it bore  
A friend and comrade to his humble grave !
- ' Upon the coffin's sable lid they placed  
His gleaming helmet, and his battle-blade,  
And slow behind his raven charger paced,  
Reft of the hand whose rule he once obey'd.
- ' His mien was like an orphan child's, whose mind  
Is yet too young a parent's loss to know,  
Yet, conscious of a change, appears to find  
A strange importance in his weeds of woe.
- ' No voice of sorrow swell'd upon the air,  
No orphan's shriek, to agonize the soul ;  
But o'er each warrior's iron visage there,  
Tearless and stern, majestic sadness stole.
- ' I did not weep ; but when his comrades spoke,  
And told how soon the stately warrior fell,  
How short his sufferings, and how quick the stroke  
That laid him low, I felt my bosom swell.
- ' For death is welcome oft, when slow decay  
At length has triumph'd o'er each lenient art ;  
But all whom fate less kindly sweeps away,  
Inflict a sterner lesson on the heart.
- ' And fairer forms may sink into the tomb,  
As if they merely sought a happier clime ;  
And beauty's fragile grace, and hectic bloom,  
Seem flowers predestined for the scythe of Time.

' But :



- ‘ But yesterday in manly strength he stood,  
Powerful as those who now support his bier,  
As if some sterner chance of field or flood,  
Death-shot or steel, were all he had to fear.
- ‘ And could that ancient charger speak to tell  
The toils and triumphs of the fields he shared,  
He might relate that there, where myriads fell,  
And Death was most unsparing, he was spared ; —
- ‘ Spared from the conflict where his towering crest  
Had floated o’er the closing squadron’s throng,  
Within his native land to sink to rest,  
And be the subject of an idle song.’

We need not observe to our readers with how much spirit, grace, and euphony, these agreeable compositions are versified ; and we have only to regret the deficient industry of the author, in not providing a more various and abundant supply.

Art. 17. *The Synod of Fortune; a Tragedy: in Five Acts.* By Elias Delaroch Rendell. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Egerton, 1824.

We had been taught to *believe* that there really was “ nothing new under the sun : ” but ‘ *The Synod of Fortune* ’ has undeceived us, and we are no longer able to give a reason for the faith which was in us. In the line of dramatic composition, we now feel a moral conviction that the specimen which we have just been perusing is quite new ; at least we can safely assert that we have never read any thing resembling it ; and in point of burlesque on the drama, the most happy and unconscious burlesque, from first to last, it is wholly unequalled and inimitable. The same glorious spirit of absurdity is maintained throughout : its interest never flags : the characters are some of the finest mock-heroic heroes ever drawn ; and the language, incidents, and situations, are the most enchantingly ludicrous and drolly tragic in the world. The sole desideratum, perhaps, is a long-winded commentary explanatory of its no-meanings, and “ passages that lead to nothing : ” but a Dictionary and Grammar would also be no bad accompaniments, because the reader may at first doubt whether the drama can really be an English composition, or the dialect of some undiscovered tongue.

We must not, however, deprive our readers of the luxury of contemplating the merits of a production which must speak its own praise. From the Preface, which is as exquisite as the drama itself, we extract the following specimen :

‘ In my last paragraph I have almost dropt into the general style of preface-writing ; namely, that of making it a short recommendatory essay, which I have sometimes observed to be more elaborate, and absolutely of more importance, than the work to which it was prefixed : this observation ought here to make me deal with *caution*, which I shall endeavour to do, and I hope to find uncloaked *candour* behind the counter, who will tend me such indulgence as my inexperience may require. I have but little

more to say, wherein, I solicit the candid attention of my readers; I will be as simple, and as short as the occasion will admit of, for such in my opinion it becomes an author when offering his first production to the notice of an enlightened public; and more especially when it happens, as with the *Synod of Fortune*, that the author's being was not at the time of finishing it, matured by twenty years! and he now humbly asks the indulgence due to most endeavors, in acceding to suggestions accompanied by persuasion, to lay the following at the foot and mercy of the severer critic; who, to use the words of one immortal, will not stand as a "centinel in the avenues of fame," but amid propriety, even though the impulse be but weak; which, however, I know not why I should have any reason to fear, when I ask myself who can be prejudiced against one as yet eclipsed to the literary world?"

In the play itself, we find *Periander* King of Corinth, and *Procles* Prince of *Epidaurus*, figuring to most hurlesque advantage as rivals for the love of the heroine *Melissa*. We have long been desirous of affording, once for all, some adequate idea of the degree of perfection to which our modern tragedy has arrived, and which is principally owing, we imagine, to the kind of encouragement held out by our modern managers. It is not improbable, judging from some of the pieces which have recently had a surprizing run of success, that Mr. *Rendell* naturally supposed that this species of mock-heroic had a very fair chance of gracing our theatrical boards; and it would be quite unpardonable not to recommend to all theatrical managers of the day the well adapted beauties of a piece, of which the closing scene can boast of lines like the following:

‘ *Enter Cethegus.*

‘ *Periander.* Well, *Cethegus*, bring you an answer?

‘ *Cethegus.* My Lord, the shouts are from the citizens, Cast on *Procles*; whom *Scipio*, in obedience T’ your orders is conveying to th’ palace.

‘ *Periander.* Quick, quick; let that be countermanded, And instant bring him here, aye even here; Though his unhallowed feet may prophane This holy floor late trodden by the gods; I’ll wait him here, though rapid desolation O’erwhelm me as the deluge did the world. [*Exit Cethegus.* Now ye propitious powers; allseeing gods If that my cause be just, I kneeling ask Your aid for unheard of tortures: if not, Why give those pillars that surround me, knees, And bending, let ’em crush me with its dome.

‘ *Enter Scipio, Cethegus, Procles, and others.*

‘ *Procles.* (*As entering.*) Why so sudden have me to your temple?

I’ve no sacrifice to appease the gods:  
Or do I mistake me; is it not to  
Some subterranean vault I am conveyed,  
Form’d by ancestry well skilled in darker

Purposes?

Purposes? Are my once conquering limbs  
Harness'd thus to meet death in conquering form?

' *Cethegus.* How know you your deserts, then?

' *Procles.* My deserts!

Away; your power's despotic. Ha. — Why! [Starts.]

' *Periander.* (*Advancing.*) Does my presence shake thy  
vanquished pile!

Aspen thy nerves! Disjoint thee! Strike thee speechless!

And prepare thee for a fall.

' *Procles.* (*Firm, with an ironical smile.*) No; not so:

Not so. I prostrate not to him who sought

The honor of his mother: not to him

Who swore an oath intent on violation

To a dying father: not to him on

Whose hands the blood of innocence is warm.

Aye, tremble, tremble, and listen to the

Tale of dear remembrance; and know 'tis I!

I Procles! that rattles in your ear this

Melody, and even though I'm chained,

Disdain your vengeance!

' *Periander.* Shall I bear this, villain!

[Approaches, searching his bosom for the dagger, which  
he half draws.]

' *Procles.* Shall I call thee coward, too? — 'Tis ready

For the blow, — yes! — I see the blade is red.

Is it with Melissa's blood?

' *Periander.*

Oh! — No more;

I'll tear that organ out.

[Seizing him.]

' *Procles.* Aye, 'tis not perjured! There's no murder

In these eyes, or incest on my soul; and [Periander recoils.]

Art thou cow'rd, then? Thou see'st I fear not death,

Though so familiar to thy call.

' *Periander.*

Traitor!

Hast thou not wrong'd me?

' *Procles.*

Did'st thou not rival me?

And is not martial honor a prey

To the ravages of bosom'd love?

Yes! and thou feel'st its vengeance now.

' *Periander.*

And now

For mine! There, thou false dissembling traitor!

Feel it, too: take thy taunts returned again!

[Stabs him: he falls.]

And Jove, while he rolls in the agonies

Of death! Now while he feels the terror of

A guilty mind depart! Now! Now! while thick

Damnation's near! send down your bolts to dash him

To pieces.

' *Procles.* Blasts upon thee, murderer!

Every ill that damns mankind surround! —

Oh! — I curse thee in my latest hour, — Oh!

Bloody assassin. — Mur — Oh. — Oh. — Oh. —

[Dies.]

## VOYAGES and TRAVELS.

- Art. 18. *A Voyage round Great Britain*; undertaken in the Summer of 1813, and commencing from the Land's End, Cornwall. By Richard Ayton. With a Series of Views, illustrative of the Character and prominent Features of the Coast, drawn and engraved by William Daniell, R. A. Folio. 7 Vols. 7l. 10s. each. Longman and Co. 1814—1824.

We have watched the progress of this elegant work, and have from time to time intended to offer some account of it to our readers: but the hope of its completion has induced us to wait till we could speak of it as a whole. As one volume only, however, now remains to be added, we will not longer delay to announce it, and to report its near approach to a termination. The public are acquainted with Mr. Daniell's talents as an artist, and will expect to be told that the pictorial embellishments of his *Voyage* are executed with great taste, beauty, and effect. If, however, they conjecture that these form almost the only recommendations of it, and that the written part is little more than a description of the views, we have pleasure in stating that such a supposition would be unjust and incorrect; for as much amusement and information perhaps may be gained from a perusal of the printed pages, as the eye will derive gratification from the plates. In the first and second volumes, the narrative department was occupied by Mr. Ayton, the companion of Mr. Daniell, and was very creditable to him by displaying sense and spirit, observation and inquiry: but after that period his co-operation was discontinued, in order to abridge the descriptive and increase the pictorial portion of the work; and Mr. Daniell himself has since executed both duties, with much success. If more range of remark was taken by Mr. Ayton, the accounts of scenery, local history, natural curiosities, remarkable events and persons, &c. are still far from being meagre; and many particulars, not generally known, may be gathered from these pages. The whole coast of England, Wales, and Scotland is included, and the engravings are very numerous.

We speak at present only in these general and concise terms of this publication: but our brevity must by no means be viewed in a disrespectful light. On the contrary, we mean this article merely as an annunciation of the work; which we sincerely characterize as a most entertaining and magnificent production, worthy of the patronage of all who can afford to be delighted by it; and which we now dismiss, in the old regal style, "after these our hearty commendations."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Art. 19. *The Art of French Cookery*. By A. B. Beauvilliers, Restaurateur, Paris. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

"Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know"—Monsieur Beauvilliers, the famous restaurateur, who provides all the varied delights of French cookery for the epicures of his own country,

and of any others who may visit that metropolis. Among ourselves, the lovers of good eating who have tasted this *artiste's* handy-works, or who have heard of them by report, will probably welcome the present collection of his receipts, the result of an experience of forty-four years; and may all health and happiness attend those who not only consult the book, but *eat their way* through it from beginning to end! For ourselves, we can merely *read through it*, without hoping to do more than enjoy its good things in imagination: but, in the course of this service, we may communicate to our friends a few of the rarities or peculiarities which we may observe, and thus stimulate them to a farther acquaintance with the precious depôt itself.

As the French (like all Catholics) are remarkable for the prevalence of fish at their tables, let their mode of dressing a *Turbot* be compared with ours.

‘ *A Turbot for first or second Course. — Turbot entier pour premier ou second Service.*

‘ Choose a fine fat turbot; let it be as sound and fresh as possible; gut, wash, and be particular in cleaning the inside; open it to the middle of the back, nearer the head than the tail, from three to four inches, more or less, according to its size; raise up the flesh on both sides; cut the fins the length of the opening; arrange the head with a packing needle, passing the thread between the edge and the bone of the first fin; rub it with lemon; put it upon a drainer into a turbot-kettle of a proper size; put in two pints of salt water and two pints of milk; add two or three lemons cut in pieces, without the skins and seeds; make it boil upon a quick fire, if in summer, as it might spoil upon a slow one; when it begins to boil, cover the fire, and let it cook quietly, without letting it boil; cover it with buttered paper; when done leave it in the seasoning till ready to serve; take it up and drain it; arrange a napkin upon a dish, which may be raised by some herbs, that it may look handsome; slip it from the drainer upon the dish; cut off any fins that are deranged, and the end of the tail; garnish it with parsley, and if there are any cracks, cover them; serve with it a white sauce with capers, melted butter *à la Hollandaise*, or with lobster-sauce (*aux homards*); if it is for the second course, send no sauce to table, but oil.’

Fowls of every sort, also, are indispensable to our Gallic neighbours; and among their methods of rendering *Geese* subservient to their palates, we have here an article which may be worth quotation:

‘ *Legs and Wings of Geese. — Cuisses et Ailes d'Oies à la Façon de Baïonne.*

‘ Take the quantity of geese that is required, and cut off the wings and legs in such a manner as to take off all the flesh with them; bone the legs partly with the hand; mix half an ounce of saltpetre with fine salt for five geese, and rub the legs and wings well with it; put them into an earthen pan; throw amongst them bay, thyme, and basil; cover them closely with a cloth, leave them twenty-four hours in the seasoning; when they are taken  
out

out they are to be passed quickly through fresh water, and left to drain; in the mean time all the fat having been collected from the bodies and intestines of the geese, and prepared as directed for the *sain-doux* (*Sain-doux*, article *Cochon*): put in the prepared geese, and let it be put upon a very moderate fire, that the *sain-doux* or goose-fat may only shake, not boil: it is sufficiently done when the flesh can be pierced with a straw; take them out, and when they are cold pack them nicely into jars, pressing them down; when the fat is three-fourths cooled, pour it into the jars; let it cool and remain uncovered for twenty-four hours; then cover the pots, first with paper and then with parchment; keep it in a dry fresh cellar for use.

The translator has witnessed the above preparation in Languedoc, where little else is used in the kitchen, as the *ragouts* and soups are generally made of it. It is almost surpassing belief the high state to which these animals are fed, by cramming with Indian corn three times a day; and according to the situations of families, from two to thirty geese are often so fed: turkies and ducks are often mixed with them, and the economy of that careful people is very conspicuous in the preparation; they are not all killed at the same time, but from day to day, as the business and the wants of the family permit; preserving the blood, which they make a pudding of in the skin of the neck; cutting the goose up in the common manner of carving into ten, twelve, or fourteen pieces: the whole carcass is as fat as a pig, the thighs are like small pork-hams; these pieces are all salted as directed in the foregoing receipt, and the fat, which is enormous in quantity, is prepared as is also directed: the jars into which they are put contain six or eight gallons, and upwards; and it will no doubt appear incredible to say, that four or five of these are filled for the use of one family, with the carcasses and fat of these different fowls: they were distributed in such a manner that two should be opened at the same time, the best pieces in one and the worst in another, so that there should be no digging to expose a greater surface than is necessary to the air; thus a leg or a wing, with a spoonful of the fat, made a *ragout*, a neck and pinion, or a back, with a spoonful of fat, made a soup; the relish of these meats is extremely high, and with sweet herbs and vegetables would be by some called beautiful, by others good, but by the French delicious; it would be unconscientious in a book of this kind, not to recommend it highly, as there is so much waste of that sort of fat; the side bones and aprons are very nice, drained hot from it; the livers of the ducks fed in this way are as large sometimes as those of lambs, and are of a bright shining gold colour; they are generally baked in high seasoned pies, and sent in presents, which pay a tax on entering Paris.

When geese are scarce and dear, a pig is substituted, and after having been cut in small pieces, is accommodated in the same manner. The introduction of these articles into English cookery would be both economical and healthy, as vegetables of all sorts would be more eagerly sought after as food, if they were made more palatable with little expense.

A dish

A dish of *Soup* is equally necessary:

‘ *Queen’s Soup.* — *Potage à la Reine.*

‘ Take the breasts of three fowls, skewer them, put over them a thin slice of lard, cover them with paper, and put them upon the spit or into a stewpan, which must be covered with slices of ham, veal, and an onion with two or three pared carrots and a bunch of seasoned parsley, cover it lightly with thin slices of lard, and afterwards with two or three rounds of buttered paper, that they may not take any colour; put in two or three spoonfuls of *consommé*; make them boil upon the furnace, put them under it or upon a *paillasse* \*; let them cook twenty minutes, take them up, and let them cool; strain the soup through a gauze search, make a panade with it, such as that which is directed for the *potage à la bisque*; hash the breasts very fine, put them in a mortar, and pound them with twenty sweet and two bitter almonds, as is directed (article *Lait d’Amandes*), pound all well together, afterwards take it out and mix it with the *consommé* made of the carcasses of the three fowls from which the breasts were taken, run it through a search.’

Most of us know that our joints of plain roast or boiled meat are not relished by the French, and John Bull shall see how they treat his old favorite *Sirloin*:

‘ *Roasted Sirloin.* — *Aloyau à la Broche.*

‘ Take such a sized sirloin as is necessary; let the large bones be sawn off, lay it in a vessel, strew fine salt over it, and sprinkle it with olive oil, adding slices of onion and bay leaves; leave it, if practicable, two or three days, turning it two or three times a day; when it is to be laid down, spit it nicely, rolling the flank part under to show the fat, which must be slightly pared, it makes the piece look better; cover it with strong paper, and put it down to a brisk fire, to concentrate the juice, taking care that it is neither over nor under done; and serve with *sauce hachée* in a separate dish.’

Having now supplied our readers with *Soup*, *Fish*, *Flesh*, and *Fowl*, we must hope to be excused from serving up *entre-mêlés*, *ragoûts*, &c. &c., or even from pampering them with confectionary and preserves, liqueurs and wines; of which M. Beauvilliers adds an ample stock to his more important provisions. — After all, however, such is the extent of culinary art that many omissions may be discovered in this volume by learned and accomplished judges; and we have ourselves noticed some as we have proceeded. For example, we find no receipts for a Perigord Pie, for dressing Macaroni, for making a Curry, for making Catsup, &c. &c.

With regard to the translation, we are aware that it was not easy to execute that task with all the *fidelity* and *elegance* which were due to it; and we cannot compliment the person who has executed it on his complete success. Though he has explained some of the French terms used, they occur so frequently, and many *without*

‘ \* A hot hearth, or grill over hot cinders.’

explanation, that they will puzzle most English cooks, and many English ladies; and we suspect that they have sometimes *pozed* the translator himself. In speaking of *Partridges*, he should have explained the difference between the French words *Perdix* and *Perdreaux*, which involve a distinction scarcely made in this country, where the season for shooting those birds is limited by game-customs. *Perdreau* signifies a young partridge that has not attained its full growth. — Among other inaccuracies, we observe the word *juice* for *gravy*, throughout; and though in p. 33. we have a receipt for making *Verjuice* from the *Verjuice Grape*, yet in other places (pp. 165. 281. 382, &c.) the translator speaks of *Verjuice*, meaning these unripe sour grapes, in a way that will be inexplicable to those who think only of *Verjuice* as we have it in England: viz. 'Take *Verjuice* neither too green nor too ripe,' &c. As he talks of '*Rasps*,' p. 312., we suppose that he comes from the northern corner of our island.

Art. 20. *Some Account of the Life of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq.,* written by Himself. 8vo. pp. 250. 8s. Boards. Knight. 1824.

Common-place meditations, on common-place topics, are here expressed with great solemnity of language. It would have been better, too, if some of the subjects that are chosen for meditation had been rejected: for the strong interest which novel-writers and play-writers throw over their *Julies* and their *Mrs. Hallers* is dangerous. Mr. Earle is supposed to go out to India, and to fall in love with another person's wife, whom he seduces: but he tells us, in exculpation, that the man was a brute, and the woman an angel. This brute of a husband dying, the said Mr. Earle marries the angel of a wife, who also dies very soon of grief, — and this, no doubt, is intended for the moral, — from the poignancy of her repentance! Mr. Earle has a brother, a Major, who writes a journal; and he has a friend named Dallas, who likewise seduces an artless girl, and lives with her in a very gay manner, but dies suddenly, leaving his mistress without a provision. Major Earle takes shelter one night, as he is coming from the play, under an arch-way in St. Martin's Lane, where a knot of noisy drunken women of the town had crowded together for the same purpose. One of them calls him by his name, and he recognises her as the mistress whom *he had often met* presiding at the voluptuous table of his deceased friend. She is in the last stage of destitution and disease, — here is another moral, — and dies in a day or two. — These, surely, are objectionable topics for the waste of sentiment, *publicly*. If we relieve actual distress, when it presents itself, without inquiring too minutely whether it has been caused by vice or by misfortune, we should not wantonly lead young people to the contemplation of scenes which corrupt their imagination. Let him to whom such scenes are unhappily familiar throw over them a mourning pall, and not expose them to the innocent eyes of others for the sake of making an exhibition of his



his own idle tears, his own unprofitable and very questionable sensibility.

On Mr. E.'s return from India, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, he finds his father in a second childhood, and his mother dead. He visits the church-yard, and weeps over the tombs of those whom he had known in his younger days; and he likewise calls on his old school-master, who, having a fit of the gout, sends his son to shew Mr. Earle the school, where he finds the lockers under the seats just as he had left them, and the boys' slates hung round as they used to be. He gets a holiday for the boys; and this encourages us to intrude on his good-nature, and solicit a holiday for ourselves.

## SINGLE SERMONS.

Art. 21. *A Sermon, preached in the Church of Hatton, near Warwick, at the Funeral of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D., in Obedience to his own Request, March 14. 1825. And published at the Desire of the Executors and Friends assembled on the Occasion. By the Rev. S. Butler, D.D. F.R.S., Archdeacon of Derby, and Head Master of Shrewsbury School.* 4to. pp. 16. Longman and Co.

All lovers of virtue, talent, and learning, must deeply regret the loss of that Goliath of literature and example of integrity, the late SAMUEL PARR, ὁ Μανασίης; and while they must be desirous that so rare a character should receive every tribute which it deserves, they will equally wish that it should be made to teach, as forcibly and extensively as possible, the useful lesson which it is calculated to impress. Such an instance of profound learning as profoundly venerated, of triumphant talents sedulously cultivated and universally acknowledged, of moral and political integrity never compromised and never suspected, should indeed be set forth in every way for the edification and imitation of mankind. His life will shew that if his "sturdy independencoe" prevented him from obtaining those honors and riches in his profession which, *proh pudor!* the distributors of them would never confer on him, the treasures of his own mind united with the opulence of public esteem to dignify his private station, and to gild even the plainness of that domestic style which economy might prescribe. It shews also that even the perishable luxuries of the world were not finally denied to him; since, by an unexpected contingency in his prebendal office, his latter years were brightened by the enjoyment not only of every comfort but of considerable wealth.

For this purpose of instruction, however, we need scarcely observe that the office and extent of a funeral Sermon will not suffice: but, as a primary offering to the manes of the deceased, it may well lead the way; and in the present case those who knew Dr. Parr, and are told that he selected Dr. Butler for this duty, and those who know the Archdeacon himself, will be satisfied of the propriety of the appointment, and anticipate that much has been effected. Yet we are persuaded that Dr. Butler must have felt the

the straightened limits of time and space within which he was confined; and which will extenuate any deficiencies of biographical matter, or of arrangement, that the reader may fancy he discovers in the discourse. A principal objection of this kind, which alone we shall attempt to specify, is that the preacher has *commenced* his delineation of character by stating those spots in the grand portrait of the deceased, which were allowed to prevent him from forming the "perfect monster which the world ne'er saw." The learned Archdeacon says, that he has done this to prove the impartiality of his testimony: but that impartiality would be equally manifested, if they were depicted after every principal feature had been duly brought forth on the canvass; and surely such failings as impatience in argument, and fondness of praise, should rather be shewn as the little imperfections which tend to console other men who must feel themselves so inferior in his company, than be pointed out (as it were) in the shape of objections which they must conquer before they venture into it. — We shall be understood, of course, as speaking metaphorically.

We regret that *our* pages and *our* moments are also brief; and we must hasten to afford our readers a few specimens of the power with which Dr. Butler has brought before "the mind's eye" those high qualities which it was a treat to contemplate in existence, and which must ever be dear to recollection.

' In politics his ardent love of freedom, his hatred of oppression, and his invincible spirit, joined to the most disinterested and incorruptible integrity, and the most resolute independence, even in the days of poverty and privation, made him always a prominent and conspicuous character. Caution he despised; it was not a part of his noble and fearless nature. What he thought greatly he uttered manfully; and such a mighty master of language, when speaking or writing on civil or religious liberty, carried away his hearers with the same resistless torrent of eloquence by which (he) himself was swept along. —

' As to his learning, it was the most profound, and, I may add, the most varied and extensive, of (that of) any man of his age. He has left a chasm in the literature of his country which none of us, who are here assembled to do honour to his memory, shall ever see filled up. He combined in himself a rare and happy union of qualities that are seldom compatible with each other; quick perception and sound judgement, retentive memory, and vivid imagination; to these he added unwearied assiduity and accurate research. As a classical scholar he was supreme: deeply versed in history, especially that of his own country; in metaphysics and moral philosophy not to be excelled; in theology he had read more extensively, and thought more deeply, than most of those who claim the highest literary fame in that department. He was admirably versed in the history and constitution of our own church, in the origin of its liturgy, which no man admired more than himself, and in the writings both of its founders and of those great luminaries who flourished in the seventeenth century. He was well acquainted also with the constitution of those sects and churches which

differ from our own. He was well read in controversy, though he loved not controversialists; for his benevolent and tolerating spirit was shocked by any thing like rancour among men who believe a gospel of love, and worship a God of love, and yet can let loose the malignant and vindictive passions, in their religious disputes, against each other.

‘ Thus pre-eminent himself in learning, he was, of all men whom I have ever known or read of, the most liberal in communicating it, and in sowing the seeds and fostering the growth of it, by his advice, by his interest, and very largely and frequently by his pecuniary assistance to all scholars who stood in need of it, and especially to his brethren in the church, and to young men of promising talents, whose means were inadequate to their support at the universities.’ —

‘ His piety, though unostentatious, was fervent and sincere. Though tolerant in the highest degree to the opinions of all whom he believed to be sincere, he had a thorough and pervading sense of religion in his own mind, a firm belief in the promises of the Gospel, and a confiding trust in the mercies of God. I never knew him mention that august name without the utmost reverence, and though, as I have already observed, his piety was most unostentatious, yet frequently when I have come upon him unexpectedly, and sometimes during the pauses of our more serious conversations (and I may add, that I rarely, perhaps never, passed a day with him, in which some religious topic did not form part of them,) I have seen him occupied in devout and private aspirations, with that fervour of manner, and animation of countenance, which, though the lips spoke not, sufficiently declared the holy and reverential feelings of his heart. But, above all things, his delight was to contemplate and discourse upon the Divine benevolence. This was the master-chord to which his own heart was responsive; he loved to be absorbed and lost, as it were, in the contemplation of that Divine goodness, which is as ceaseless in its operations as it is boundless in its extent. His own pure and benevolent spirit, indulgent to the frailties, and compassionate to the wants and infirmities, of his fellow-creatures, was refined and exalted by the contemplation of that inexhaustible Fountain of all goodness; and his hatred of all cruelty, oppression, and injustice was strengthened in proportion as he found them to be at war with the first principles of nature and religion, with the best feelings of the human heart, and the highest sensations of a God of mercy, and a Gospel of love.’

Difficult as is the task, we hope that some able and well informed writer will be employed in the biography of this truly eminent man. Whoever the person may be, he will have to lament, as the public have long lamented, that such vast powers, and such solid and multiplied acquirements, were not more frequently and more importantly occupied in literary achievements; and the regret is increased by the knowledge that no posthumous production is to be expected. Often as it has been to be wished, where the wish was vain, that an order to *destroy all papers* had been given when

when the writer or owner of them was about to quit this world, such a direction left by Dr. Parr was especially to be deprecated, and not the less because, as we believe, the only reason for it was that the Doctor's extremely bad penmanship rendered a correct perusal of them hopeless in effect, and terrifying in contemplation. What a pity that this evil was not remedied by a due selection and proper transcription of them under his own eye!

Art. 22. *A Discourse on the Evidence of a Divine Superintendence*, exhibited in the Works of Nature, and in the Affairs of the World. By the Rev. N. T. Heineken, Bradford. 8vo. 1s. Hunter. 1825.

Taking for his text the well-known passage, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," Mr. Heineken opposes the doctrine of atheism by reasoning on all the appearances and wonders of nature, and the moral government of the world; after which he advances a step farther, arguing still more decidedly for the existence of a supreme First Cause from the testimony of Revelation and the mission of Jesus Christ: thus adding to his former position the maintenance of the Christian religion. Metaphysical subtlety, or acute and comprehensive controversy, belong not to a composition of this nature: but the discourse is well written, and creditable alike to the author's reading and to his feelings, as a popular view of the important subject.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

'*A Friend*' seems to resemble one of the Hare's *many friends*: but, having had the advantage of reading that Fable, we shall not be found like poor Puss.

We have anticipated the suggestion of R. G. W., and hope that we have completely fulfilled his wish.

Y. writes on a subject on which we should be disposed to adopt the ideas thrown out by him respecting it: but circumstances which we cannot explain here will prevent us from so doing. Nothing is permanent or perpetual in this world; and, among the "changes which fill the cup of alteration," some of them will be allotted to us, and we must yield to them.

☞ The APPENDIX to this volume of the Review will be published on the 1st of June, with the Number for May.



THE  
A P P E N D I X  
TO THE  
HUNDRED AND SIXTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,  
E N L A R G E D.

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Voyage d'un jeune Français en Angleterre et en Écosse, &c. ; i. e. Travels of a young Frenchman in England and Scotland, during the Autumn of 1823, containing new Observations relative to the Beauty of the Country, the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants, their operative Industry, their Progress in the Arts, Sciences, and Literature, their Systems of Public Instruction, — every Thing, in short, that deserves the Attention of a Traveller. Embellished with a View of Dumbarton Castle.* By ADOLPHUS BLANQUI. 8vo. pp. 416. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. 9s. sewed.

IT is not our lot, on the present occasion, to introduce to the reader another M. Dupin, whose travels in our island are here mentioned as nearly the only work of the kind in France, and who is indeed an author of very different *calibre* from M. BLANQUI. The latter would, we conceive, have dealt more fairly with the public if he had said nothing about the *novelty* of his observations; for, although they are in general correct and unexceptionable, they are also sufficiently obvious, and cannot often be quoted on account of their originality. Neither do they by any means embrace all the objects which merit the attention of the traveller; while the climax of their pompous announcement, terminating in a *view of Dumbarton Castle*, savors not a little of the *bathetic*. When we thus feel constrained to comment on a title, it is seldom that we derive

much satisfaction from the pages to which it refers; and, moreover, from the pen of a youthful Frenchman, who undertakes to visit the abodes of John Bull, and pushes his excursions into *the land of cakes*, we might naturally be led to anticipate a liberal allowance of flippancy and mis-statement, of prejudice and prepossession. To aver, however, that the present tourist had realized such forebodings would be to commit an act of injustice against his cultivated mind, and his respectable literary acquirements; for he certainly shews himself capable of rising superior to those effusions of levity, and of national vanity, which too often characterize the inditings of his countrymen; and, whatever may be the real number of his years, the tone of his sentiments is seldom unsuitable to maturity of age and understanding. His descriptions, indeed, are far from minute, and his reasonings are rarely profound or deduced with much labor of research, his principal object being to sketch prominent outlines, and to suggest useful and practical hints: yet, with a strong and justifiable bias to the country which gave him birth, he is by no means blind to the defects of its institutions, and to the solid benefits which it should not disdain to import from this side of the Channel. On the other hand, his admiration of our liberty, usages, and laws, is not so indiscriminate as to preclude the strictures of his impartial criticism. In some cases, perhaps, he passes too lightly over topics which claim a greater share of attention, or omits to mention others which the line of his track might have pointed out to his notice: but few young foreigners, traversing our island in the course of a single autumn, could have exhibited a less faulty journal, or, on the whole, more fairness and temperance of remark.

Landing at Southampton, M. BLANQUI prosecuted his route by Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Preston, Lancaster, Carlisle, Dumfries, Moffat, Lanark, Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Loch Lomond, returning by Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, London, and Brighton; and thus leaving untouched nearly the whole of the Highlands of Scotland, and North and South Wales. He glides rapidly, or even in silence, over the intervals of his several stages: but London, Bath, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, furnish more ample scope for his meditations. As we cannot accompany his progress step by step, we shall select a few samples of his manner, and of the sort of entertainment which he has prepared for his readers; interspersing our extracts with occasional annotation.

No sooner has the author entered an inn at Southampton, than he thus exposes the demands on his purse: 'Every act  
of

of civility here costs about a shilling, and sometimes much more. Three shillings to the water-man who brought us from the packet-boat to the shore, a shilling for carrying our luggage to the custom-house at the distance of twelve paces, another for carrying it from the custom-house to our inn, another shilling to the maid who takes it from the hall to our room, — this movement, in short, of fifty paces costs us as much as the journey from Paris to Chartres. Indeed, these English *operatives* are worse than the Italian beggars.' — While we reprobate such rapacity, we may be permitted to doubt whether it is less notoriously exercised at the sea-ports on the other side of the water; although, from the greater scarcity of money on the Continent, the items of extortion may be apparently more moderate, if they have no reference to a *Milord Anglais*, whose wealth is supposed to be inexhaustible. It must be acknowledged, however, that the heavy tribute levied by the attendants at inns, and by coachmen and postillions, constitutes, in this country, a serious addition to the expence of travelling by land.

From the author's description of the usual bill of fare in an English tavern, we might infer that half raw beef-steaks, copiously seasoned with pepper and spices, and garnished with shreds of horse-radish, formed an invariable dish. These sanguinary morsels even seem to have haunted his imagination from his very outset, for the mere sight of their preparation in the packet threw his sensitive frame into convulsions; and he does not bid adieu to them until he reaches the borders. — When speaking on the important chapter of the *Munitions de Bouche*, we may as well advert to a dinner to which he has more than once alluded, and which he thus commemorates :

'The city is always gay, as if decked out for a holiday; and an Englishman, to whom I expressed my astonishment, replied, "In fact, Sir, every day is holiday in Bath." — Alas! it shone no holiday on us in the *Elephant and Castle* inn, in other respects so commendable. Seated round a table on which were served up potatoes and bloody beef, we were solacing ourselves, in our absence from our native country, by talking of its glory and its delights, when the waiter made his appearance, bearing in his hands a novel species of dessert; namely, an enormous girkin, flanked with four or five raw onions, on a layer of cresses, plum-cakes, (*gâteaux de FLOMB*,) too worthy of their appellation, and cheese, whose population was said to be indigenous to Chester. At sight of these preparations of poison, we quitted the table, and ran to the house of Dr. Gibbes, in Queen-Square.'

We can readily conceive that plain roast-beef or beef-steaks and potatoes might not be particularly acceptable to

French palates, and that the dessert which has been so minutely specified might excite a smile of contempt in Languedoc or Provence: but no knowing traveller requires to be informed that, in every English inn, it is expected that the guest should order for dinner what the house and their purses can afford, and that at Bath the luxuries and delicacies of the table may be enjoyed by those who chuse to pay for them.

M. BLANQUI and his fellow-traveller, or travellers, (for he always speaks in the plural number,) embarked, under a malignant star, at Bristol, on board a steam-vessel which was to make her first trip to Dublin. Having cleared the Severn, it was proceeding majestically along, when the violence of the west wind, and of the surges which beat on the paddles, sensibly increased.

‘ Nobody seemed anxious or discomposed, but all were rather pleased to find themselves thus dragged along, against the wind, by a superior power, of an entirely new creation. We contemplate, indeed, as a striking object the deliberate and regulated progress of a steam-vessel, like an organized being in the midst of the waves, which flow back to the spot whence it took its departure. Every one formed to himself, on this occasion, such reflections as circumstances suggested; some expressing perfect confidence, and others affecting it in order to conceal their growing uneasiness. At times, however, the *Hibernia* was struck on the quarter by heavy waves, which greatly strained the wheels, and retarded its speed. Night came on; and the passengers had retired into their berths. With regard to myself, tired of admiring the sea, and of suffering from the indisposition which it occasions, I had gone to bed, and been asleep for some hours; when suddenly a violent shock, accompanied by a dreadful noise, precipitated me on the floor. As I was apprehensive, at first, that we had struck on shoals, and that the vessel would quickly leak in all directions, an instinctive motion hurried me to the ladder which communicates with the deck. The companion was obstructed by passengers, who pressed on one another with all those demonstrations of alarm which exaggerated the danger in our eyes. Most of the women were in their shifts, or wrapped in a pelisse, or half dressed; and the men, according as fear had drawn them more or less rapidly from their berths, ran up in a light attire, some allowing to escape ill-suppressed tears, or mutually exchanging looks of deep dismay. The sailors could scarcely stir about in the crowd; and, in spite of their coolness, which the general stupor rendered ominous, doubts existed as to interrupting them. The captain, a man of courage and talent, had from the first comprehended the nature of the accident, and immediately provided for the safety of his vessel by opening the valve, letting off the steam, and setting the sails. With a thundering voice, he issued his orders to his crew, who seemed to be furnished with wings to obey him. On this occasion it was, that I heard for the first time in England the famous



famous *Goddam*, which *Beaumarchais* so wittily styled the basis of the language: assuredly, there is nothing pleasing in this imprecation, of which we erroneously believe the English to be so prodigal; and, if it be always pronounced with our captain's animated accent, I should doubt of its ever inspiring cheerfulness. On hearing it, the sailors became pale with fear, and the required operation was performed in the twinkling of an eye.

'The accident was very simple. The axle of one of the wheels of the steam-boat had abruptly yielded to the shock of the waves, breaking like a glass-tube, notwithstanding the extraordinary thickness of its diameter (five inches). This enormous fracture had alone caused the noise of the commotion, while the opposite wheel, remaining untouched, continued to move with great velocity, and kept us turning round and round, like a boat with oars on only one side. The surge, instead of breaking over the bows, furiously assailed the *Hibernia's* sides, and seemed ready to swallow her up. This moment of agony, increased by the alarm of the recent commotion, and the apprehension of the explosion of the machinery, had converted all the details of the adventure into a scene of distress, from which we had scarcely recovered on entering Swansea Bay, our chosen asylum.

'In proportion as the sea became less boisterous, and the danger more remote, the passengers began to describe to one another the state of their feelings, some of which were manifested in a very original manner. Several young *fashionables*, whom we had seen haranguing conceitedly before the storm, had been the first to desert their berths, and to spread alarm throughout the vessel, without knowing whether the danger was really serious. Their pale and altered countenances singularly contrasted with the calm and silent resignation of the women. The domestics of an Irish nobleman, who, till then, had shewn the insolent ease of people of their condition, frightened all at once, fled towards the stern, or, muffled up in their great coats, skulked behind the mizen-mast, to escape from the explosion; as ostriches conceive that they may elude the hunter by concealing their head behind the trunk of a tree. Some of them ran to the boat; and, if in the moments of panic our eyes could see without a cloud, these fellows would have amused the most timid by the grotesque spectacle of their unworthy pusillanimity.'

In one or two passages, and particularly when meditating on the environs of Birmingham, the author gives rather too free a vent to his national feelings. 'In the solemnity and obscurity of the night,' says he, 'the fires, which radiate from all directions in the plain, affect the French traveller with a profound impression at the sight of those regions where the people lately forged thunder-bolts against his native country; he curses the vicissitudes of fortune, which has caused a great empire to sink under a few millions of islanders; and, carried back in his ruminations to the land of his birth, if he reflects

on more dreadful fires, tears succeed to admiration, and the imperious workings of revenge to the sadness of his recollections.' — We fear that his reflections on the inhumanity of certain classes of our countrymen are not destitute of foundation; and they might derive confirmation by a reference to bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other cruel and savage sports. As a Frenchman, he may also be allowed to lift his triumphant voice against the brutal and degrading punishment of flogging in the navy and army.

On the partiality of the inhabitants of Penrith for sweet-smelling plants, we have the following effusion: 'Why have they not the fine climate of Nice and of Genoa? but Providence, doubtless, never intended that the sky of a free country should be always pure, since it has given fogs to Scotland, and the yellow fever to America. By a compensation which may possibly be regarded as cruel, it has produced monks under the smiling shades of Valentia and Andalusia; and it has permitted the land of Virgil and of Horace to be polluted by Austrians, and the tomb of Leonidas by Turks. God could not avoid bestowing some consolations on the Spaniards and Italians, since he has always denied them the courage to be free.' — All this may sound smart and witty in the ears of certain Frenchmen: but we cannot say that it is in good taste or keeping; for every climate has its advantages and disadvantages, and it is by counteracting the beneficent designs of Providence that nations are enslaved. Besides, we must protest against all levity and irreverence when we presume to speculate on "the ways of God to man."

Mr. Cleland's statistical tables of Glasgow are here duly noticed and appreciated; and, among other interesting remarks which they furnish, the following, by the late Dr. Robert Watt, is particularly worthy of attention:

'During thirty years, commencing from 1783, that physician kept a register of children who died of small-pox, and of those who sunk under measles; whence it results that, during the seven years which preceded the introduction of vaccination, not fewer than two thousand one hundred and four children were carried off by the former of those diseases, and only two hundred and seventeen by the latter; whereas, in the period of seven years which succeeded the introduction of vaccination, only seven hundred and ninety-five died of small-pox, and eleven hundred and ninety-eight of measles. It was deemed reasonable to conclude that the intensity of one of these affections had increased in the inverse ratio of the other: but this consequence, admissible, perhaps, in Glasgow, from circumstances connected with the climate or the inhabitants, has not been confirmed by experience in the

rest of Europe, and can furnish no argument to the opponents of vaccination.'

We may be permitted to add that measles seem to have cycles, or at least periods of comparative severity and mildness; so that a more extended range of observation would be required before we can arrive at a legitimate conclusion, even in the same district. In the present instance, too, some allowance ought to be made for a considerable increase of population within the term of years specified.

The castle of Dumbarton, a marked object to travellers, has been often described: but M. BLANQUI connects it in his fancy with the contemplated confinement of Napoleon within its walls; and he unceremoniously imputes the death of the fallen Emperor to the premeditated design of the English government, garnishing this grave accusation with the ghosts and heroes of the Ossianic poetry. In a more comfortable castle in the neighbourhood, when the fair and accomplished nymphs of the mansion played Highland airs and danced the Highland *fling* for his amusement, he ungallantly retired to a window, contemplated the beauties of a moonlight scene, and indulged in solitary rhapsodies. — With every disposition to delineate the charms of Scottish landscape to advantage, he is not insensible to those shades of gloom and wretchedness with which they are too often blended. He is evidently much dissatisfied also with the internal distribution and management of the public hospitals, both in Edinburgh and Glasgow; leading us to infer that those of his own country are now arranged and conducted in a superior style: but either he is fastidious on this important topic, or the reports of some former tourists are erroneous. — For his view of the Highlands of Scotland, he owns his obligations to Pennant, Johnson, Gilpin, &c.; interspersing his statements, however, with several judicious and liberal reflections.

York elicits short descriptions of its Minster and Musical Festival. The *Retreat*, near that city, a Quaker-establishment for the reception of lunatics, also obtains much merited commendation; and we are happy to learn that a similar philanthropic institution, modelled on the same humane and excellent principles, now exists at Vanvres, near Paris. — Our internal communications by turnpike-roads, railways, and canals, the country-seats of our nobility and gentry, and the sources and activity of agriculture and trade, are advantageously contrasted with those of France.

M. BLANQUI surveys the city of London, Westminster, Southwark, &c. with a rapid but discerning glance; pointing out some of the leading objects with sagacity and candour;

and applauding the general attention that is paid to cleanliness and comfort, and the comparatively limited system of police by which the peace of such a great community is maintained : at the same time that he is not blind to the prevalence of fraud and crime, and especially of forgery. — The uninteresting aspect of the Tower, the insignificant nature of its *curiosities*, and the incessant demands on the finances of its visitors, draw forth a little splenetic though scarcely unreasonable criticism ; and here the spoils of the *Invincible Armada* are not overlooked.

‘ They consist of a heap of lances, pikes, spears, and battle-axes, in very good preservation ; while the instruments of torture have been placed by themselves for the edification of the English. Nothing is more interesting than these varied specimens of the industry of the inquisitors : there is particularly a machine for the dislocation of heretical joints, which struck me as a master-piece. I admired some manacles, ornamented with a screw for squeezing the thumbs, and worthy of the meditations of the *gendarmerie* ; for we have as yet nothing so ingenious in France, notwithstanding the rapid progress of mechanics. We may, however, be permitted to hope that our new relations with Spain will furnish us with more than one opportunity of studying these salutary inventions on their native soil.’

This lively volume, penned in an animated and somewhat sententious style, occasionally dashed with a tincture of causticity, yet betraying an honest struggle to maintain impartiality and to advocate the interests of society, is more calculated to impart information to the continental than to the British reader, although both may derive some wholesome lessons from its perusal. — We must not conclude our notice of it without marking a few instances of haste or inadvertence. — To assert that bread is *almost unknown* at an English breakfast is to speak in total defiance of daily and universal observation, and is to make no account of rolls, and toast, and muffins. — As the author halted at Northwich, he might at least have mentioned the salt-mines, which form such a remarkable geological phenomenon, and which he might have visited with perfect ease and safety. — The Scottish clergy, we have every reason to believe, are a very useful and respectable body of men : but we are not aware that they are particularly devoted to the study of the mathematical sciences. — We have been informed that the Presbyterian orator, whose history M. BLANQUI sketches with the “ pen of a ready writer,” is perfectly innocent of having excited any disturbance in Edinburgh by the agitation of polemical questions, and equally free from the charge of having *founded* any institution at Kirk-caldy,

caddy, although he was appointed to preside over a subscription-school at that place, where the energies of his discipline will not soon be forgotten. — The assertion that *jasmin* produces only leaves in Scotland must, we should think, originate in some mistake. — With regard to the *Hunterian Museum* at Glasgow, it was bequeathed to the University by Dr. *William Hunter*, the physician, not by his brother, *John*, the surgeon; and, so far from being *rich* in ornithology, it is still, notwithstanding some recent additions, singularly defective in that department of natural history. Besides, we have always understood that the library belonging to it did not chiefly consist of mathematical and physical works, but of rare and costly editions of the classics, of a considerable number of manuscripts, and of a great variety of volumes connected with the history and profession of medicine. — The remains of *Smollett* were, it is well known, interred at *Leghorn*, and not on the banks of the *Leven*. — That basaltic rocks prevail from *Ben-Lomond* to the top of the *Grampians*, that the summit of the former eminence is the most elevated point in Scotland, that the *Castle of Edinburgh* resembles a graceful and brilliant pyramid, and that the city of *London* is bounded on the *east* by *Temple-bar* and on the *west* by the *Tower*, are all assertions equally incorrect. — We entertain serious doubts, moreover, whether there really exists in *Edinburgh* a single church, in which people of different sects meet at the same hour to celebrate their respective modes of social worship.

It is time to close these minute remarks, and to say to this youthful tourist, at parting, "*Nova macte virtute, puer!*"

ART. II. *Traité Élémentaire de Minéralogie, &c.*; i. e. An Elementary Treatise of Mineralogy. By F. S. BEUDANT, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor, Sub-Director of the King's private Cabinet of Mineralogy, Professor of Mineralogy to the Faculty of Sciences of the Academy of Paris, Member of the Philomathic Society of Paris, of the Geological Society of London, of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, of the Helvetic Society, of the Casarean-Leopoldine-Carolinean Society for Natural Investigation, of the National Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia, &c. 8vo. pp. 862. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. 18s. sewed.

INDEPENDENTLY of the *legion of honors* which we have just recited, M. BEUDANT has justly acquired the reputation of eminent talents and ingenuity by his various scientific communications, and by the interesting account of his Travels in

in Hungary. Superficial reasoners may, indeed, allege that he might have employed his time to more advantage than in adding to the already numerous list of introductions to mineralogy: but the discerning student cannot fail to perceive that even the most respectable of these *systems*, as they have been called, are more or less defective, inasmuch as they fall short of philosophical precision in assigning the criteria of divisions and distinctions. Impressed with a conviction of the inadequacy of former attempts to exhibit a view of the unorganized department of nature on stable and accurate principles, and solicitous to impart a more scientific form to the subject of his professional pursuits, the present author conceived the design of embodying the series of facts which it unfolds, tracing their connections and dependencies, and regulating their arrangement by the most recent lights which physics and chemistry have supplied.

In pursuance of these ideas, he has divided his work into four distinct parts, or books. The first comprizes a summary of the knowledge and observations which constitute the basis of the science; such as views of the forms and structures of mineral substances, the doctrine of crystallization, of double refraction, and other optical properties; as also the relative import of certain physical phenomena, and of the aids furnished by chemistry, chiefly with a reference to the atomic theory. The second consists of a methodical arrangement of the mineral kingdom into classes, families, genera, and species, grounded on the chemical principles previously explained; and followed by some useful directions of a more empirical nature for the recognition of various specimens, or narrowing, at least, the boundaries of their analytical investigation, by inspection of the external characters. The third relates to the native or geological position of the simple minerals; and the fourth is occupied with general notices of their subserviency to the arts and accommodations of life.

Having stated, in a few preliminary observations, the principal points of difference between the organic and the inorganic productions of nature, the author proceeds in his first chapter to review, in a general manner, the external forms of mineral bodies. In this part of the subject, little novelty was to be expected: but the luminous style in which he treats and arranges his materials is as conspicuous as in the rest of the treatise, and is obviously his own. The following paragraph, among others which might be quoted, is the result of personal observation:

‘ We are often inclined to consider the *rounded, ovoid, tuberculous, knobbed*, and other forms, as produced by causes purely external.

external. They are found in certain substances which occur in small heaps, or nodules, in the midst of strata of a different nature. Such is evidently the origin of certain nodules which are formed in loose matters by means of the fluids, impregnated with lapidescent substances which filtrate through them, and agglutinate their grains to a particular distance around the point to which they have penetrated: a circumstance similar to that which takes place when we drop some gummed water on fine sand. It is more difficult to admit a similar formation in the case of nodules, of which the matter is quite different from such as constitutes the bed in the middle of which they occur; for example, in that of nodules of *silex* or *gun-flint*, in calcareous deposits, which has given rise to many hypotheses. It has been supposed, for instance, that an infiltration of mineral matter may have filled up the cavities left by soft-bodied animals: but it may be objected that similar nodules exist in soils in which no animal-remains are to be found; and that such nodules, from what we know of soft-bodied animals, could never be of any considerable bulk: whereas, in various circumstances, nature presents them to us of very large dimensions, the formation of which it behoves the hypothesis to explain. For my own part, from the manner in which these nodules occur in nature, and from the way in which they often gradually blend with the rock that contains them, I am convinced that they were formed contemporaneously with the mass in which they exist, and not by subsequent infiltrations. I conceive that the deposit which made the bed was imbibed, as it were, with the matter of the nodules; and that, at the moment of general consolidation, an election of parts in different points took place, and the particles of the extraneous matter united in virtue of the molecular attraction: but, constrained by the consistency of the encompassing deposit, which pressed it on every side, the resulting mass, instead of assuming a regular figure, would necessarily exhibit the shapes of balls, knotty heaps, or tubercles, as we actually see them. Several observations suggest the idea that those matters were incapable of crystallizing, from the circumstance of their having been in a gelatinous state: in fact, I have frequently observed siliceous nodules (opal) which were still soft in their native bed, and which became consolidated in collections, warping, like any substance, in drying. We may remark that alumine or silica in a gelatinous form, as prepared in the laboratory, produces, in drying, translucent matters, of a certain degree of hardness, and which greatly resemble particular varieties of opal.

It is not without diffidence that we would dissent from any of the positions of such an acute and intelligent observer as M. BEUDANT; yet we must hesitate to adopt an opinion which he participates with some eminent geologists, namely, that the prismatic configurations of basalt are induced by shrinking, and not by the chemical process of crystallization on a rude and extended scale: but their deviations from the strict precision of geometrical figures scarcely interrupt their  
*general*

*general aspect of regularity*;—a regularity which men of science, conversant in the appearances of nature, have not hesitated to ascribe to crystallization, properly so called. Nay, more, they have applied the name of *basalt*, or *basaltic crystals*, to mineral substances of which the forms are usually prismatical. Thus, *Linné, Cronstedt, Wallerius, Kirwan, &c.*, include under the term *basalt* all the varieties of schorl, cross-stone, tourmalin, &c., which nobody discards from the list of crystals, though few of them occur with outlines so neat and determinate as those of basaltic columns. *Romé de Lisle* himself, yielding to the force of evidence, had comprized the latter in his *Essay on Crystallography*: but, perceiving that their anomalies occasionally infringed on the mathematical accuracy of his system, he had recourse to a sort of intermediate aggregation, distinct on the one hand from confused mixture, and on the other from chemical crystallization; so that, according to his theory, the prismatic forms of basalt, their plane faces, and sharp angles, prolonged at times without apparent defect to the height of fifty feet, are merely the result of mechanical retreat, or shrinking. *Dolomieu*, who had examined much, and with great critical sagacity, remarks on lavas, among which he includes basalts, that they affect regular forms too frequently to allow us to ascribe the latter to accident and not to the laws of crystallization; an opinion which he justifies by a great variety of facts. The testimony of the late Dr. Clarke to the same effect is not less weighty and explicit. If the want of constancy in the number of the faces is still to be urged against the legitimate crystallization of basaltic prisms, then let it not be overlooked that the same reasoning will apply to certain varieties of schorl and tourmalin, to the emerald, and even to most substances which crystallize in straight prisms, of a length considerably exceeding their diameter.

To the phænomena of mineral crystallization, in general, the author has obviously devoted much of his attention; and the results of his inquiries have prompted him to suggest or to embrace some important modifications of the principles laid down by his predecessors. Thus, the constancy of the angles propounded by *Romé de Lisle* has been found not to prevail without restriction, having a reference to temperature and to identity of composition, as will appear from the ensuing remarks:

*Variations occasioned by Temperature.*—*M. Mitscherlich* has just communicated to me his important observation on the variations which certain crystals undergo in their angles at different temperatures, and which I have already verified in many substances.



stances. These variations take place in all the forms that are not referable to some one of the regular geometrical polyhedrons; and in such a manner that they can be attributed only to an inequality of dilatation in the direction of the diagonals of the different species. They amount to from  $10'$  to  $12''$  between  $0^\circ$  and  $80^\circ$ , and exceed  $20'$ , at the temperature of boiling oil; they are more or less perceptible according to the kind of body, and so as to induce the inference that the crystal tends to approximate the nearest regular solid: in the rhomboëdron obtained from the cleavage of carbonate of lime, for example, the obtuse triedral angle is diminished, and the solid thus tends to approximate the cube. Hence it seems to follow that those crystalline forms, which are not regular geometrical polyhedrons, are forced assemblages of particles that may, in some measure, be compared to the forced arrangement of the particles of glass in Prince Rupert's drops.

*Variations occasioned by Diversity of Composition.*—In all crystals of the same form of which the composition is identical, the angles are precisely of the same amount: but when some accidental principles occur, I have recognized a more or less sensible and constant difference. For example, in the purest carbonate of lime from Iceland, the obtuse triedral angle of the faces is  $105^\circ 5'$ : but, in different specimens which contain a greater or less quantity of carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, or carbonate of manganese, we find a very marked variation; since the angle progressively augments by the addition of either of the two first-named carbonates, and is diminished by an addition of the third. The angle observable in these cases of mixture seems generally to be the mean between the angles appropriate to each substance, and proportional to the quantity of either. Thus, when there are ten particles of carbonate of lime, with a single particle of carbonate of magnesia, the angle is found to be the eleventh part of the sum formed by ten angles of  $106^\circ 5'$ , and one angle of  $107^\circ 25'$  (the angle of the carbonate of magnesia), that is to say,  $105^\circ 17' 47''$ . When there are five particles of carbonate of lime, and a single particle of carbonate of iron, the angle of the crystal is the sixth part of the sum formed by five angles of  $105^\circ 5'$  and an angle of  $107^\circ$ , the angle of the carbonate of iron, that is to say,  $105^\circ 24' 10''$ . I have in fact observed these angles for these compositions, as well as many others for different compositions; and M. Mitscherlich has made observations perfectly analogous. To quote an example already known to mineralogists, I shall take the double carbonate of lime and magnesia. The chemical examination of that substance shews that it is composed of a particle of carbonate of lime with a particle of carbonate of magnesia; the angle, therefore, should be the mean between an angle of  $105^\circ 5'$  and one of  $107^\circ 25'$ ; that is to say,  $106^\circ 15'$ , as Dr. Wollaston has long since ascertained it to be by positive measurement. From that measurement, I deduced at once the angle of the carbonate of magnesia, that of the carbonate of lime being known; and M. Mitscherlich, who found that substance crystallized, embraced the opportunity of verifying the result.

‘ These

‘ These examples, which I might multiply, suffice to demonstrate what I advanced, that the angles are constant only when the temperatures are equal in all points of the mass, and when the compositions are identical. They may also serve to convince us, that the accurate observation of the angles of crystals may prove of great importance in distinguishing minerals, since it leads us even to recognize the difference of composition.’

According to the author's arrangement, all the crystalline forms are ultimately reducible to seven groupes, or primary types, viz. 1. The *Tetraëdron*; 2. The acute or obtuse *Rhomboëdron*; 3. The straight *Prism*, with *square Bases*; 4. The straight *rectangular Prism*; 5. The straight *Prism*, with *Bases of oblique-angled Parallelopipedons*; 6. The *oblique Prism*, with *rectangular Bases*; and, 7. The *oblique Prism*, with an *oblique-angled Parallelopipedon for Base*. The systematical expression of the various modifications of form, as traceable to their respective types, is always illustrated by figures.

In order to ascertain, if possible, the causes which determine one sort of mineral substances to assume a particular crystalline form, and particular modifications of that form, to the exclusion of others, M. BEUDANT not only watched the proceedings of nature, but instituted numerous experiments relative to the crystallization of salts in the laboratory; and he was thus enabled to detect at least three influential elements in the solution of questions apparently very mysterious. First, the presence of particles of extraneous matters, in the liquid in which a salt crystallizes, seems eminently to contribute to the simplicity and regularity of the form; and the same marked disposition may be observed in natural crystals, as in those of axinite, felspar, &c., when micaceous particles are included in their substance, and which are more simple than purer specimens in their immediate neighbourhood. — Secondly, the nature of the liquid in which crystallization takes place is found to affect the forms in various ways, sometimes changing them entirely, or modifying them by additional facets. Thus, common salt, when allowed to crystallize in pure water, almost always affects the regular cube: but, when crystallized in a solution of boric acid, the angles of the cube are truncated, and the figure may be regarded as passing to the octaëdron. Alum, in pure water, assumes the complete octaëdron: but in the hydrochloric acid the icosædron; and many are the instances of changes produced by the addition or subtraction of a few drops of an acid solution. As a presumptive proof that analogous principles have, at one period or another, operated in nature, it is observed that, under identity of geological position, the crystals

tals of the same substance are of identical forms, and *vice versa*. The arragonite of iron mines, for example, appears in very acute pyramids; whereas that which occurs in the gypseous clay of saliferous deposits always exhibits prismatic crystals, and grouped in the form of hexagonal prisms. — Thirdly, the substances, with which a salt may happen to combine at the moment of crystallizing, likewise occasion very remarkable modifications, sometimes reducing the crystals to their most simple forms, and sometimes multiplying the number of their faces; and these modifications, again, vary even in the same salt, according to the nature of the body with which it is combined. — The preceding curious and interesting facts are susceptible of more extensive illustration than our limits will admit; and their discovery promises to form an epoch in the history of mineralogy. — We must likewise be excused from following the author through all his excellent observations on the obliterated and accidental forms of crystals, their fibrous structure, &c.

In the chapter which treats of the optical properties of minerals, the doctrine of double refraction is more circumstantially explained than we recollect to have found it in any of the systematical introductions, and so as to account for the discordant assertions of more superficial observers. The polarization of light, however, should have been more particularly elucidated; and, among the peculiar odors of certain species, that which is termed the *argillaceous by insufflation* should not have been omitted. — In the account of the blow-pipe, too, Newman's powerful instrument was deserving of especial notice.

With regard to the classification set forth in the second book, its arrangements are deduced from the physical, chemical, and crystallographic properties of mineral substances, and principally from the atomic proportions of their composition. A few years ago, *Berzelius* produced the germ of a similar system: but M. BEUDANT has given it more extension, and has frequently introduced other formulæ than those which were adopted by the Swedish Professor. The scheme is doubtless still immature, but, when completely developed, may be regarded as a very ingenious and philosophical mode of distribution: at the same time, the delicate chemical processes which it pre-supposes, and its incessant reference to the language of geometry, must render it of little utility as a guide to the un instructed tyro. Some substances, too, (tourmalin, mica, &c.) seem to be so refractory to its requisitions, that the author is at a loss to pronounce whether they are species or groupes of species; while others, quite undetermined, are pro-

provisionally consigned to appendixes. The latitude of range, moreover, which it allows to varieties, may well startle the rigid Wernerian, or the close stickler for external characters.

Although the third book offers little that can be deemed original, it forms a clear and valuable abstract of the native positions of the more-simple mineral substances. This portion of his materials the author has judiciously selected from the best sources, acknowledging his particular obligations to *Humboldt's Essai Géognostique*, and *Leonhard's Handbuch der Oryktognosie*. — The enumeration of local deposits of *lignite* is more extended than we might have anticipated: but we prefer to extract the account of the repositories of the diamond, as they only begin to be distinctly known in Europe.

\* *Diamonds* have not yet been found except in transported soils, the age of which has not been very accurately determined, but which appears to be rather modern, and nearly of the same nature in all the localities. They are generally deposits formed of fragments and of quartz rolled pebbles, bound together by an argillo-ferruginous sandy matter, more or less abundant. These deposits are, in Brazil, called *Cascalho*, and they there accidentally contain specular iron, magnetic oxyd of iron, the metalloïd red oxyd, fragments of flinty slate, compact and alaty granitoid green-stone, different varieties of colored quartz, &c.; besides, occasionally, petrified wood. They extend over very large tracts of ground, and are every where completely uncovered; a circumstance which renders their relative age problematical. It is alleged that in India solid beds are found above earthy matters, which contain diamonds: but we are ignorant of their nature; and we have no proof that they are not the same consolidated deposit. It is without a shadow of reason that some have supposed, particularly with reference to India, that these diamantiferous deposits are the fragments of trappean soils; a vague expression, which most frequently indicates rocks of igneous origin. We may with more probability suppose them to be the wrecks of primitive, or at most of intermediary mountains, as we shall see in the sequel, when speaking of gold. These deposits rest on granitic, amphibolic, or schistose rocks, and sometimes on those of lime-stone, which appear to be not very antient. (Santorita, Capitaneria of Saint Paul.)

\* The diamonds always occur in a very small quantity in these deposits, disseminated here and there, and in general very widely separated from one another; they are likewise almost always enveloped in an earthy crust, which adheres to them with more or less tenacity, and prevents them from being recognized until they are washed. It has been remarked in Brazil that the diamond is, for the most part, found in the bottom and on the confines of the large valleys, rather than on the ridges of the hills, and at a very little depth beneath the surface of the soil: the richest spots are those in which oxyd of iron, especially in smooth grains, most abunda.

\* Hitherto

' Hitherto the diamond has been discovered only in a small number of places on the surface of the globe, and with reference to it India is the country most antiently known, although we have few indications of the genuine localities in which the searchings are carried on. Such repositories exist principally in the provinces of Visapour, of Hydrabad (Golconda), Orissa, Allahabad, which form part of the Deckan, and in Bengal. Among the districts particularly quoted are those of Raolkund, at five days' journey from Golconda, Outare, Carore, in the northern region of Visapour, Gandjicota, in the valley of Pennar, on the frontiers of the Mysore, Sumbelpour, on the borders of the river Mahameddy, Parma, in Allahabad, &c. &c. Diamonds are also found in the island of Borneo, where the principal mines are at Ambanwang, and at Landak.

' This precious substance was found in Brazil towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the province of Minas Geraës, where several workings still exist, in a territory extending sixteen leagues from north to south, and eight leagues from east to west, around the city of Tejuco. The most considerable is that of Mandanga, on the Jigitonhona, in the district of Serro do Frio, ten or twelve leagues to the north of Tejuco: but there are several others, such as those of Saint-Gonzales, Montero, Rio-Pardo, Carolina, and Canjeca. The Serro San Antonio, the territory of Rio-Plata, and that of Abajte, are also very rich in diamonds: but they are no where worked, unless by some clandestine dealers.'

Book iv. requires from us no special commentary, being only a general and well condensed account of the employment of mineral substances in ministering to the wants, the comforts, and the embellishments of life. The remarks on the composition of mortars and cements, however, deserve the attention of architects and engineers; and much varied information, judiciously culled from *Brard's Minéralogie appliquée aux Arts*, *Villefosse's Richesse Minérale*, &c., will amply reward the reader for the trouble of perusal.

The volume is printed with a clear and accurate type, is illustrated by the requisite tables and figures, and is penned in a perspicuous and even elegant style.

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ART. III. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1688 en Angleterre, &c.; i. e. A History of the Revolution of 1688 in England.* By F. A. J. MAZURE, Inspector-General of Studies. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1825. Imported by Treuttel and Co. 1l. 11s. 6d.

WE can very well imagine that these volumes will have an extensive circulation in France: but, as the materials for them have all been found in English publications, generally known and of easy access in this country, it can hardly

APP. REV. VOL. CVI. H h be

be expected that they will invite a numerous class of readers on this side of the Channel. M. MAZURE explains in the preface his immediate inducement for undertaking the work; whence we learn that, under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, and under the present restored Monarchy, certain comparisons have been made between the Revolutions of England and France, in order to draw the fatal inference that the two restorations will lead to a similar result.

'Incapable,' says he, 'of catching and appreciating the most marked differences, unreflecting people see only the general resemblances of facts. It would not be difficult to shew, in the restoration of the Stuarts, a long and grievous system of deception: but, in dwelling on this fact, unhappily not to be disputed, they would lead us, by a false and mischievous analogy, to doubt whether Providence may not have condemned us to witness a similar catastrophe, that is to say, another Revolution of 1688. They have omitted to point out the essential difference which marks the two Revolutions and the two Restorations. To speak only of the latter, when Charles II. recovered the blood-stained throne of his father, he left all those questions of right undecided for which the Parliament had taken arms against Charles I. This was not only a fault, but an irreparable error, for the parliaments of England had rights as antient and inviolable as those of the crown. Accordingly, the leading cause of the Revolution always remained in action, and was only renounced by the "Bill of Rights" imposed on William III., who dethroned James II. Has this been the case in France? Has the direct cause of a new revolution been suffered, as in England, to remain and taint the restoration? By no means. The King, brother to Louis XVI. and much older than the son of Charles I., began his restoration at the very point at which England finished hers. The declaration of Saint-Ouen and the Charter are to us another Bill of Rights; and, simultaneous with the restoration itself, these two acts of the legitimate legislator have confirmed it, by a happy alliance of the rights of sovereignty with the wishes, the liberties, and the necessities of the age. Would the French Charter have survived the battle of Waterloo, had it been a miserable fraud like the Declaration of Breda? I trust that our Princes and that France will pardon so odious a comparison, but I could find no other language to refute such sad and dangerous calumnies. A revolution, therefore, on our part, like that of 1688, would be not only a crime, but an useless and a wanton crime, which could find no excuse in the common plea of faction, — liberty or necessity. This capital fact alone destroys all analogy between the two restorations, independently of the great difference of times and circumstances, of manners, laws, religion, and more especially of the Princes themselves. It was a desire to demonstrate these truths by the force of facts alone that made me undertake the present History.'

The

The author begins his narrative by a retrospect of English affairs from the year 1660, and a glance at the state of government under the Tudors : but, before he commences the task, he blows a blast from the trumpet of loyalty, and with distended cheeks sends forth this glorious flourish to the listening and delighted ears of his countrymen :

‘ The death of the patriarch of kings, of the legislator king, of that king who, in ten years, like Charles V., has raised our beautiful country from its mournful ruins ; the accession, so touching, so noble, so popular, of our existing king, Charles X., the appearance of that royal family, so virtuous, so truly French ; the affecting mixture of griefs and virtues, grandeur and simplicity ; so many recollections not to be buried in that tomb, yet open ; so many hopes which beam on our Princes and on the cradle of the royal infant ; combine to deprive me of the power to finish the reflections in which I had begun to indulge. Every thing is said, every thing is finished, every thing is become irrevocably fixed in our happy restoration. France has only to love and praise.’

M. MAZURE has availed himself of Mr. Fox’s History, of the Memoirs of James II. published by Mr. Clarke, and of various other English works relating to the period which he has selected. We have taken a rapid glance at the volumes before us, and see nothing to impeach the general impartiality of the narrative.

ART. IV. *Mémoires de Joseph Fouché, Duc d’Otrante, &c. ; i. e.*  
Memoirs of JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, Duke of Otranto.

[Article concluded from vol. cv. p. 515.]

IT would be improper to resume our notice of this singular production without adverting to certain legal proceedings, which have taken place in Paris in order to disprove its genuineness. The sons of FOUCHÉ felt a natural desire to suppress a publication in which they saw the veil uplifted that had hitherto concealed many acts of their father, which redounded but little to his credit. They might well ask, “ Is it likely that any man would leave behind him a monumental inscription to record his own infamy ? ” ; and, having found that a well known author, M. *Alphonse de Beauchamp*, was the editor of the obnoxious work, they have endeavored to throw on him the odium of having fabricated it, and have so far succeeded as to effect its suppression.

We have read these volumes with considerable attention, and certainly should not have bestowed the pains which we

have taken in reporting their contents, had we not believed them to be *substantially* genuine and authentic. FOUCHÉ must have been aware that, as most of the facts recorded are well known, so the part which he performed on many critical and important occasions must likewise be well known to the limited number of individuals with whom he acted; and he could not disguise from himself that, at some future and probably no distant period, every event in which he was concerned, together with his share in it, would be given to the world, with the addition probably of no friendly commentary. It is likely that he resolved, therefore, to be his own commentator: to record the transactions in which he was concerned, to acknowledge his own part in them, and to accompany it with what no one else could furnish, namely, the *motives* by which he was influenced in his conduct. By these means he might hope to palliate his faults and vindicate his character. Such we believe to be the history of this posthumous work; and under this impression we shall proceed in our detail of its contents. Our judgment as to its authenticity is formed solely on internal evidence: it may not be presented to the public in the exact words of FOUCHÉ, but we have very little doubt that his pages supplied the materials.

Retirement and inaction were not words of synonymous import with M. FOUCHÉ. The peace of Amiens turned him out of office but not out of employment; like a sailor at the mast-head, he was always looking out to see what strange vessels hove in sight; or rather, like a man at a telegraph-station, receiving signals and forwarding them. He insinuates that *Bonaparte* was afraid of him, and yet did not know how to go on without him; and it is certain that *Napoleon* was glad of his services, for we find him employed, when out of office, in *managing* the affairs of Switzerland, which the cabinet of the Tuilleries, by a dexterous system of intrigue and duplicity, had contrived to get into its hands. 'Since my retirement from public affairs, the First Consul was persuaded that the opposition would be very feeble against his desire to place the crown on his head, for republican notions had lost much of their credit.' (Vol. i. p. 304.) Thus would he have us believe that he was the last prop of republicanism, and that *Bonaparte* removed him, in order that he might trample the fallen giant under his feet. The First Consul, however, could not possibly have been blind to the impatience and restlessness of an Ex-Minister, who, by his own account, was always running to Mal-Maison or St. Cloud under some pretence. Each knew the other's drift, and *Bonaparte* could not have pursued his own object more certainly than by removing



FOUCHÉ; who, he well knew, would make any sacrifice of principle to be recalled. Accordingly, soon after the renewal of hostilities with England, the detection of a few conspiracies, and the ostracism of *Moreau*,

‘I advised *Bonaparte*,’ says this inflexible republican, ‘to avail himself of the crisis, and get himself proclaimed Emperor, that he might put an end to our uncertainties by founding his own dynasty. Would it not have been absurd on the part of the *men of the Revolution* to compromise every thing for the sake of defending principles, when we had nothing more to do than enjoy realities? *Bonaparte* was at that time the only man in a situation to maintain us in our possessions, our dignities, and our employments. He availed himself of all his advantages; and, even before the *dénouement* of *Moreau*’s affair, the tribune *Curée* had made a motion to confer hereditary and imperial power on *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and to introduce in the organization of the constituted authorities such modifications as the establishment of the empire would require, preserving in their equality and integrity the rights and liberties of the people.’

It was in the army that *Napoleon* sought to fix the roots of his new authority: but he soon found the necessity of a hearty co-operation from the civil departments, and he could not do any thing better than restore FOUCHÉ to the head of the police. He was accordingly re-appointed Minister on the 10th of July, 1804, and invested with far stronger powers and ampler means than before. He had spies of both sexes, and of all ranks and orders, who were paid from 1000 to 2000 francs per month according to their services and importance. His foreign police, for the purpose of watching friendly governments and disturbing those that were hostile, consisted also of pensioned miscreants placed in every large town and at the seat of every government; independently of secret agents in every country employed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or by the Emperor himself. These honorable characters played the spy on each other. ‘All the prisons and the *géns d’armes* were under my orders: release and certificates of passports belonged to me: I had the *surveillance* of foreigners, and of emigrants; I established general commissariats in all the principal towns of the kingdom, extending the net of the police over the whole of France, particularly on the frontiers; and my department obtained such credit, that three seigneurs of the old *régime*, dignified with the title of Princes, are reputed to have been among the number of my secret agents. Such an establishment was, I confess, expensive; indeed, it absorbed many millions; the funds for which were secretly raised by taxes on

gambling houses, brothels, and passports.' Under the empire, which cost nearly 400,000,000 of livres in its establishment, for there were thirty houses to be invested with high dignities and titles, gambling was organized on a much more extensive scale than before; and its produce to the revenue, and the power which it gave to the Minister of Police, surpass any conception which an Englishman, thank God, could possibly form. 'In my second ministry, I effected more by circulating stories and exciting apprehensions than by measures positively coercive. I revived the old maxim, that three people should not meet and talk indiscreetly on public affairs without the Minister of Police knowing it the next day; and I certainly had the address to make it universally believed that, if three or four people met together, eyes to see and ears to hear were sure to be among them at my expence. Such a system undoubtedly tended to general corruption and debasement, but, on the other hand, what mischiefs, what regrets, what tears did it not prevent? Oh Treachery, how merciful art thou! Oh Tyranny, how tender-hearted! The *Lion's Mouth* at Venice, and the celebrated *Ear* of Dionysius at Syracuse, were constructed of stone, unconscious of their purpose, to receive the whispers of spies and informers: but M. FOUCHÉ improved on the materials which tyranny used of old, and employed the living organs of his satellites to execute his purposes,—the listening ear to catch complaints,—the treacherous heart to feign a sympathy in the sufferings of the people,—and the lying tongue to fabricate, to betray, and to destroy the unguarded victim!

The Duc d'Otrante — for the creation of a new monarchy required the creation of a new nobility, and among the grand feudatories of the empire FOUCHÉ was raised to the dignity of a dukedom — foresaw that the invasion of Spain would make the star of *Napoleon* grow pale. 'Take care,' said he, 'Portugal, indeed, is an English colony, but the Bourbons of Spain are now and ever will be your most subservient, humble prefects. But judge not of the body of the people by the higher classes, who are every where alike, corrupt, and with little patriotism: once again, take care that you do not convert a tributary kingdom into a new Vendée.' An anecdote occurs here which shews the suppleness of this sycophant. Affairs in the Peninsula became so disastrous that great dissatisfaction was exhibited in Paris; and such an opposition to the Emperor's schemes was displayed in the Legislative Body, that he addressed a fulminating menace to them from Valladolid, and soon afterward made his unexpected appearance in the capital. 'He sounded me,' says the Duke, 'on his imperial

perial reprimand ; I replied that it was well done, and just as he ought to govern ; adding that, had Louis XVI. thus acted, that unhappy Prince might have been alive and reigning now. Fixing his eyes on me with astonishment, "What ! Duc d'Otrante," said he after a moment's silence : — "but I suspect, nevertheless, that you were one of those who sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold ?" Yes, Sire, I replied, without hesitation, *and that was the first act of service which I had the honor of performing for your Majesty.*

This Police Minister ascribes his own *second* fall to certain discretionary measures of authority which he took for the benefit of his country, without the Emperor's knowlege. Of these, the first was raising an extraordinary levy of national guards for the defence of Belgium, while the Emperor was absent with his army. The second was obviously unpardonable. After the marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa, the Duke had frequently and fervently pressed *Napoleon* to negotiate for peace with England. In order to sound the disposition of the cabinet at St. James's, he sent over *privately* two confidential agents, M. *Ouvrard* and M. *Fagan*, while the Emperor and his bride were making an excursion on the Continent. In the course of this journey, *Napoleon* revolving in his mind the Duke's arguments in favor of a general peace, determined likewise to open a secret negotiation with the English ministry, through the mediation of a commercial house at Amsterdam. A double negotiation, therefore, and double propositions, were going on at the same time, by parties ignorant of each other's instructions. The Marquis Wellesley was necessarily disgusted at such seeming trickery ; and accordingly the agents of the Emperor and those of the Duke, being equally suspected, were both dismissed. When the Emperor discovered how entirely he had been counteracted by his own Minister, he sent for him on his return to St. Cloud ; 'So,' said he, 'you make war and peace without my knowlege !' and immediately gave orders to arrest *Ouvrard* and send him prisoner to Vincennes ; while the port-folio was taken from the Minister of Police on the 3d of June, 1810, and given to *Savary*. The hollow appointment of *Governor-General of Rome* was too thin a veil to cover his disgrace. The reflections which he makes on this event remind us of another Wolsey, and all his efforts to obtain repose of mind were fruitless. 'How true is it,' he exclaims, 'that the wounds of ambition are incurable ! In spite of all my reason, and in spite of myself, I am haunted by the illusions of power, by the phantoms of vanity ! I feel myself

myself fastened like Ixion to the wheel. I am oppressed by painful and deep feeling.'

The Duc d'Otrante now retired to his magnificent château at Ferrières\*; where, in consequence of an intimation from Savary that he had carried away all his confidential instructions and secret correspondence with the Emperor, he was soon followed by an order to deliver them up. Prepared for this, however, he had taken very good care of them, and by a well-acted frankness of manner entirely threw the searchers off their scent. Napoleon knew his man, and was aware that he was much too cunning for his emissaries. Berthier was dispatched a second time: 'I told you before that the correspondence is actually burnt, and I now repeat that if it were in my possession I would not give it up, as being the only guarantee that I could have.' Berthier threatened in the Emperor's name. 'Go back, and tell him that for the last five-and-twenty years I have slept with my head on the scaffold; that I know the effects of his power, but do not dread it; and that, if he wishes to make a Strafford of me, he is at liberty to do it.' — 'We separated; I more than ever resolved to continue firm, and carefully preserve the irrefragable proofs that whatsoever violence and iniquity had been done in the exercise of my ministerial functions had been imperatively enjoined by orders issued from the cabinet, and stamped with the seal of the Emperor.' (Vol. ii. p. 29.)

His affected courage, however, like the courage of Bob Acres, quickly oozed out at his fingers' ends. Not finding the scaffold a very soft or quiet pillow for his head, he withdrew from France, and sought refuge in Tuscany; where Eliza, Napoleon's sister, reigned under the title of Archduchess. Still the spectre of tyranny, with its gory locks, its chains, and dungeons, that frightful spectre which he had often raised to the terror of others, now haunted him. He then resolved to go to America, and actually sailed, when all his projects of independence and security vanished at an attack of sea-sickness! The operation of this wholesome emetic subdued his mighty spirit, and he began to deliberate whether it was not possible to compromise matters with his Imperial Master. He therefore returned to Florence, and addressed a letter to Eliza, who had taken him under her protection; and she forwarded to Napoleon another, in which the heroic Duke begged pardon for his contumacy, and promised the restoration of all his papers,

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\* This was the confiscated property of an emigrant: but, to the honor of Fouché, it is stated that he paid the full value of it to the proprietor.

— they were of *asbestos*, and had defied the flames, — humbly hoping that the Emperor would furnish him with a general pledge of indemnity for all acts done by his orders during both his ministries. The proposal was graciously accepted, and M. le Duc resided with his family at Aix, not like a Tityrus, the indolent shepherd, “*recubans sub tegmine fagi*,” but rather like some active fisherman, repairing on the beach his tattered nets for another season. ‘The inveterate habit of knowing every thing pursued me, and I yielded to it the more readily in a mild but monotonous exile. With the aid of some assured friends and faithful emissaries, I formed a secret correspondence, verified by regular bulletins, which, coming from different quarters, corrected each other. In a word, I had my counter-police at Aix.’ At first, once in a week, and afterward still oftener, dispatches flew into his cabinet at Aix, and he knew as well what was doing at Paris as if he had been on the spot. He saw with his telescopic eyes every step that Napoleon took both in private and in public, and pretends to have calculated, from the moment of his apogee, that the period of his descent and fall was not far distant. The abdication of *Louis Bonaparte*, he says, made a deep impression on the Emperor’s mind; and the idea struck him that, one day or other, the salvation of the empire might possibly depend on a similar abdication being forced on the man, whose insatiable thirst for dominion was more dangerously than ever exhibited in the annexation of Holland, the north of Germany, and the free towns of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck, to France, by a mere decree of the senate, and without even the formality of negotiation !

M. FOUCHÉ soon found the solitude of Aix intolerably irksome: he knew that he was watched by the Emperor, to whom he was an object of suspicion and disquietude; and the desperate plunge into a war with Russia, which he saw the latter preparing to make, determined him to rush forwards and try to arrest it. Through the means of *Duroc*, therefore, he caused it to be communicated that the climate of the south was extremely injurious to his health, and that some family-affairs also required his presence at his estate of Pont Carrée: *Napoleon* granted his request; and when *Duroc* advised him to retire to his other estate at Ferrières, and there live in the utmost privacy, it cannot be doubted that this arrangement was likewise with the Emperor’s concurrence. Here he prepared an elaborate memorial against the Russian war; and, judging from the extracts which are given, it must have been a very powerful, eloquent, and statesman-like denunciation of the

the measure. He obtained permission to present it personally at the Tuilleries; and when *Napoleon* had read it, he said,

‘ Did you not once tell me yourself that genius consisted in effecting impossibilities? In six or eight months, you shall see what can be done by vast combinations, conducted by a power which can put them in action. I am guided by the opinion of the army and the people rather than by yours, gentlemen, who are too rich, and only tremble for me because you fear the shock. Compose yourselves. Look on the Russian war as dictated by good sense, and by the true interests of all; and, even should excess of power urge me to assume the dictatorship of the world, is the fault mine? Have you not yourselves led me to it, — yourselves and so many others who blame me now, and would fain reduce me to a mere gracious puppet sort of king? My destiny is not yet fulfilled; I must finish that which at present is only sketched. We must have a Code European, an European Court of Cassation, the same coins, the same weights and measures, the same laws: I must make one people of all the countries of Europe, and Paris shall be the capital of the world. Such, Monsieur le Duc, is the ultimate object which is alone commensurate with my views. You will not assist me heartily now, because you fancy that every thing is once again to be staked on the die of chance: but, before a single year is at an end, you will serve me again with the same zeal and ardour as at Austerlitz and Marengo. You shall see something to eclipse those victories; it is I who tell you so. — Adieu, Monsieur le Duc, do not expose either your discontent or your disgrace, but place a little more confidence in me.’ (Vol. ii. p. 114.)

The Duke made his profoundest bow in unutterable astonishment. If we are to rely on his veracity, the public opinion at Paris, even after *Napoleon* had crossed the Niemen with 600,000 men, was any thing but favorable to the expedition: but it is really drawing largely on our credulity to assert that, in the very saloons of Paris, wishes were openly expressed for his humiliation and his fall; though the assertion is afterward modified, for it seems that there was no hostility of feeling, and the general wish was to save *Napoleon* from his own extravagances and restrain him within safer bounds. This is not very characteristic of the Parisians; at a time, too, when it was generally believed among them that he would remain master of the field. The most horrible and pitiless reverses, however, befell him; and the flames of Moscow shed a funereal glare on the turrets of Nôtre Dame and the Tuilleries. It was on the day of his retreat from Moscow that the conspiracy of *Malet*, which had very nearly cost him his empire, broke out in Paris; and the intelligence of it reached him at Smolensko, with an account also of the punish-

punishment of its authors. It troubled his mind exceedingly; and many facts corroborate the remark of the Duc d'Otrante, that *Napoleon*, jealous to excess of all that menaced the security of his throne, thought much more about the means of upholding it, than of saving the miserable wreck of his army, whose retreat he precipitated. He betook himself to flight, personally, in a sledge, trusting wholly to the devotedness of *Caulaincourt*; and, disguised, and with the utmost speed, he made straight for Paris, where every thing conspired to make him tremble for his diadem.

All the ramifications of the conspiracy of *Malet* will never be traced: but the Duc d'Otrante has supplied some particulars which are not destitute of interest. The absence, the distance, and the disasters of *Napoleon* gave encouragement to the society called the Philadelphians; and both republicans and royalists judged this to be a good opportunity for attacking the military dictatorship. The *Emperor is dead*: the abolition of the imperial government, and the substitution of a provisional one, were the pivot of the conspiracy. *Fouché* and *Talleyrand* were both concerned in it (vol. ii. p. 140, 141.): but it failed from the philanthropy of *Malet*, who dreaded the return of those sanguinary days on which France looked back with horror. This moral consideration prevailed; and, instead of instantly putting to death *Savary*, *Hullin*, (the commander of Paris,) and the two adjutants, *Doucet* and *Laborde*, he thought it would be sufficient to place them under arrest. He succeeded with respect to *Savary*: but, when *Hullin's* resistance forced *Malet* to discharge his pistols, his presence of mind forsook him, and, not being able to fire at the same time on *Hullin* and *Laborde*, he was disarmed, arrested, and ultimately executed: carrying with him to the scaffold, says the author, the secrets of one of the boldest *coups de main* which the grand epoch of the Revolution has bequeathed to history.

The time is now approaching at which the restless Ex-Minister of Police was again called to assist in the councils of his Imperial Master. It was in the campaign of the following year, and when the eagles of victory had again perched on the standards of France; it was after the battles of *Bautzen* and *Wurchen*, and after *Napoleon* had reluctantly acceded to an armistice on the 4th of June, that he forwarded through his Arch-Chancellor an invitation to the Duke of Otranto to repair to his head-quarters at Dresden, in order to confer with him on matters of importance. *Napoleon*, indeed, was aware that the armistice had rather been proposed for the purpose of renewed exertions towards carrying on the

war,

war, than as an honest preliminary to peace: but he could not resist the general wish of those around him for a suspension of arms. He was afraid, too, of the hostile interference of Austria under the convenient cloak of mediation. Accordingly, he concluded an armistice on the 4th of June, 1813, at Plesevig, abandoned the line of the Oder, and fixed his headquarters once more at Dresden; which he spared no pains to fortify by redoubts and bridges, and to surround by ditches, palisades, and other military works of immense strength and extent. It must be observed that all the old Generals, whose fortunes were made, were anxious to repose under the shade of their own laurels: and *Napoleon*, aware of this fact, feared that, for the sake of peace, they would persuade him to give up provinces which he had acquired by his sword. It was to assist him in these difficulties, and particularly to find a *match* for the Austrian Minister, that he sent for M. FOUCHÉ. The Emperor had not been able to fathom the depth of Prince *Metternich*, who had resided three years at Paris, and made himself perfect master of the court and its politics. With the exterior of a man of the world and of gallantry, and addicted to pleasure, he was in fact one of the strongest thinkers in Germany, with a mind essentially European and monarchical. *Metternich* had been the bearer of an autograph letter from his master to *Napoleon*, who gave him a private audience, when a very lively altercation took place. “Under the pretence of an armistice,” said the latter, “you come to cripple my strength and dictate terms. I have offered you Illyria; I will subsidize you to remain neuter, and I can then bring the Russians and Prussians to reason. Be explicit,—what are your demands?” When the Minister declared that his instructions were to claim not only Illyria but the half of Italy, and to require the return of the Pope to Rome, the re-establishment of Prussia, the cession of Warsaw, Spain, Holland, and the Confederation of the Rhine, he could no longer restrain himself: “It is the dismemberment of the French empire that you want; with a stroke of the pen you expect to throw down the strongest fortresses in Europe, the keys of which I have won in battle; and it is without a blow that Austria expects I should subscribe to such conditions! It is my father-in-law who urges this pretension, in itself an insult! He is egregiously mistaken if he fancies that a mutilated throne can ever be a refuge for his daughter and his son-in-law. *Metternich*, how much has England given you to act this part against me?” (Vol. ii. p. 185.)

As to the account which the Duke has supplied of his own interview with *Napoleon*, it is told in a very spirited manner; and



and he represents himself to have urged, in the freest and most energetic language, concessions towards Austria, as being essentially necessary to preserve France from a war, not, as heretofore, against princes and potentates, but against the united population of all Europe. "The question, however," said the Emperor, "is not merely of this or that province, our political ascendancy is at stake, and on that depends my very existence. Great as my physical power is, my moral power is still greater; it is a magic spell, and let us not break the talisman. But go," added he, "I have appointed you Governor-General of Illyria, which you will probably have to cede to Austria; set off immediately for Prague, and there prepare your nets for a secret negotiation. — I give you a *carte blanche*." The Duke arrived at Prague just as the Congress was about to open, the plenipotentiaries of Russia, Austria, and Prussia being already assembled; and he found that the bad faith of Napoleon on former occasions had excited so confirmed a distrust of all his overtures, that there did not appear the least chance of effecting that permanent pacification which was now so urgently demanded. All his efforts to carry on a secret negotiation failed, and it was plain that a million of soldiers would soon be called into the field to decide the interests and fate of Europe. His journey through the Austrian monarchy to the Illyrian provinces convinced him that the former was much better governed than he had before imagined; and that the people were loyal and unanimous, and disposed to second the measures of their government with ardour and firmness. The Congress at Prague was very soon broken up; Austria having abandoned the alliance of France for that of the coalesced powers, and having declared war. 'Napoleon,' says the Duke, 'accepted too late the entire conditions offered by M. de Metternich: those concessions which would have secured peace on the 10th of August were of no avail on the 12th.'

The government of the Illyrian provinces was to the Duc d'Otrante what the government of Barataria was to Sancho Panza: he was not allowed to eat of the dishes set before him; and having left the shadow of a garrison of convalescents at Laybach, which was finally evacuated to the Austrians, he had set off for Paris, where he foresaw that his presence would be soon wanted, when a letter from the Emperor ordered him to Rome, of the government of which he had never yet taken possession. Here he remained but a very short time when he was commanded to repair to Naples, expressly for the purpose of dissuading Murat, whose conduct was somewhat more than suspected, from declaring  
against

against the Emperor. This measure had no effect. *Murat* explained very openly the critical situation in which he was placed; he had himself felt disgust at being treated by *Napoleon* rather like a lieutenant than a king: his army, and the Neapolitans generally, entertained the same feelings; and the allied sovereigns insisted on an immediate declaration of his intentions. Judging that the preservation of his throne was at stake, he joined the coalition. — The Duc d'Otrante, wherever he set foot, now found the tide of popular indignation flowing against France, and the potentates of Europe all availing themselves of the strong current. The letter which he addressed to *Napoleon*, after having taken leave of *Murat*, is pregnant with good sense, and we regret that our limits will not allow us to translate it. (P. 243.) 'I reached Rome,' says he, 'on the 18th: throughout all Italy, the word Independence has acquired a magic virtue: discordant interests, indeed, unite under this banner, but each country demands a local government, and each complains of being obliged to go to Paris on subjects of the most trivial importance. Conscriptions, imposts, vexations, sacrifices, these, exclaim the Romans, are all that we know of the government of France. Our commerce is destroyed, internal and external; and for the few articles which we obtain from abroad we have to pay the most extravagant prices.' He then proceeds to tell *Napoleon* that it is necessary for him to renounce his plan of universal monarchy, openly and explicitly; that he must concentrate all his forces between the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, and publicly declare that he will not pass these natural boundaries of France; then, and not till then, he may safely rely on the good wishes and on the arms of his subjects to defend the empire.' He concludes with urging him to distrust the false and flattering representations of those sycophants, who had already led him to the jaws of destruction by encouraging him to march into Spain, Poland, and Russia: 'I conjure your Majesty not to reject my advice, *which flows from a heart that has never ceased to be attached to you.*' Notwithstanding this personal attachment, we find the Ex-Minister of Police, a few pages afterward, disclosing some secret circumstances which could not be conveniently interwoven in his narrative; and the first of these is the plan of a revolution, of which he confesses himself to have been the very soul, and the object of which was the dethronement of the Emperor!

By the evacuation of Tuscany and the Roman states, the Duke's mission in Italy terminated; and he felt a natural impatience to re-enter his own country, at this time covered  
with

with foreign troops, who were every day drawing nearer and nearer to the capital. He reached Lyons in the beginning of March (1814), where every thing was in a state of disorganization; and, which was more, his presence was regarded with dissatisfaction and distrust. In short, he was *ordered* to quit the place; and accordingly he proceeded first to Valence and then to Avignon, where, says he, 'I found the public feeling so strong against *Napoleon*, that I was enabled to notify that I would receive all the constituted authorities and public bodies; to whom I announced the approaching downfall of the Imperial government, and that *Murat*, in Upper Italy, was laboring to *promote the good cause*!' At Avignon he heard of the entrance of the allies into Paris on the 31st of March, when he resolved immediately to proceed thither: but he did not reach the capital till a provisional government had already been established, of which, says he, 'I ought to have formed a part.' He has the face to add that he had himself aspired to pronounce the deposition of *Napoleon*, the object of unceasing attachment to his heart! As this, however, had been effected without his friendly aid, and as the Bourbons were actually restored, he felt all his projects annihilated, and he himself plunged into a state of political non-entity, in the presence of princes whom he had offended. Inaction, however, would have been death to such a man as he was; while it would not have been wise on the part of the restored King to exclude him from all *hopes* of pardon and re-employment in national affairs. The Duke played his cards with his accustomed skill; he affected to be deeply impressed with the sublime spectacle of beholding the public entrance into Paris of a "*Son of France*," after so many years of absence and misfortune, amid the shouts and hallelujahs of the people: he poured before the senate his regrets and repentance; and, while urging that a deputation should be sent to Monsieur, he humbly confessed his own unworthiness to appear in presence of the representative of royalty, and opposed those of his colleagues who were inclined to place restraints on the Bourbons!

Before *Napoleon* had been a month at Elba, we find the Duke addressing a letter to the fallen Emperor, evidently intended to make favor with the court. He tells him how little suited to such a character, to him who so lately swayed the rod of a mighty empire, is the mock sovereignty over a miserable little rocky island: but he also tells him that the vicinity of Elba to Greece, Africa, Spain, Italy, and France, must necessarily expose Europe again to agitation; and accordingly he recommends him to seek an asylum where he may enjoy  
more

more dignity and more liberty, namely, in the United States of America. This letter is submitted to the Comte d'Artois, accompanied by another, addressed to his Royal Highness; in which he observes that *Napoleon* on the rock of Elba must be with regard to Italy, France, and the whole of Europe, what *Vesuvius* is by the side of *Naples*. Such were the means that he took to ingratiate himself with the Count, and to shew that he did not reckon himself among the number of *Napoleon's* adherents.

The Duke was suffered to catch a distant peep at the door of office, but the janitors, *Blacas* and *Savary*, took care that it should not be opened for his admission. Humbled and mortified, he now retired once more to his château at *Ferrières*, secretly enjoying the blunders which he saw committed by those who were engaged in his Majesty's councils, and anticipating that he would soon be called again into action. A crisis was in fact at hand: for the friends of *Napoleon* were resolved to make an effort to extricate him from his imprisonment, and to release *Prometheus* from the rock to which he was chained. No great delicacy was requisite in treating with the Duke of *Otranto*: in fact, says he,

' Nothing could be done without my co-operation; nevertheless, I could not at once bring myself to co-operate with a party against whom I had long felt a grudge. Various plans were intimated to me, all having one object, the dethronement of the King and the proclamation either of another dynasty or of a provisional republic. A military party proposed that I should offer the dictatorship to *Eugene Beauharnais*; and I wrote to *Eugene*, believing that the plan was already matured, but I received only a vague answer. Meanwhile, all the interests of the Revolution grouped themselves around me and *Carnot*, whose "Letter to the King" increased the general opinion entertained of the unskilfulness of the ministry. — 'Placed, on the one hand, between the Bourbons, who reposed only a half confidence in me, whose system closed against me every road to power and dignity, towards whom I found myself in a false position, and with whom I had no sort of engagement; and on the other hand, between the party to whom I was indebted for all my fortune, and to which I was drawn by a sympathy of opinions and interest, at a time when any indecision on my part might have separated me from both; I resolved to throw myself entirely into the hands of the latter. Not, indeed, that I was heartily determined to war against the Bourbons, but against the dogma of legitimacy,' &c. &c. — 'I saw there was no time to lose, and considered, moreover, that *Napoleon* would at least serve as a rallying point for the army, while I might overset him afterward; which appeared to me the easier because I now considered the Emperor to be a worn-out performer, who could not play his old part a second time. I consented that *Thibaudeau* should

should make overtures to some of *Napoleon's* confidants, and admitted *Ragnault*, *Cambacérès*, *Davoust*, and some others, to our conferences. But I required concessions and guarantees, refusing to join myself to this party, unless their chief, abjuring despotism, would adopt a liberal system of government. We cemented our coalition by the promise of an equal participation of power, either in the ministry or the provisional government at the moment of explosion.' (Vol. ii. pp. 300—304.)

Here we see the serpent now coiling round the Bourbons, now round *Napoleon*: we see this perfidious sycophant excusing all his tortuous policy as springing from the love of his country, and from his zeal for her liberties and independence! The rapidity of his tergiversations on this occasion required every art of sophistry to extenuate it, and he employed it all. Although he had sent an emissary to *Marat* to urge him to declare himself the arbiter of Italy, and although he knew that a certain Dr. R—— was at the same time despatched by the General Committee to the Isle of Elba, he does not scruple to say that, at first, he had no intention of joining the revolt; that he only wanted to induce the cabinet of the Tuilleries to seize the reins of the Revolution, and guide them with a vigorous hand through surrounding obstacles; and that it was not till the moment of *Napoleon's* landing at Cannes, that he became thoroughly acquainted 'with the fatal combination' which had brought him back to France! A part of the plan was to make captive the King and royal family, and to effect the escape of Maria Louisa and her son from Vienna. He says that he shrunk back with horror from the idea of sacrificing the monarch and his family to a military *coup-de-main*; and, as soon as he learned that *Napoleon* was marching on Lyons, he resolved to make the King acquainted with the danger before him. He accordingly requested an audience, which Louis refused to grant: but he sent two gentlemen to receive his communications; and to these the Duke disclosed the project of seizure, undertaking at the same time to stop the progress of the fugitive from Elba, if the court would consent to the conditions which he required: these were, the appointment of the first Prince of the blood to be Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the commission of power and direction of public affairs to be placed in his own hands and those of his party. This very modest request was not granted; and, therefore, says he, 'I found myself in some measure obliged to second the efforts of that party which I had wished to paralyze;' believing also, — here again comes the mock love of liberty which was always on his lips, — that he could bring about a more popular govern-

ment than that which *Napoleon* had threatened to revive. Be this as it may, Louis XVIII. fled from the Tuilleries, and *Napoleon* passed through an unresisting medium to be re-installed in the deserted palace, when he sent for the Duke, offering him again the Ministry of Police, which he again accepted. The truth is, that *Napoleon* had not threatened to revive the despotic authority which he had before exercised, but actually pledged himself at Lyons to give France a national constitution: "I return," said he in one of his proclamations, "in order to defend and protect the interests which our Revolution has created: I wish to give you a constitution inviolable, and which shall be the joint work of the people and of myself." He had abolished the House of Peers and the feudal nobility; and from Lyons also he had actually commissioned his brother Joseph, then in Switzerland, to make known to the foreign powers, through their ministers at the Helvetic Confederation, then sitting, that he had now firmly resolved to maintain the treaty of Paris faithfully, and no more to disturb the repose of Europe. All that *Fouché* wanted was political power, and he cared not one straw from what quarter he derived it.

The Congress of Vienna pronounced the outlawry of *Napoleon* on the 13th March (1815): but the latter affected to despise the threat, and boasted of his popularity and the enthusiasm of his army. 'I was not to be deceived by such gasconades,' says the wily Minister of Police, 'and the instant that I heard of the declaration, I petitioned the King (who was then in Belgium), through the means of a confidential agent, that he would permit me to devote myself to his services whenever an opportunity might occur!' This was admirable foresight. The overture, he then tells us, which had no other condition attached to it than that he might be allowed to enjoy his repose and fortune at his retreat at Pont-Carré, was accepted, and received the sanction of the Duke of Wellington as well as of Prince *Metternich*. We do not believe that this was the *only* condition, and the writer has furnished us with the ground of our incredulity in another very edifying specimen of his double deceitfulness. He represents his own situation at this time, suspected as he was by all parties, as being very critical, and adds that 'he had engagements with Louis XVIII. although he had no desire to see him restored.' He says distinctly, too, that the Generalissimo *had expected* that he would provide him with a plan of the campaign: (vol. ii. p. 341.) for, on the departure of *Napoleon* to join the army, *Davoust* had furnished the Duc d'Otrante with this plan.

plan. The first impulse of the latter was to betray it to the Duke of Wellington.

‘ But the voice of my country, the glory of the French army, which indeed was no longer identified with that of the nation, and the voice of honor, made me shrink from having the word *traitor* annexed to the name of *Otrante* — and my resolution remained untainted. I knew positively that the unexpected attack of *Napoleon’s* army would take place on the 16th, or at latest on the 18th,’ — ‘ while Wellington was deceived by false reports, and thought that the opening of the campaign would be deferred till the 1st of July. *Napoleon’s* success, therefore, depended on a surprize. I took my measures accordingly, and despatched, on the very day of *Napoleon’s* departure, Mad. D—— with notes written in cypher, communicating the plan of the campaign: but at the same time I placed such impediments on that part of the frontier which it was necessary for her to pass, that she could not reach the head-quarters of Wellington till the blow was struck. This is the clue to the inconceivable security of the Generalissimo, which excited universal astonishment and various conjectures,’ (P. 342.)

It is well known that England and Austria had both publicly disavowed that their design in prosecuting the war was to impose any particular government or dynasty on France: their declared object being simply to dethrone *Napoleon*, and then allow the country to choose its own government. After his abdication, however, and when one party was disposed to elevate *Napoleon II.*, and another to set up the Duke of *Orleans*, the Police Minister sent an emissary to the Duke of Wellington in order to sound his intentions, and to state to him how much the public mind was exasperated and inflamed; while, as President of the Provisional Committee to which he had been appointed, he offered to treat with the conqueror of Waterloo on any other condition than that of re-seating the Bourbons on the throne: adding that, if the latter step was attempted, he could not answer for the preservation of France from fire and sword. The Duke of Wellington’s reply ‘ was absolute and negative: he declared that his orders were to treat on no other basis than the restoration of Louis XVIII.; and that as to the Duke of *Orleans*, he was only an usurper of good family.’ (P. 356.) When the French plenipotentiaries arrived at the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns at Haguenot, one of the questions addressed to them was, “By what right does the nation presume to expel its king and choose another?” The reply was, “By an example which the history of England herself has furnished.” It was now too late to temporize: the abdication which had been forced on *Napoleon* had paralyzed the army;

and *Davoust*, the Minister of War and Commander-in-chief, acknowledged that the only means of safety consisted in proclaiming Louis XVIII. Paris, with an empty treasury, with conflicting parties, and rival interests, must sustain a siege, give battle, or capitulate! The latter was decided: but *Blucher* required the surrender of the army, a proposal which could not be allowed for a single moment. He relaxed, however, and the capitulation (or the *Convention*, as the Duke terms it,) of Paris was formed at St. Cloud on the 3d of July.

After the signature of the Convention, the Duc d'Otrante obtained an audience of the Duke of Wellington at the Château de Neuilly, relative to its execution; and he then personally reminded the latter of the proclamations of England and Austria, promising to leave the French freely to choose their own government. The charge was warded off by a miserable piece of sophistry, and his Grace confessed that the allied powers had formally declared in favor of Louis XVIII., and that it was determined he should make his public entry into Paris on the 8th. General *Pozzo-di-Borgo*, who was present, repeated the same declaration in the name of the Emperor of Russia, and produced a letter from Prince *Metternich* and Count *Nesselrhode*, expressing their desire also that no proposition should be admitted which did not recognize the rights of that sovereign. The Duke of Otranto insisted on a general amnesty, and required guarantees: on these conditions, says he, 'I consented to serve the King, and even to give such pledges as were not incompatible with my reputation and honor! The Generalissimo replied that *M. Blacas* must be dismissed, that I and *Talleyrand* should form part of the council, and that I should be confirmed in my old appointment of Minister of Police. He did not disguise, however, that every possible measure was taken to make *Napoleon* fall, as a hostage, into the hands of the allies; and that I should be required not to favor his escape. It was also demanded that the army should submit to the King, and that an example should be made in the punishment of some of the chiefs. I exclaimed against this, and affirmed that the crisis would have taken place even if *Bonaparte* had not come back: but all my objections were laid prostrate before a determination resolutely fixed.'

On his return to Paris, and when he communicated the approaching entry of his Majesty, the Duke acknowledges that he had not courage to inform the Commission that he was re-instated in his old office; a circumstance, says he, 'which would only have appeared in the eyes of hot-headed zealots as the wages of treason, although it was, in fact, the reward  
which



which I had justly merited for having been instrumental in saving the capital from the horrors of a siege.' The appointment, however, was publicly known in the evening, and received with all the maledictions and execrations which he had very naturally anticipated, except from the royalists, who saw in it a security for the King! On the Duke's introduction to the latter, he tells us that he recommended his Majesty to wear the tri-colored cockade, and dismiss his household-troops; — instead of which, however, he dismissed the Chamber of Representatives. On the 7th, some Prussian battalions forced the gates of the Tuilleries, and took possession of the courts and avenues of the palace; when the Commission of Government, being no longer free, ceased its functions, and dissolved itself. *Carnot*, a stern and honest republican, disgusted at the reiterated perfidy of FOUCHÉ, wrote a note to him in these words, "*Traitor, whither do you wish me to go?*" The latter as laconically replied, "*Simpleton, wherever you like.*" — This little anecdote marks the characters of both the men. The Traitor chuckled in his manifold treasons, and called the patriot a Simpleton, because he was too honest to deceive those who had confided in him, and to betray the cause in which he had engaged.

Of all the actors who figured in the great drama of the French Revolution, few have been so constantly on the stage, sometimes before the scenes but more commonly behind them, than JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. His talents were of the most versatile order: farce, tragedy, and comedy, the hero or the harlequin, the sultan or the slave, were alike to him: with this difference between him and the more honorable gentlemen of the sock and buskin, that, while the latter sink their own characters under that which they assume, he always threw his own character into the part which he acted. He was a trickster by nature; and he cultivated his natural talent with such unwearied assiduity and success, as to become by practice the most accomplished trickster that ever lived. He was selfish in the highest degree: without feeling, and without principle, he cared not whom he sacrificed if he could save himself. He trusted nobody, and made it a point of conscience to betray every body who trusted him. He was, nevertheless, extremely useful to all parties as they happened to gain an ascendancy: they feared him as a foe, and therefore were forced to employ him as a friend. If he regularly deceived them all in their turns, he was, notwithstanding, regularly employed by the one to whom he had betrayed the interests of another, because none could manage without him. He palliates every act of his own baseness by ascribing it to the

most humane and best of motives; that is, as we have just said, he made a point of conscience of his treachery as well as a matter of merchandise. If he betrayed the King or the Emperor, or his friend, or his confederate, it was always to spare the effusion of blood and cement the liberties of his country! On the return of Louis XVIII. a list was formed of fifty-seven individuals to be proscribed, *without trial*: it consisted, for the most part, of men who had followed the same course with the Duc d'Otrante, yet he, in his official capacity, countersigned this act of proscription against his friends.

'How,' said he, 'could I do otherwise? From the saloons of the fauxbourg Saint-Germain to the anti-chambers of the palace of the Tuilleries, the universal cry of the royalists was "Proscription;" and thousands of names, obscure as well as notorious, were pointed out to the Ministry of Police to be comprehended in it. Of the Minister himself they demanded *heads*, as a proof of the sincerity of his attachment to the royal cause. There were two courses open to me: I must either become an accomplice in this vengeance, or retire from the ministry. I could not accede to the first, and *I was too deeply engaged* to resolve on the second. I had recourse, therefore, to a third expedient; namely, to reduce the list to a small number of names, taken from among those who had been most active in the recent transactions.'

Such is the manner in which he always attempts to justify his dirty deeds. The persons whom he thus selected for a political holocaust to celebrate the restoration of the Bourbons, and to satiate the vengeance of the ultra-royalists, were his own fellow-laborers in the restoration of the Emperor *Napoleon*: but this difference existed between them, namely, that *they* had fearlessly and honestly engaged in it, while the perfidious wretch who now signed the warrant of their proscription had secured for himself by his intrigues a splendid indemnity, and an asylum in high office.

His last official dignities, however, were of no long duration: for the discovery of certain notes which he had addressed to the Allied Powers, communicating to them the state of France, together with the publicity given to reports of a confidential nature, disgusted the King, and the disgrace and fall of this Minister soon followed. It will be asked, perhaps, what might be the tenor of these reports, which gave his Majesty such offence? Their object was to terrify Europe into a definitive peace, by auguring a national insurrection, unless the Allied Powers would consent to *exclude the Bourbons from the throne of France, and to establish and recognize the dynasty of Napoleon Bonaparte!*

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It was during this retirement, that the Ex-Minister employed himself in preparing the 'Memoirs' which have furnished us with materials for the present and a preceding article. That they are essentially genuine, we entertain little or no doubt; and with this impression we regard them as forming a very interesting and curious, though dark and disgraceful, chapter in the history of the human character.

ART. V. *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains, &c.; i. e. New Biography of Contemporaries, &c.* By MM. ARNAULT, JAY, JOUY, NORVINS, &c. &c. Vols. XVI. and XVII. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 14s. each.

OF this lengthening colonnade of volumes, the tenth and the fifteenth inclusive were noticed in our civth volume, p. 537., and we have now to announce two more, which conduct us to the letter *R*. A severer rejection of the illustrious dead, who but lingered out their last days into the present century, and who were practically the contemporaries of an extinct generation, would have confined within more welcome limits this copious record of coëval celebrity. Merit is now so generously allotted, or so universally acquired, that fame numbers her squadrons by the hundred, and invades the alarmed memory at the head of an army of disciplined myriads. Yet the progressive extension of education is in all likelihood preparing a still wider growth of conspicuous characters, until at length every parish will have to compile its *biographicon*, and every nation to catalogue its thousands. Obscurity will then become the distinction, and notoriety the common lot of mankind. Yet the more underwood, alas, the less timber: greatness now abounds no more in the human species than at former periods of intellectual culture.

We shall first animadvert on a few errors, and then from each volume, as before, abridge a life.

In the article *Parker, Will.*, there is some confusion. The Captain of the Audacious in 1794 is not the young Commander who was killed at Boulogne in 1801. He was made a flag-officer shortly after the battle of the 1st of June, 1794, though his damages in his gallant actions on the preceding days prevented him from sharing in that decisive combat. — In the article *Percival*, the administration of that statesman is narrated with excessive candor and lenity. For his religious intolerance, his seizure of the Danish fleet, and his Walcheren expedition, apologies are made; and no notice is taken of his rash change of the constitution of the Anglican church,

by superadding to a priesthood already too numerous an extensive pensionary clergy; who were permitted, as missionaries, to visit countries not under the jurisdiction of the British crown, and were thus, in contradiction to the act of supremacy, converting that church into a sort of papacy. — Under the name of *Planta*, the father and the son (we believe) are confounded with a sort of literary Sabellianism; the same person being described as librarian to the British Museum, and as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. — Mr. *Peel*, the present Secretary of State, is omitted: but his father is duly noted; and perhaps his own celebrity as yet is too recent for the present work.

We extract, with some abridgment, the article *Parny*, which respects one of the best French poets, the Moore of his country.

'*Evariste-Desiré-Desforges*, Chevalier de *Parny*, was born in the island of Bourbon, and was sent at nine years of age to Rennes in France for education; where he imbibed many mystical ideas, and displayed so religious a turn that he was commanded to desist from reading the Bible, which was his pocket-book and his manual. At an early age, about sixteen, he was placed in the army, and accompanied his regiment to his native island of Bourbon; where he fell in love and cohabited with a mulatto female, named Eleonora B——, who was little more than thirteen. To her he addressed his earliest love-songs, and read his *Chansons Madegasses*; while he profited by her knowledge of the local manners. It is said that he wished to marry this girl, but was prevented by an authoritative interposition of his family. On his return to France he published his love-verses, which were received with the warmest sympathy and applause, and which certainly constitute some of the best erotic poetry in the French language. He is said to have written a poem on the loves of the queens of France, which was suppressed by a feeling of loyalty. His military duties led him at one period into Germany, where he became acquainted with *Wieland's* Dialogues of the Gods; and he employed the fable of one of them as the basis of an epic poem, intitled *Guerre des Dieux anciens et modernes*, which describes the divinities and saints of Christian mythology as invading Olympus, and driving out Jupiter and his companions. For licentiousness and profaneness, it may be compared with the *Pucelle* of *Voltaire*; and it is not less lively, or less abundant in poetic beauties. The scandal excited by this effusion, however, prevented the nomination of the poet to the situation which he sought, of librarian at the Invalids; for the accidents of the Revolution had reduced him to very narrow circumstances, which *François de Nantes* and General *Macdonald* had the merit of alleviating. He also published a *Paradise Lost*, and *Loves of the Bible*, which have been consulted by newer poets. The *Rosicrucians*, and *Isnel* and *Aslega*, were his latest productions: but they do not exhale that warmth of voluptuous feeling

feeling which characterizes the earlier. *Parny* died on the 5th of December, 1814.

Vol. xvii.—Military renown is so much the especial care of these authors, that under the article *Porson* the exploits of a French-General of that name are recorded, but no notice is taken of our great classical scholar. This omission is extraordinary, because, in general, the writers are really better and more extensively informed about Englishmen than we could expect; for which we can account only by supposing that they have the co-operation of some English *literati*.

We shall next epitomize the biography of the Abbé *de Pradt*, whose numerous publications on the diplomatic relations of Europe have excited much continental attention, and not a little in our island.

*Dominique Dufour de Pradt* was born 23d of April, 1759, at Allanches in Auvergne, was educated for the ecclesiastical profession, and, in consequence of his relationship to the Cardinal *de Rochefoucauld*, was appointed Grand Vicar at Rouen, where the Cardinal was Archbishop. He was deputed by the clergy of Normandy to the States-General of 1789, and acted with *Maury*, *Cazalés*, and other opponents of the new order of things. He afterward emigrated, stationed himself at Hamburgh, and in 1798 published his *Antidote to the Congress of Rastadt*; to which he subsequently appended a pamphlet intitled *Prussia, and its Neutrality*. On the accession of *Bonaparte*, he obtained, through the mediation of General *Duroc*, permission to return into France, and was named almoner to the new Emperor; from whom he received the bishopric of Poitiers, and was installed at the beginning of 1805, by Pope Pius VII. in person. In 1808, he was intrusted with delicate negotiations at Bayonne, and conferred with the Spanish ministers about the transfer of the crown of Spain from the house of Bourbon to the house of *Bonaparte*. His services on this occasion were rewarded with the archbishopric of Mechlin. He was next placed with the Pope at Savona; where he gave more satisfaction to the court of Paris than to the court of Rome. In 1812, he was recalled to follow *Bonaparte* to Dresden, and was soon afterward stationed as ambassador of France at Warsaw. This situation, he says, displeased him: "Dresden fancied that I was among the angels, but I felt myself in the region of despair." He remained at his post, however, during the disastrous campaign of 1812, and had an interview with *Napoleon* at Warsaw: but this interview was followed by complete disgrace, for reasons not well ascertained. After the battle of Waterloo, he published a History of his Embassy in Poland, and henceforth co-operated with *Talleyrand* in restoring royalty to France. He attributes to his own advice the original determination of the Holy Alliance to this effect: but the gratitude of the Bourbon dynasty was of short continuance, and suspicions seem to have been entertained of a line of conduct not strictly national. He retired a while into Auvergne,

Auvergne, obtained some indemnity for resigning the see of Mechlin, which the peace had not allotted to France, and has since led a private life; speculating in print on diplomatic questions, and defending free constitutional institutions with the new independence of disappointment, or the deliberate courage of philosophy.'

A supplement attached to the seventeenth volume completes the former article concerning Louis XVIII., whose last moments it records.

As we have formerly observed, this is certainly a convenient book of reference, adapted for public libraries and for the shelves of authors; and, when finished, it will go far towards supplying a map of the living merit of the world. It will facilitate also to men of note, who have occasion to travel, an ubiquitous reception: for, wherever these volumes are deposited, the catalogue of their public services will be at hand. The virtues, like air, weigh most where they repose: the celebrities, like water, weigh alike whithersoever they extend.

ART. VI. *Archéologie Française, &c.*; i. e. French Archæology, or a Vocabulary of old Words that have fallen into Disuse, and should be restored to modern Language. By CHARLES POUGENS, of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

FROM the biographical work noticed in the preceding article, we gather some particulars of the author of this Archæology, which our readers may thank us for communicating to them. It appears that M. POUGENS was born in 1755, at Paris, but a complete veil is thrown over the names and circumstances of his parents. He was put to nurse with a Mad. Baugé, of whose old age he afterward took care; and his education was superintended by a lady of the Arnauld family, who married a relation of the Marchioness de Pompadour. He was early instructed in the modern languages, and when seven years old wrote in German a sort of fable, intitled *Aurora*, which imitated the style of *Gesner*. He was also a proficient in Italian, and learnt music and drawing. The powerful protection, which invisibly superintended him, obtained for him in 1776 the situation of secretary of embassy; and he accompanied in that year, to Rome, Cardinal Bernis, who treated him in a most friendly manner. During his stay in Italy he made great use of the Vatican library, and began a work on the origin and variations of the European languages, of which a specimen was afterward published in 1819: but which the Parisians thought was so likely to

to be voluminous and tedious, though full of erudition, that the booksellers did not chuse to complete the impression. — The intelligent conversation and affectionate character of **POUGENS** attached the Romans to him, and he had general access to their eminent families. In 1779, however, he caught the small-pox, and the disease unfortunately extinguished his sight: so that he was henceforwards compelled to engage a person to write for him and read to him. Notwithstanding his blindness, he was employed in the capacity of interpreter by the French government during the negotiation of the commercial treaty of 1786; at which period he visited England, and consulted some books in the British Museum. Memoirs written by him, relating to this treaty, are deposited in the archives of France. An annuity of 10,000 livres had been vested for him in the French funds at the time of his coming of age: but the Revolution having swept this away, and his secret protectors being probably no more, or themselves perhaps victims of the public bankruptcy, he was reduced to absolute want. Still his spirits and his exertions never forsook him. He opened a bookseller's shop at Paris: charity began and approbation continued to him a great number of customers; and he soon united the business of a publisher to that of a bookseller, and issued several works of his own; viz. 1. *Recreations of Moral Philosophy*: 2. *Vocabulary of new French Privatives*: 3. and 4. *Translation of Forster's Travels along the Rhine and in England*: 5. *A Translation of White's Voyage to New South Wales*: 6. and 7. *Northern Antiquities*: 8. *Thesaurus of early European Language*: 9. *The Four Ages*, which were translated into many tongues: 10. *Letters of a Carthusian*: 11. *Abel*: 12. *Tales of a Hermit*: 13. *Letters of Sosthenes*; and, 14. *The French Archæology*, which we have now to examine. — There came a time, however, when his commercial prosperity deserted him; and he sold to the government of *Bonaparte* his bookseller's privilege, for the number of persons in that line of business is in France matter of legislation, and a licence to print and publish is a form of property. In 1805, he went to Holland, possibly with some idea of settling there; met with an English lady, a Miss Sayer, niece to the widow of Admiral Boscawen, and married her; since which he has lived in great seclusion and narrow circumstances near Soissons, and is indebted, we fear, to the bounty of others for a part of his comforts: he is now seventy years of age.

The French Archæology has not a very precise title: it is a glossary, not of all the obsolete and antiquated words of the French language, but of those which **M. POUGENS** thinks  
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are worthy of revival. These are arranged after the manner of Johnson's Dictionary, accompanied first by an etymological and then a rhetorical definition ; after which follow quotations from writers who have employed the word. Having translated much in the course of life, and being conversant with all the leading European languages, M. POUGENS is remarkably well adapted to detect the poverties and deficiencies of his own ; and he is eager to remedy the want by the free importation, or fabrication, or revivification, of the desiderated expressions. He justly remarks in his preface :

' We have the adjective *acerbe*, and not the substantive *acribité* : yet in languages analogous to our own this family of words is complete. Italian, *acerbità*, *acerbitate*, Dante, *Purgat.* 11. Spanish, *acerbidad*, Fr. Luis, *De gran. Symb.* 6. English, *acerbity*, Pope. So again we have *actuel*, adjective, but not *actualite*, substantive. Italian, *attualità*, *attualitate*, Dante, *Conviv.* 20. English, *actuality*, Cheyne. We have *adjacent*, adjective, but not *adjacence*, substantive. Italian, *adjacenza*, Zibaldone, *aggiacenza*, Villani, *Stor.* l. viii. p. 95. Spanish, *adyacencia*, *Dicc. de la real Academ. de Madrid.* English, *adjacency*, Brown's *Vulgar Errors.* We have *adulation*, substantive, and *adulateur*, but not *adulatoire*, adjective. Italian, *adulatorio*, Segner. *Mann. dell' anim.* 26. English, *adulatory.*'

The great drift of M. POUGENS is to cause all the cognate words of a family to be received, if the principal be admitted : for, as he truly observes, this increases the power of the language without any additional burden to the memory. The meaning of the root is known by means of the word already current ; and the meaning of the formative syllables, which inflect the derivatives, is already known from analogous formations. Accordingly, all the translators throughout Europe are continually importing such allied words into their respective languages : but the French, it seems, is more ceremonious than other tongues, and receives with peculiar reluctance any additions to its vocabulary. Neologism, however, is a figure of rhetoric which should indeed be employed with discretion and in proper places, but which is one of the most valuable resources of style. A new or an uncommon word always attracts notice to the phrase in which it occurs ; and hence it is well placed in those sentences which merit the pause of attention, and will bear a leisurely examination. In simple narrative, which is unimportant though necessary, neologisms should not be admitted : nor in impassioned or pathetic writing, for they imply a tranquil state of the mind, like that of a punster, who can look round for other sources of amusement than that of the mere thought with which he is pregnant.



pregnant. Yet neologisms, like puns, frequently impart an interest to what would otherwise be insipid, and enforce regard to sentiments which would else make little impression; or to fragments of diction which would perhaps escape admiration.

Poetry invites neologism. When the poet has to describe objects of other times and other places, he is compelled, in order to avoid the flatness of circumlocution, to revive their appropriate name if no longer current, or to import their appropriate name if not previously domesticated. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron have deluged the English language with words unknown to the lexicographer, or to any other writer.

Science also invites and requires neologism. The discoveries of chemists, and other experimentalists, often amount only to a philological innovation; or to the invention of a new and more precise expression for the generalizing of facts already acknowledged.

Dramatic poetry of the comic kind, and novels, which paint living manners, seem most of any class of writings to preclude neologism; yet so numerous are the expressions in vernacular use, which have never been brought to a formal record, — so copious and versatile is the technical slang of the different professions, sects, and trades, — that hardly a work descriptive of the modern domestic usages of the country can be executed with fidelity of portraiture, without bringing into print some words not included in the printer's dictionary. Not a daily newspaper makes its appearance which a foreigner could translate throughout by means of any received source of interpretation. The opulence of our language has been in our own times as rapidly progressive as our national debt; and both are by some persons considered as an evil, and by some as a good.

Mr. Fox, in the preface to his historical work, is stated to have declared that he would admit no word into his composition which had not the authority of Dryden.\* Hewas a decided enemy to neologism, and fancied that the scanty vocabulary of the age of Swift was adequate to the expression of any idea. Yet surely the consequence of this selection of the most familiar terms in the language was, that his style made no impression, and the reading public were disappointed in the perusal of his admirable fragment. Dr. Johnson, on the

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\* In his correspondence, however, he adopts the Gallicism, or Latinism, *to vilipend*, for which it would be difficult to produce other English authority.

contrary, added more new words to our language than any other writer of the age of George III.; yet his common-places of morality, however trivial, made and continue to make a successful demand on our attention, in consequence of the neologism and force of his diction. All living writers repeat much that has already been said by their predecessors: but neologism spreads at once a curtain over plagiarism, and banishes with her alarum the torpor of the reader. What would become of our increasingly numerous class of lecturers, if they did not adopt a new nomenclature for their beaten topics? — they can no otherwise persuade us that more than echoes talk along the walls of our academies.

The fortunes of new words, however, depend on an incalculable caprice. The French, says M. POUGENS, accept the adjective *acerbe*, but not the substantive *acerbité*; the English, on the contrary, have accepted the substantive *acerbity*, but not the adjective *acerb*, which could not be used without exciting an idea of pedantry. We employ *inevitable*, not *esorable*; *intrepidity*, not *trepidity*; *innocent*, not *nocent*; and *incongruous*, but rarely *congruous*. Such prejudices, perhaps, are on the decay; and, provided that a word be necessarily intelligible and precise, its novelty is now less than formerly a cause of displeasure. Indeed it is a mere want of plasticity of mind, — an imperfection of the memory, which can recollect a thing whole without recollecting the parts of which it is composed, — a grammatical dulness, in short, which hesitates to recognize so familiar a stranger. Goethe observes that every idea necessarily suggests the antithetic idea: but still it is an effort of the mind to summon with rapidity before the imagination the parallels in comparison; and not every person has trained that faculty to celerity. Time was when *Diderot*, *Brissot*, and other republican writers in France, affected to employ the new privatives of which M. POUGENS published a catalogue: but the anarchical style of the Revolution is now repelled under the monarchy, and the classics of the age of Louis XIV. are alone allowed to be valid authorities for diction.

We will copy a page or two from vol. ii. of M. POUGENS, in order to display the form of his work; it is exclusively French, and naturally untranslatable, but may serve as a model for foreign imitation.

‘*OMBRELLE*, s. m. ou fém. *Sorte de parasol ou petit pavillon portatif, propre à donner de l'ombre.*

“*Les ombrelles, de quoy, depuis les anciens Romains, l'Italie se sert, chargent plus les bras qu'ils ne deschargent la teste.*”

MONTAIG. Ess. l.iii. ch. 9.

‘*Ce*

‘ Ce mot, qui depuis quelque temps est redevenu d’un usage général, a été employé par AND. FÉLIBIEN.

“ Dans le premier, on voyoit le pape disant la messe dans l’église de Saint-Marc. Dans le second, il estoit représenté au milieu de l’empereur et du doge, ausquels il donnoit à chacun un ombrelle ou parasol, après en avoir réservé deux pour lui.”

Vies des Peintres, *Entret.* 2<sup>e</sup>, J. et Gent. Bellin, t. i. p. 187.

‘ Latin, umbella.

“ En, cui tu viridem umbellam, cui succina mittas.”

JUVEN. Sat. 9. v. 50.

‘ Italien, ombrello, ombrella.

“ Sempre ch’ egli esce fuor, porta l’ombrello.”

BUONAR. Fier. 2, 3. 7.

“ Facean riparo a’ fervidi calori  
De’ giorni estivi, con lor spesse ombrelle.”

ARIOST. *Orl. Fur. Cant.* vi. *Ott.* 21.

‘ Anglais, umbrel, umbrella.

“ I can carry your umbrella and fan, your Ladyship.”

DRYDEN.

‘ OMBREUX, EUSE, adj. Qui donne de l’ombre ; qui est couvert d’un ombrage épais.

“ Cele nativiteit mist voirement les ténèbres por lei à receleir, jaisoit ceu kil habitet en lumière où om ne put aprochier : el cuer del peire est receleie, el mont ombrious et espas.”

S. BERNARD, *Serm. Franç.* MSS.

“ D’arbres estoit li leus ombreus.”

Anc. Écriv. Fr. MS. de La Clayette, in-4<sup>o</sup>. fol. 33. col. i.

“ Sitost qu’ Héro vit que la nuit ombreuse  
Noircie estoit d’obscurté ténébreuse.”

CL. MAROT, Léand. et Héro ; *Œuv.* t. iii. p. 191.

“ Deux soleils flamboyans de rayons esclairsis,  
Et qui d’ombreuse nuit ne sont jamais noircis.”

PHIL. DESPORTES, *Poés.* p. 193.

‘ Voyez aussi J. Marot, *Poés.* p. 211. — Nuits de Straparole, tom. ii. p. 268. Légende de Faifeu, p. 6. etc.

‘ L’Abbé Féraud admet dans son Dictionnaire Critique l’adjectif ombreux, euse, en observant que ce mot ne doit être employé qu’en poésie. M. de Marmontel en regrette l’usage. “ Ombreux, dit-il, n’avait-il pas sa nuance à côté de sombre ? ” *Élém. de Littérature*, art. usage, *Œuv.*, tom. x. p. 430. Plusieurs écrivains modernes l’ont employé avec avantage.

“ Dans la nuit ténébreuse,  
Dont un bois vaste entoure une vallée ombreuse,  
D’un rameau précieux se cache le trésor.”

J. DELILLE, *Enéid.* l. vi.

“ Et souvent, des deux bords de nos vallons ombreux,  
Ces lits contemporains se répondent entre eux.”

ID. *Trois Règn.* ch. iv.

‘ Latin,

- ‘ *Latin, umbrosus.*  
 ‘ “ *Æstibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem.*”  
 VIRG. *Georg.* iii. v. 331.
- ‘ *Italien, ombroso.*  
 ‘ “ *E le fere ameranno ombrose valli.*”  
 PETRAR. *Canzon.* xvi. 5.
- ‘ *Espagnol, umbróso. O ! campo del silencio umbróso.*  
 PELLIC. *Argen.* part ii. l. i. c. 17.
- ‘ “ *Campos, y árboles umbrosos.*” MONTEM. *Dian.* fol. 208.
- ‘ *On trouve aussi dans nos anciens écrivains l’adverbe OMBREUSEMENT, qui, d’ailleurs, ne me paraît point susceptible d’être restitué au langage moderne.*  
 ‘ “ *Tantost dans un antre creux*  
*Ombreusement caverneux.*”  
 JACQ. TAHUREAU, *Poés.* p. 244.
- ‘ *OMBROYER (s’), v. réfl. Se mettre à l’ombre, se reposer à l’ombre.*  
 ‘ “ *... Ses compains qui aux tentes s’ombroie.*”  
 Rom. d’Alexandre, fol. 22.
- ‘ “ *Trais pastourel*  
*Sous un arbre s’ombroie.*”  
 Anc. Poét. Franç. MS. du Vatican. n° 1490, fol. 110. 1°.
- ‘ “ *Et plusieurs des gens s’en alloient*  
*Avec leur amye umbroyer*  
*Soubz les arbres, sans fourvoyer.*”  
 Rom. Rose, v. 1474.
- ‘ *Voyez aussi Poét. Franç. avant 1300, MSS. tom. iv. p. 1531. — Athis et Profilias, MS. de l’évêque d’Auxerre, fol. 128. v°, col. 1. — Anséis de Carthage, MS. du Roy, n° 7191, fol. 81. v°, col. 1. etc.*  
 ‘ *On a dit dans le même sens s’OMBRIER.*  
 ‘ “ *Et cil qui s’y ombrieront*  
*S’entraineront.*”  
 FROISSART, *Poés. MSS.* fol. 288. col. 2.
- ‘ *OMBRATILE, adj. des deux g. Qui aime l’ombre, qui cherche l’ombre, qui se tient à l’ombre, qui est habituellement caché dans l’ombre.*  
 ‘ “ *Que si ces bons religieux se rendoient lors recommandez par le peuple dans leur cloistre hors la ville, par leurs études ombra- tiles ; ne doutez point que la grande église exposée au beau milieu de la ville, à la lumière du soleil, n’en voulust rapporter le dessus.*”  
 ÉT. PASQUIER, *Rech.* l. iii. ch. 29.
- ‘ *Latin, umbratilis. “ Sic ad malam domesticam disciplinam, vitamque umbratilem et delicatam, cum accesserunt etiam poetæ, nervos omnes virtutis elidunt.”*  
 CICER. ii. *Tusc.* c. 11.
- ‘ *Au reste, les mots ombroyer, ombrier, ombatile, ne me paraissent pas de nature à être réintégrés dans notre langue.*

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This family of words, it seems, does not find favor in France, while we have adopted it: but instead of *umbrous* we use *umbrageous*, which in French would signify *frightened at a shadow*, though in its physical and its metaphysical sense it means *apt to take umbrage*.

The author observes that the French word *population* is not found in *Richelet*, 1759, nor in the Dictionary of the Academy, 1762; and that he had vainly sought any antient authority for the word. It seems to have been first imported into France by the translator of Wallace's book on the Numbers of Mankind.

Additions and corrections to the first volume are given in a supplement to the second; so that the ultimate judgment of M. POUGENS is now entirely on record. His countrymen have been amused by his lighter works, which have been translated into various languages; and they will be instructed by his grammatical inquiries, which are chiefly comprized in his Thesaurus, in his Vocabulary of Privatives, and in this French Archæology. Among the celebrated blind, he will maintain a conspicuous rank for his services to literature, and for the amiable qualities of his heart and disposition.

ART. VII. *Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Militaires, &c.*; i. e. Historical, Political, and Military Memoirs of the Revolution in the Kingdom of Naples in 1820 and 1821, and of the Causes which induced it. With justificatory Documents, mostly original. By General CARRASCOA. 8vo. Treuttel and Co. London.

THESE memoirs are stamped with the marks of indubitable authenticity. In July, 1820, General CARRASCOA was sent to crush the insurrection of *Montefort*; after the Neapolitan revolution, he held the office of Secretary at War; and, when the kingdom was invaded by Austria, he was made Commander-in-chief of the forces employed to repel the invaders. These situations must, beyond all doubt, have rendered him conversant with the predisposing causes of that revolution, and taught him to appreciate correctly the events themselves, as well as their consequences.

In the short space of about twenty years, and in the course of a single reign, the kingdom of Naples has undergone three successive revolutions, viz. in 1790, in 1806, and 1820. These events, and the blunders and persecutions which led to them, are detailed at some length by the author: but the work, taken as a whole, is rather a justificatory memorial of his own conduct. From the persecutions of Naples, where his life

was in jeopardy, he retired to Malta, where he was hospitably received. Yet hither he was followed by unceasing calumnies, which misled and deceived the British government. He received an order, therefore, to quit the island, and embarked for England on the 31st of July, 1822. The chief accusation, conjured up by the malice of his enemies against him, was that of having co-operated with the Austrians, and enabled them to complete the subjugation of Naples, at the very time when he was acting as Commander-in-chief of the forces sent against them. In consequence, he was excluded by name from the general amnesty of the 30th of September, 1822; and then condemned to death *par contumace*, without any evidence, and in the teeth of a strong host of facts and probabilities in his favor. The innocence and the honor of the unfortunate General appear to us clearly vindicated in this book, and his alleged participation in the foreign invasion of his country is completely negatived.

‘Such an accumulation of injustice,’ he remarks at the end, ‘must doubtless have given me considerable pain; but at least it refutes every suspicion of my loyalty; and, notwithstanding my iniquitous condemnation, I have some consolation in a tranquil conscience, and in the assurance that my honor and integrity will at length be out of the reach of detraction.’

The most interesting, and by far the most instructive, part of these Memoirs is that in which the author traces the erroneous measures that caused the first popular commotion of Naples; and, coming from a decided royalist, it is intitled to considerable authority. It seems that *Ferdinand's* conduct, immediately after his return from Sicily, was moderate and equitable:—those who had served under *Murat* were retained in their places;—the sale of property was declared valid;—the new nobility were confirmed;—and the new judicial system was undisturbed. Soon afterward, however, a marked partiality for all who had accompanied the court to Sicily began to be manifested; and an error of equal magnitude, and of more disastrous consequences, was that of abolishing the judicial, legislative, and military system which had been established under *Joachim*.

‘Such a system,’ says General CARRASCOSA, ‘was prejudicial in the highest degree to the public affairs; and a great number of functionaries committed the most arbitrary acts, because they confided in the royal protection.—So many relaxations and positive breaches of duty filled the kingdom with confusion. If a man of integrity pointed out the culpable conduct of a functionary, the court attributed his report to party-spirit, and did not listen to it. If any one said to the minister, “Such a man in  
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office has been guilty of great malversation," the reply was, "He has been in Sicily; the King loves him, and means even to advance him." If for notorious and scandalous offences others were dragged to justice, the procedure was illusory, because party-feelings obscured the truth; the offenders were acquitted; and, triumphantly returning to their posts, they found a new security for future offences. These examples of impunity diffused among the citizens a contempt for the laws, and gave open encouragement to delinquencies. The army felt equally the effect of these disorders; and the military superior dared no longer to punish or even to reprimand a subordinate, *if the latter had been in Sicily*, and if he himself had served the other government. In this case, the subordinate deemed himself absolved from all obedience and military discipline.

'All these evils had their source chiefly in the blind attachment of the King to the companions of his exile, and in his aversion to the new men. Two parties were raised; and the security of the one and the perplexity of the other engendered confusion and venality. The law was evaded, and only its forms were regarded; the sword of justice once broken, crime had no check; and the judges no longer punished the guilty, who became the scourge of the good.'

We will not follow the General in his observations on the Carbonari, who of late have occupied some space in political speculation: but we do not attribute the same mischievous tendencies to their association which he conceives are due to them. If they are formidable in their numbers, we should be inclined to observe that this is the very circumstance which, if history and experience speak aright, diminishes the danger and dilutes the mischief of all associations. A society consisting of a million, though united by secret conventions, can never be secret; and a few lean and shallow Cassiuses are a more portentous evil in any country than a whole population of Carbonari. From information obtained while the General was Minister of War, he had reason to believe that, before July, 1820, the twenty-fifth part of the people had been initiated in this extensive sect. The judicial and administrative systems introduced by the French had produced the most salutary results, but these systems were overturned. It seems, however, that in the beginning of 1820 the kingdom was in this condition. The mass of the people desired a constitution, but did not seek for it by revolt:—the sectarists of the Carbonari party, and the opposite sect called the Braziers, became every day more violent;—and the court was sunken in the most stupid apathy. It was about this time that the army adopted the opinions of the Carbonari. From such elements, it may easily be conjectured that a revolution must in the nature of things shortly burst forth; and it generally hap-

pens in popular insurrections that, when matters have arrived at a certain point, those who prepared them have it no longer in their power to fix the time for their breaking out, or to direct or regulate their impetuosity. The chiefs of the enterprise had chosen January, 1821, but it commenced on the 2d July, 1820.

The rest of this long story is well known; and, as General CARRASCOA's narrative is subservient to his defence against the accusations of the Neapolitan government, his details, which are necessarily prolix, would be heavy and uninteresting to our readers. We therefore conclude our notice of his work with the opinion which we before expressed, that the author has been calumniated and persecuted by those whom he endeavored to serve with fidelity and honor.

ART. VIII. *L'Italie, avant la Domination des Romains, &c.; i. e. Italy before the Dominion of the Romans*, by M. J. MICALI. With Notes and Historical Illustrations, by M. Raoul-Rochette. 4 Vols. 8vo. and Folio Atlas of Plates. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. 5*l.* 5*s.*

IT would be unjust to refuse to these volumes the character of having been written in a manner as agreeable and interesting as it is possible for subjects of such imperfect intelligence and remote antiquity to allow. M. MICALI shews all the ardor of an enthusiast, while exploring the most obscure recesses of history: he develops the modes, the usages, and the spirit of times long since past, with a zeal which seems never to abate; and he manifests that earnestness and intensity of curiosity, which must impart considerable attraction to any subject. It is with something of a patriotic principle that he dwells on the early periods of history, when Tuscany, as he imagines, was the seat of the arts and the sciences, and the glory of the provinces shone in its meridian before the star of conquest and empire had beamed on the infant Rome. A poet may collect pleasant visions from the slight glimpses of fact which are caught from tradition or antient chronicles, about the first peopling and the early histories of the European nations: but the historian is compelled often to pause in despair amid a chaos of contradictory materials, and is obliged to confess how ineffectually he attempts to storm the fastnesses of time and oblivion. In this country, we listen with some degree of suspicion to the legends of Arthur's round table, and of the magnificence in Tara's halls: but the twilight that connected the fabulous with the historical period of history is  
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an interval of vexatious and mortifying perplexity to the plain lovers of truth, though it is the elysium of antiquaries, systematizers, and visionaries: for each object has so fully the appearance of some shape, yet so much want of any distinct and palpable outline, that imagination may play its endless pranks with little fear of being rebuked by reason. In such a region we must give up the guidance of our ordinary senses, and be content to guess where we cannot see.

The work before us is divided into four volumes, of which the first two are occupied with the state of Italy, previously to the foundation of Rome; and the others treat of the alterations which Italy underwent while Rome was alternately struggling for existence and for conquest, till the establishment of its destinies under the sway of Augustus. — It seems to be the aim of the writer throughout to elevate the Italian states, but particularly Tuscany, in competition with Rome, above the rank in which they have generally been placed by historians: for he most zealously insists that the Italians have not to deduce their origin from colonization, but from some native race; and that the language, the manners, the arts, the literature, and the religion of the country, though they may have been in some respects modified by importations from Greece, from Egypt, or from the northern tribes, had still a character of their own, original, essential, and underrived. Every passage which can be culled from writers of any class, antient or modern, grammarians, poets, historians, lexicographers, philosophers, or commentators, in favor of his theory of indigenous inhabitants, or to give grandeur and effect to any part of the provincial history, is brought forwards with considerable address, and in a manner sufficiently imposing: while all the authorities of an opposite class, which are afforded by the same writers or by others, are either totally suppressed or studiously disparaged. *M. Raoul-Rochette* has, however, with great judgment, qualified in many instances the positions of the author; and his illustrations serve to correct the errors into which it was to be expected that *M. MICALI* would fall from attachment to his favorite theory, and from his prevailing love of system.

Volumes i. and ii., which afford the greatest scope for the writer's enthusiasm, abound in many ingenious excursions: and the reader, though he may not be convinced of the reality of the facts, cannot fail to be amused and gratified with the plausibility of the recital. We extract from this part of the work the following representation of the advanced state of the Tuscans in science and philosophy, at a very early period of their history.

‘ Mysterious as it is, the veil which conceals Tuscan learning allows us to perceive the traces of a famous institution which has had the greatest influence over the fate of mankind; of a college of powerful men, the exclusive depositaries of all human knowledge as well as of religion. At the regulation of this bold system, society was divided into two distinct classes, one created to teach; and the other destined to believe. The adoption of this system in Asia, in Hindustan, in Egypt, and among all nations that had any communication together, (not excepting those which were dispersed through Europe and Asia by the denomination of Celts,) established an exchange of moral ideas, whence arose a certain equilibrium of knowledge among the learned of different countries.

‘ It is true that the higher we ascend in antiquity, the less difference we find between the occupations and professions of society; since, in order to supply all their wants, they were obliged to have recourse to those men who, by their information, enjoyed some superiority. Until the progress of civilization had separated and arranged the employments and different species of occupation, the same person, or a single class of persons, was often charged with the government of the state, the care of the religion, and the practice of medicine, and united also the office of the historian with the talents of the poet. The natural repugnance, which men feel to acknowledge in their fellows any superiority of genius or science, was very happily softened by the belief of the interposition of the Divinity; and in this manner the sacerdotal body was the sole depositary of the first discoveries, which the voice of the oracles and the sacred shadows of mystery caused to be considered as so many prodigies. Some families, by favor of circumstances, attributed to themselves the merit of the exclusive knowledge of all these secrets, and concentrated in themselves alone the honor which had at first been the possession of their whole caste. The members of this order had constantly two purposes in view: the one, to accumulate fresh knowledge for their profit; the other, to usefully employ that which they already possessed, in order skilfully to govern the understanding.

‘ The grand object of every corporation, whether civil or religious, is power; and power, firmly established over human credulity, involves every other kind of empire. All the arts and sciences which came to perfection under their hands, as well as the results of the continual researches of their experience, formed a secret code, the key of which was intrusted only to those learned men who had artfully usurped the important function of instructing their fellow-creatures: so that these mysteries, which they transmitted, might exist and perish with their depositaries, without the people ever being allowed to penetrate their artifice. Thus, careful to reserve for themselves alone the entire treasures of human knowledge, they allowed to the people only those communications in which they themselves found some use; while they disguised, under the shadow of figures and allegories, general principles which, in their simplicity, the multitude would perhaps have despised. That metaphorical language, which they at  
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first employed, was preserved as the distinctive character of science ; and the vulgar, always carried away by their imagination and their feelings, did not penetrate the spirit hidden beneath these symbols, but retained only their literal sense. Thus, the weakness and docility of the human mind allowed this sacerdotal caste the means of perpetuating, with its useful maxims, the veneration of which it was the object, and the tranquil initiated enjoyed, in indolence and pride, all the charms of their hereditary influence.

‘ Among the antients, all human information had its rise in theology : they deemed it useless that the multitude should know the true reason of things ; and at the same time they wished them to adopt a belief which should keep their minds at rest : whence they wisely endeavored to establish that simple but powerful creed, that all the phænomena of nature were immediately accompanied by the attributes of the Divinity. This manner of reasoning confounded the limits which separate divine from human affairs ; and every science became sacred, because its source was in heaven. The members of the priesthood, loaded with respect and honor, were the true guardians and interpreters of all wisdom ; and they deigned to share it only with those whose birth or fortune enabled them to profit by it. Livy tells us casually of schools destined for the young nobility ; and there were certainly some in the towns of Tuscany, which were governed by institutions of the same nature. The people were ignorant, constantly devoted to the hardships of agriculture or war, or to useful labors, and had not an instant to allot to the study of letters, or to any kind of instruction. Writing, also, being little practised in those times, it was customary that a magistrate should annually drive a nail, as a substitute for numerical signs, in the walls of the temple of the goddess Moritia at Volscinium, to indicate to a rude and illiterate nation the regular succession of time.

‘ While the multitude was thus kept in ignorance little deserving of praise, but considered as the useful pledge of its submission, the priests, sole possessors of the secrets of the Tuscan philosophy, were incessantly occupied by thoughts and pursuits adapted to promote the progress of the arts and sciences. The theoretical philosophy of the Tuscans, which began by referring all things to God, called *Æsar* in the peculiar language of the soothsayers, employed itself particularly in searching into the nature and attributes of a superior being. From such information as we can obtain respecting their customs and civil institutions, we perceive with certainty that they believed and taught the existence of a God, whose supreme providence ruled over the affairs of the world ; that this God punished the infractions committed against the laws, rewarded virtue and probity, and reserved in another life penances and recompences for souls after their separation from the body. The manner, in which they reconciled this philosophy with their conceptions of a future state, may be ascertained from their funereal monuments ; where we behold the souls of the departed conducted, by the good or the evil genius, to the Tartarus or the Elysium

which was destined for them: although these genii did not assist in the decision of the fate of the souls by the infernal judges, as taught by the mystical mythology of the Egyptians, which was in a great measure followed by the priests of Tuscany. The latter, thus concealing the idea of a First Cause beneath the veil of their abstruse doctrines, considered their Jupiter as a supreme and ineffable God, the maker, preserver, and master of the universe, and gave him indiscriminately the names of Fate, Providence, or Nature, which were so many expressions of their philosophy; namely, that all which we see is God, who is diffused over the whole world, and able to support himself by his own strength. This system, which under different forms was taught in the most ancient and celebrated schools, implies the necessity of fatalism, confounds God with matter, does not separate him from the essence and nature of created things, and in this particular is not to be distinguished from the famous doctrine of the principle of emanation. We leave to others the task of discovering whether the opinions of the Tuscans, on the First Cause of things, had more resemblance to the principles of the Pythagoreans than to those of the Stoics. We shall merely remark that these two sects were totally unknown in Etruria, at the period when metaphysical doctrines were held in the highest estimation; and, from all these obscure subtleties, we shall conclude that the speculative Tuscans, as well as all people naturally anxious for instruction, began their researches by studies inaccessible to human reason, and more likely to confuse than to enlighten it.

‘ In the opinion of the Tuscans, the idea of a Divinity was more immediately connected with the generation of things; and their cosmogony was inseparable from their theological system, forming in a manner the supplement to it and proof of it. Suidas quotes an unknown Etruscan author, who had asserted that, according to the philosophers of his nation, the great Creator of the world had employed six thousand years in the formation of things, including the creation of man, and that an equal space of time must be consecrated to the duration of the human species; so that twelve thousand years composed the whole circle of the existence of created beings. It seems, nevertheless, they were of opinion that both man and things might be engendered many times, and renewed at certain periods. There was not perhaps a more celebrated notion in antiquity, than that of total destruction and the regeneration of the human species. The schools of the East, of Greece, and of Egypt, repeated in a thousand ways the astonishing doctrine of these periodical revolutions of the world. Such dogmas, founded on the tradition of all nations, taught the Tuscans that eight different generations of men should succeed and replace one another; that God had fixed the duration of each to a certain space of time in the grand period; and that, in a word, the change of one of these periods to another order of things was always announced by some great prodigy. Many writers have sought, with much patience and ingenuity, to determine the period of this grand Tuscan year, which must be the  
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æra of the entire renewal of the universe: but the accidental mention, which the antients have made of it, does not furnish facts sufficient for this research; and perhaps we should not attach much importance to the solution of a problem, which, clothed since its origin with the apparel of astronomical knowledge, cannot at best be regarded otherwise than as the vain and frivolous speculation of a rash imagination.

The study of natural philosophy, combined with the science of morals, gave place with the Etruscans to a truly useful application, and became the foundation of an authority which makes every thing yield before its irrefragable dogmas. We may judge of the prudence of these sages by observing that Tages, their first master, inculcated carefully, by the law of destiny, the salutary precepts of morality and the social duties. Although the science of the soothsayers, the fruit of the ingenious meditations of theological philosophers, concealed under the veil of an ambiguous doctrine many notions respecting physics and natural history, it had a more direct and more particular relation to morality and politics. As, in the opinions of those times, the phænomena of nature, which depended on the special power of the Divinity, were regarded as bound by an invisible chain to human destinies, the most penetrating prophets alone could distinguish the favorable or the sinister influence of presages. Let philosophers, or those who assume the title, boast of having deprived the vulgar of the consolations afforded them by superstition, — consolations which have charms for the unfortunate, — the political and moral end of divination drawn from the *fulgural* science might induce us to pardon an artifice of which the aim is to keep always before us the idea of a supreme Being, the impartial judge of human actions, ever ready to succour innocence and to punish crime, and of whom the most powerful can neither avoid the observation nor avert the judgment. It was in this view that the mysterious soothsayers distinguished the prognostics drawn from thunder in private and in public, separated them into many kinds, and interpreted them only in a sense conducive to morality and the good of the state. Jupiter, according to their doctrine, never darted his destructive flashes without the consent of the other gods, in order to teach kings to moderate their power, to surround themselves with prudent counsellors, and to instruct them that the supreme authority should never display itself too much till it had decided to strike a fatal blow. Thus, among the points of their ministry which affected the order of society, the Tuscan soothsayers considered that if the thunder-bolt, which they then called royal, should fall on the market-place, or any other conspicuous part of a free city, it was evident that this city was menaced by a king. On the contrary, by means of such another sign, all sorts of happiness were promised by the sacred books to the lawful chiefs of the state. Physics, politics, and morals, took according to them their root in religion: it was religion alone which interpreted them, in forming one whole with them. In fact, as by this immutable belief every event, whether natural or civil, issuing from God, is brought

brought back to God, so in the same manner the knowledge of things is manifested and imprinted in the sole science of the Divinity. Such a system of instruction, which was long since practised by the sages, was without doubt bold, and not devoid of danger : for it allowed the sacred interpreters too much facility to profit by the terrors of the multitude ; and to restrict the free immortality of souls, without which no generous or noble sentiments can exist. It is difficult for men exclusively entrusted with the fountain of knowledge not to abuse this office, by which they are so highly interested in the support of a system that opens to them so many advantages.

As a knowledge of physics, and an apparent union between natural causes and effects, more or less distant, have been the true foundation of divination, we cannot doubt that the sacred books of the Etruscans, known under the name of Soothsaying, contain numerous and useful instructions on the science of nature. The study of the phenomena of the atmosphere, in connection with their sensible influence on animal economy, and on the productions of the earth, was cultivated by the Tuscan soothsayers with very particular attention ; and their books of divination, as we learn from Cicero, were daily enriched with observations and new experiments relating to physics in general. In contemplating the meteors of atmospherical electricity, they must remark the singular difference which exists between the phenomena of ascending and descending electricity ; it was, in fact, from their assiduous researches that they derived this remarkable principle, that thunder is less formed in the clouds than on the earth, because its direction was from below to above. The variety of colors, which the thunder imprints on the objects which it strikes, confirms the justice of their observation on the properties of the electric fluid : but what will give a grander idea of the physical knowledge of the Tuscan diviners is the opinion once entertained that they had the power to draw down the thunder from the heavens, if this power belonged more to their science than to their sacred functions. A recent writer, too, (*Dutens*,) eager to represent modern learned men as decked with the spoils of antiquity, hesitates not to affirm that the Tuscans knew the properties of thunder, and possessed the art of making it descend by means of an electric conductor. We dare not, however, state as truth an assertion devoid of positive proof, and which compromises, in a singular degree, the glory of our age. At least, however, it is certain that the Etruscans made this pretension, and that their antient annals relate that this process had been employed with success at Volscinium. A passage in which Livy relates the death of Tullus Hostilius, destroyed by thunder while offering certain secret sacrifices to Jupiter Elivius, might lead us to think that the Tuscans had some notion of so extended a science as electricity, and that they possessed the secret of attracting the electric fluid by the aid of a machine like a paper-kite. Be this as it may, we should pay some attention to an opinion which all antiquity respects, and which was still in force even in the time of the Goths. In fact it is on record that, at the first siege of Rome, the prefect of the city,

city, Pompeianus, was persuaded that the art of the Tuscan soothsayers could, by a mysterious power, cause flashes to descend from the clouds, and direct celestial flames against the camp of the barbarians.

The practice which had existed in Tuscany, from the earliest ages, of inculcating moral precepts and duties by means of proverbs and parables, gives weight to the old notion that Pythagoras was born in this country. There is no doubt that a discipline and maxims, analogous to those of the philosopher, have been known in Etruria from time immemorial; and that the language and symbolical method of instruction were so familiar there, that the least enlightened portion of the people then reduced to a symbol of action that which was only a symbol of precepts. It is undoubtedly for this reason that Lucius, the Tuscan philosopher, states in Plutarch that only the Etruscans observed, in fact, the symbols of Pythagoras. Although the people might be ignorant of the hidden meaning of these doctrines, they did not therefore carry these proverbs into practice, in a literal and imitative manner, any more than some Pythagoreans who were but imperfectly informed; nevertheless, the sentences transmitted from age to age, until the time of Lucius, proved how much the science of symbols had been diffused and professed in Tuscany in the oldest times. The striking resemblance, which grave historians have observed, between the first constitutions of Rome and several institutions of Pythagoras, certainly arose only from the neighbourhood of the Tuscans, and from the conformity of the learning of Numa with theirs; for it cannot be asserted that the Sabine legislator was instructed by Pythagoras in person.

Deprived of any documents which could inform us with precision what was the state of the sciences among these people, we are obliged to be very cautious in our conjectures: but it may without temerity be stated that they cultivated medicine, and the subsidiary arts which tend to succour human infirmities. Indeed, the art of healing, considered in principle as a mysterious branch of religion, was intrusted to the priests alone, and consisted chiefly in the means of appeasing the gods by sacrifices, conjurations, and superstitious practices, to the efficacy of which all the fortunate cures were attributed. The Marsian priests, skilful masters of enchantment, availed themselves of verses and magic words as an essential portion of the healing art. They cured wounds by their soothing songs, and the herbs of their mountains. Other cunning enchanterers treated common disorders in the same manner: but, in the case of more serious maladies and melancholy epidemics among the Tuscans, heaven was appeased by theatrical games, accompanied by offerings which were particularly acceptable to their medical divinities. Still, while the credulity of the vulgar and the antiquity of their customs kept in force these mystic ceremonies, the more skilful class of the priests was occupied, through natural remedies and repeated observations, with the means of advancing and ameliorating science. Vainly had nature enriched the soil of the Tuscans with so many thermal waters, and

and medicinal plants, if they had not applied themselves to learn their virtues, and to employ them in aiding the woes of humanity. One proof, that they attached great importance to the discovery and employment of springs, is found in the very function of the Tuscan *aquilege*, whose business it was to collect the waters for public uses. Etruria, therefore, abounded with springs celebrated for their properties, and the cures which were attributed to them. We must believe that the Tuscans had acquired not only empirical but theoretic information as to medicine, that they had studied the human frame, and that the art of distillation was not unknown to them, since they vaunted of the efficacy of the remedies which they had invented. Besides, accustomed as they were to disembowel a great number of animals in order religiously to observe their entrails, they had frequent occasions of acquiring sound notions of anatomy, without which medical science can make no progress. Pliny testifies that the Tuscans applied themselves with zeal to natural history; and he asserts that in their sacred and scientific books were painted figures of certain rare birds, of which they alone had knowledge.

‘ A glory which cannot be denied to the Italians is that of having been profoundly versed in astronomy. The language of allegory, which involved so many physical truths, would furnish a striking proof in favour of the antiquity of their astronomical knowledge. Indeed, if the Italian fable of Phæton be interpreted according to Lucian, it signifies, by this personage, a man incessantly occupied in studying the course of the sun. Yet, without diverging from historical certainty, we may repeat, after the illustrious and unfortunate *Bailly*, that the antient Italians long preceded the Greeks in the knowledge of astronomical systems. The difference of the antient calendars of Alba, Tusculum, Lavinium, Aricia, and Ferentinum, would prove that they did not regulate the measure of time by the course of the stars: but, besides that the fact is not demonstrated, it is certain that the Romans had very early a lunar year of twelve months, or three hundred and fifty-five days, and that they adopted even the names of the months employed in Latium. Numa wished that the year should be regulated by the course of the sun; and, as he was not ignorant that the revolution of this planet exceeds the lunar year by eleven days, he ordered that in every two years a month of twenty-two days should be inserted. Knowing, moreover, that the duration of the solar year surpassed also by a quarter of a day that which is calculated from the revolutions of the moon, he accounted for this little difference by multiplying eleven days and a quarter by eight, and formed a period of ninety days, which he divided into two months of twenty-two days, and two of twenty-three, each of which months was inserted every other year.

‘ Macrobius attributes to the penetrating genius of Numa the honor of this admirable distribution of the year, in which, he says, he perhaps followed the notions of the Greeks: but Greece had not then made such great progress in astronomy, since it was not until two centuries afterward that it was informed of this period



period of eight years. In truth, we do not know whence this sage had obtained such precise ideas of the motions of the stars; although we can suppose that the learned and zealous order of the priests had, for a long time, introduced some germs of foreign learning, and particularly of that of the Egyptians. A passage of Plutarch, relating to the symbolical worship of Vesta, has caused some persons to think that Numa was informed of the true system of the world; which it is not easy to establish, if we particularly consider that the antient astronomers did not then make use of either calculations or instruments. We see, on the contrary, that this philosopher, trammelled by the superstition of his age, altered the regular astronomical distribution by a mystical respect for the unequal number, in allowing the day to remain almost entire which exceeded the lunar year; whence arose, at the end of each period of eight years, an error of twenty-four days, which could not be corrected before the revolution of twenty-four years. Numa intrusted to the priests the important care of making the intercalations, and of observing with assiduous attention the motion of the stars. Nevertheless, the negligence, ignorance, or faithlessness of these ministers insensibly introduced such disorder in the Roman calendar, that the reform effected under Julius Cæsar was become indispensable.

It will readily be believed that geometry, and all the sciences of calculation, made equal progress with astronomy; and, without being aware of it, we still employ the same arithmetical signs as the Tuscans, among whom numerical progression was indicated by cyphers, the figures of which we yet see engraved on several stones, where they served especially to mark the years of life. Their manner of building sufficiently proves that they were versed in mechanics; and their industrious skill of this kind is besides confirmed by several inventions. The honorable testimony, which they have given of their profound penetration, authorizes us to neglect the puerile subtleties of those who have stretched beyond all the boundaries of probability the description of the Tuscan discoveries, and the intellectual merit of a nation which has established its proofs in the career of science and art. Accustomed to study and philosophical researches, the Tuscans still cultivated the sciences after having lost their political liberty, and distinguished themselves in the finest ages of Latin literature. Among the eminent learned men of Tuscany may be reckoned Tutilius, Musonius, Aquila, Umbricius, Cecina, and Fabricius, who wrote on the knowledge of thunder, or treated of other subjects worthy by their depth of the meditation of sages; such was also that Attalus, the master of Seneca, who, according to the eulogium of his grateful disciple, knew how to unite the solid information of the Tuscans with the subtle metaphysics of the Greeks.' (Vol. ii. pp. 233—263.)

We should apologize for the extent of this quotation: but it is an extent in which we seldom indulge, and it seemed requisite in the present instance.

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The two concluding volumes, in which M. MICALI interweaves the more recent history of the Italian states with the birth and gradual developement of the Roman grandeur, abound with instances of the same systematic prejudices, but are inferior to the preceding parts in entertainment and interest. In his account of the school of Pythagoras, he zealously maintains that this great philosopher, besides possessing those attainments in mathematical and physical science which none can dispute, is also to be ranked as equal if not superior to Socrates as a teacher of moral wisdom. It is the peculiar merit of Socrates that he withdrew the mind, in discussing moral subjects, from metaphysical reveries and systems of words to the consideration of their actual relations in society; and that he taught men to attend to the suggestions of experience, the ordinary movements of sympathy, and the intimations of conscience. He introduced realities in the place of abstractions, and challenged the same ascendancy for good sense in the schools which it must always maintain in actual life. He disdained all the artifices of mysticism, and appealed only to the sober judgment and plain understanding of his auditors. His sentiments possessed irresistible authority, because they were reflected back from the breasts of all who heard him as from a mirror, and were echoed by the monitor within. It is surely idle, then, to place in competition with the authenticated services of this real sage the legendary and traditional fame of Pythagoras; of whose history there is scarcely one fact that is not contested, and whose character as a moral teacher is not represented by any two writers wholly in the same point of view. By all, however, it is admitted that much of his doctrine was delivered in a mysterious form: by some he is supposed to have adopted this emblematical mode from a love of singularity and a desire of distinction; while others attribute it to the necessity that was imposed on him by circumstances, of concealing some of his political opinions. Others, again, think that the peculiarity did not arise from affectation, or from intention, but from the difficulty of expressing moral notions in an infant language, except in a figurative manner. So little indeed is known, and so much must be admitted to be fabulous of what is said, about the character and doctrine of Pythagoras, that it required the enthusiasm and patriotism of such a writer as M. MICALI to speak of him, and of his system, in such a decisive strain of admiration and eulogy as we discover in the volumes before us.

The chapters in which the progress of the Roman arms is discussed contain but little to attract those who are conversant

ant with history; and the recital of the Punic wars is given in such a manner as to shew that the author found himself neither equal to the task nor gratified by it. The most interesting chapter, in the latter part, is that which discusses the causes and effects of the changes introduced in the manners, religion, and literature of antient Italy, between the fifth and the seventh century of the Roman æra.

The plates in the atlas are executed in an admirable style, and throw much light on the antiquities of the country: but many of the expositions, which accompany them, rest merely on conjecture; and in some those conjectures are obviously erroneous. We need only mention the figures in plate 63., which represents the three goddesses before the shepherd Paris, and Hercules (as it seems) standing by the side of the goddesses. The expositor describes Venus and Juno as two unknown personages, and supposes Paris to be a representation of Apollo.

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ART. IX. *Mémoires et Correspondance de Duplessis-Mornay, &c.*;  
i. e. Memoirs and Correspondence of DUPLESSIS-MORNAY, &c.  
&c. Vols. VII.—X. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treutel and Co. Price 9s. each Volume.

THE age of Henry IV. has always been a favorite subject of French contemplation. He acceded to the throne soon after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and found his country torn by the rival factions of Catholics and Calvinists, then in the highest state of rival embitterment. By embracing the religion of the monarchy, and tolerating that of the insurgents, he restored peace and union; and he added to the crown of France his personal inheritance of Navarre. Military, gay, and liberal, he realized to his countrymen the French idea of a perfect gentleman. Fuller of heart than any other sovereign, antient or modern, he lived among those who surrounded him with the frank equality of college-companionship, and won from his adherents a warmth of affection which had more in it of disinterested friendship than of ambitious loyalty. A patron of worth, still more than of talent, he placed *Sully*, *Grotius*, and *Duplessis-Mornay* among his advisers. His overflowing kindness of nature attached all classes of the people, and would have disarmed superstition itself, if religious bigotry were not absolutely implacable.

Among the Trinitarian sects of Christianity, the Catholics and Calvinists are those which have asserted the greatest degree of religious influence over their adherents: but it has operated differently, chiefly in consequence of the distinct condition

condition of their clergy. As the Catholic priests were doomed to celibacy, their personal moral interests were those of bachelors; and consequently they freely tolerated among men the libertine habits of the young, and imposed but a wavering restraint on the frailties of women. On the other hand, the Calvinistic priests were exhorted to matrimony, and availed themselves of the permission. Their personal moral interests, therefore, were those of fathers of families; and consequently they resisted even in young men those natural pleasures which lead to expence, while they severely repressed every aberration from chastity in the wife or the daughter. Thus, as far as religion can modify the instinctive morality of human nature, Catholicism has patronized libertinism, and Calvinism has patronized ascetism. Catholicism, therefore, kept its ground in the south; and Calvinism gained footing in the north.

Besides the *moral*, there were *political* discrepancies between these sects, which originated in another feature of their organization. The Catholic clergy, being appointed by their superiors, were nominated (as it were) from above, and had to look upwards for advancement: it was a descending hierarchy: but the Calvinistic clergy were appointed by their inferiors, were nominated from below, and had to look downwards for advancement: so that this was an ascending hierarchy. Hence the Catholic clergy were worshippers of rank, and the Calvinistic clergy of popularity: the one leaned to royalism, the other to republicanism. A singular consequence of this state of things was, that the Catholic laity were more tolerant and liberal than their clergy; and that the Calvinistic clergy were more tolerant and liberal than their laity. The Catholic priest called on the sovereign to persecute heretics; and the Calvinistic priest contended strenuously for the rights of private judgment. The one appealed to the magistrate to enforce uniformity of doctrine; the other employed family and congregational excommunication. The interference of the magistrate was more ostentatious and severe, but it was rare: that of parents, elders, and synods, was more frequent, more general, more teasing. The Catholic lighted his faggot once in an olympiad; the Calvinist separated it into a multitude of rods, and flogged with some of them every day. Much happier was the condition of the members of those Protestant communions, which, like the Lutheran and Anglican churches, included less bigotry, and more allowance for the imperfections of man.

Notwithstanding the veil which the refinement of modern manners tends to throw over the influence of religion on the character

character of individuals, and of parties, the essential tendencies of the Catholic and the Calvinistic sects may still be traced in our own times with little variation. Catholic laymen are often liberal, their women always bigoted, and their priests always intolerant; yet more against heresy than against atheism. Calvinistic laymen are seldom tolerant, their women less unconforming, their priests assertors of the rights of conscience, and far more hostile to infidelity than to variation. The DUPLESSIS-MORNAY of the book before us is the same steady, principled, conscientious, and consequential person as the deacon at the Calvinistic meeting-house: he is uxorious too, and despotic at home, like most constant husbands. He fearlessly approaches his sovereign in the name of duty and of justice, and as fearlessly exhorts the people to contend with persevering zeal for the rights of conscience and of God. Faithful to the cause, and only therefore to his king, he blamed without hesitation the useful apostacy of Henry, and continued to defend the doctrines of the Calvinists with a pertinacity and skill, which obtained for him the name of the Huguenot pope. A prolix importance characterizes his style, not unlike that of *Necker*, another pupil of the same school; as imposing, as uninfluential, and as praise-worthy.

The papers of DUPLESSIS-MORNAY, here reprinted with superfluous completeness, and to which our attention is once more called, \* comprize, besides his regular publications, (of which a new edition is given,) many letters to his wife, many to his king, and a various correspondence, illustrated by the attendant answers. It includes also a valuable collection of state-papers, drawn up by his pen. Of each class of materials we will now produce one specimen, but not long; for in this country no very warm interest can now be taken in the details of a long train of historical event, the importance of which has been so much superseded, and the memory of which has been so much obliterated; by the recent recollections of the French Revolution.

We select from the seventh volume a letter to the author's wife, which betrays a singular method of "raising the wind," by threatening public functionaries with being called to account, and then accepting a present to quash the investigation.

*' M'amie, tu auras veu le Basque. Depuis est arrivé M. de Bouillon ceste apres disnee, avec lequel j'ai soupé; c'est à dire que des demain nous entrons en affaires. Il y a fort belle compaignie ici. Bourcany et Lechesne ont esté arrestés à Amboise. Ung nommé La Vallee, capitaine des gardes de M. d'Elbeuf, les va querir pour*

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\* See Art. I. in our last Appendix.

*les mener à Poitiers, où est déjà La Gasnerie. On tient que la chambre royale, qui avoit esté ordonnée pour la recherche des financiers, est revokee moyennant 40,000 livres, qu'ils baillent. Il me tarde que je n'aye nouvelles de ta santé. Je t'embrasse, m'amie, de tout mon cœur, et supplie le Createur qu'il te garde et conserve et toute nostre famille.*

*' Chastellerauli, ce 26 juin 1597.'*

From the eighth volume we transcribe a letter of Henry IV. which displays the greatest apparent cordiality.

*' M. Duplessis, j'ai entendu bien particulièrement, par le sieur de Pierrefite, ce que vous l'aviés chargé de me dire ; sur quoi, oultre ce qu'il vous dira, vous sçaurés de moi et serés assuré que je ne manquerai à rien de ce que je vous ai ci devant mandé et promis, et que je ne vous serai pas seulement bon roy, bon maistre, mais bon ami. J'espere de vous voir bientost, car je m'achemine en vos quartiers, où vous ne serés des derniers : aussi pouvés vous faire estat que je vous aime et que vous me trouverés toujours bon maistre. Adieu, M. Duplessis.*

HENRY.

*' A Paris, ce 9 fevrier 1598.'*

Instead of such friendly letters to and from the king as abound in the seventh and eighth volumes, M. DUPLESSIS was reduced, after the royal abjuration, to correspond with the king's sister Catharine of Navarre, who retained her Protestant faith ; and through her he addresses a weighty complaint to his less gracious sovereign.

*' Madame, vostre altesse m'a fort obligé, et pour m'avoir fait cest honneur de m'escrire le mensonge qui courroit de moi ; car ce m'est subject de vous en faire sçavoir la verité, et pour l'avoir reconnu tel qu'il estoit, sans en estre plus advant esclaircie ; car c'est tesmoigner la bonne opinion qu'il vous plaist avoir de moi. La verité est donc, Madame, que j'ai esté quatre mois pres de sa majesté, pendant lesquels toutes les chaires de Paris ont tonné contre moi, jusques à exciter le peuple à me courre sus, me nommant par mon nom, sans que pour cela je m'en sois hasté d'ung pas. Le roy ne m'a point mené au sermon du pere Brulart, et n'y ai point esté ni d'aucun aultre. Sa majesté aussi ne m'a jamais dict ung mot de mon livre, encores qu'il n'y ait eu faulte de gens qui l'ont voulu aigrir contre moi. Dont vous voyés tout le fondement de l'histoire pretendeue manquer des le pied. Tout ce que j'en sçache, c'est qu'ung jour chés madame la princesse d'Orange, M. d'Andelot me dict qu'il y avoit des docteurs qui disoient qu'ils monstreroient plusieurs passages fausement cités en mon livre ; je lui dis que je les pryais de m'en bailler une liste, et se signer au pied, et que je me soubmettois de les leur verifïer en sa presence dans deux fois vingt et quatre heures. Et sur l'heure lui en verifïai quelques uns qu'il m'alleguoit. Il promit de ce faire, et je m'y attendois. Mais trois jours apres il me vint trouver expres en mon logis, me dict que M. de Paris ne l'avoit voulu permettre ; que les capucins*

*et*

*et ceulx de la Sorbonne avoient quelques obediences qui les en empeschoient, et qu'à son grand regret il n'avoit peu faire aultre chose; et n'en ouïs point parler depuis. Quelques jours apres, sa majesté s'en alla à Fontainebleau, où elle me commanda de le suivre; ce que je feïs, et y feus quinze jours; et vers la sepmaine de Pasques m'en veins faire la cene ici, et quelques jours apres marier ma fille aisnee. Par là donc voyés vous, Madame, que ces bons peres sont fils du pere de mensonge, de la bouche desquels consequemment il ne fault attendre aultre chose. Je fais estat, aidant Dieu, des que sa majesté sera à Blois, de l'aller trouver; où ils me trouveront quand il leur plaira. Et cependant vous enverrai dans peu de temps, aidant Dieu, des fruits de mon loisir, par lesquels vous jugerés de plus en plus combien la verité est forte. Ores je loue Dieu, Madame, de la perseverance qu'il vous a donnée au milieu de ces combats, laquelle tous les gens de bien ont tousjours attendue que je m'asseure qu'il couronnera de gloire et de victoire*

*' Du 30 mai 1599.'*

The interest which the writer took in founding Protestant academies, after having obtained the edict of Nantes, is depicted in the following letter.

*' A MM. les pasteurs assemblés en synode national à La Rochelle.*

*' Messieurs, vous aurés sceu le devoir que nous avons fait à Saulmur pour l'establissement d'une bonne academie; et comme par la grace de Dieu l'avons conduite si avant, que desormais nostre jeunesse y peult estre esleevee jusques à ce point d'estre utile au ministere du saint Evangile, pour peu que vous voullies adjoûter de vostre faveur et secours, pour mener cest edifice jusques au faiste; ce que je m'asseure vous aura esté bien représenté tant par MM. les deputés de nostre province, que particulièrement par M. Beraud, à present recteur de nostre academie. Je vous supplie donc de nous faire ce bien de nous aider à obtenir de vostre sainte compaignie les moyens necessaires à cest effect, dont particulièrement je me sentirai fort obligé à vous servir, et le ferai là où j'en aurai le moyen d'aussi bon cœur, etc.*

*' Du 25 mars 1607.'*

We expect and intend to notice the remaining portions of this voluminous collection, which will be a valuable accession to libraries of reference.

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ART. X. *Mémoires de l'Académie Royale, &c.; i. e. Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences in the Institute of France. For the Years 1819 and 1820. Vol. IV. 4to. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 2l. 2s.*

THIS fourth volume of the new series of the Memoirs of the Academy contains, like its predecessors, the history of the labors of the members for the years stated in the title,

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followed

followed by Memoirs on Mathematical and Philosophical Subjects. The latter, however, in the present volume, are only three in number, although they occupy considerable space. The first is a Memoir on the Atmosphere of Liquids and their Influence on the Mutual Action of the Solid Particles which they envelope, by M. GIRARD, which occupies 98 pages: the second is on the Application of Algebra to the Theory of Numbers, by M. POINSON, employing 83 pages; and the third and last Memoir treats on the Theory of the Motion of Heat in Solid Bodies, by M. FOURIER, which fills 370 pages. The historical part contains, first, an Analysis of the Labors of the Mathematical Class for the Year 1819 by M. *Delambre*, and a similar Analysis of the Physical Class by M. *Cuvier*. Then follows a Report for the Two Classes by the same Two Secretaries, for 1820; and here terminate the labors of the former of these distinguished philosophers, M. *Delambre*; his last Report being immediately followed by his *éloge* by his successor Baron *Fourier*. The concluding article in this part is an *éloge* on another deceased member, M. *de Beauvois*.

Such is a general summary of the contents of this volume; of which by far the most interesting portion relates to the history of the labors of the classes, and to this we propose therefore principally to call the attention of our readers in the following brief report.

The first article is an *Application of the Calculus of Probabilities to the Geodetic Operations of the Meridian of France*, by the Marquis *La Place*. The part of the meridian which extends from Perpignan to Formentera rests on a base measured at Perpignan, its length being about 460,000 metres. As in this great length none of the operations have been verified by a second base, we may reasonably entertain a conjecture that, in carrying on the twenty-six triangles employed in the measurement, some sensible error may have been committed; and the object of this paper is to compute, on the principles of the calculus of probability, the amount of the error, or the likelihood that it does not exceed 40 or 50 metres. This is one of that kind of estimates which must require all the reputation of M. *La Place* to render it admissible as a legitimate deduction; for the errors which enter into these operations cannot be computed: they consist of local inequalities, incorrect measurements, errors of observations, of calculation, &c.; and we cannot but think that to attempt it is a mere abuse of mathematical investigation. In the following article, M. *La Place* makes an addition to his memoir inserted in the preceding volume on the figure of the earth. The pendulum-experiments



riments in the northern and southern hemisphere have shewn that the earth is not a homogeneous body, and that the density of its beds increases from the surface towards the centre: but, although in this sense, that is mathematically, the earth is heterogeneous, it will be homogeneous in a chemical sense, if the increase of density of its beds be only proportional to the increase of pressure to which they are exposed, as they lie nearer to the centre. We know that solid bodies are compressed by their own weight, but the law of this compression, or the law of the resulting densities, is not known. It is natural, however, to suppose that bodies will resist compression more, the more they are compressed; and therefore the ratio of the differentive of pressure to that of the density will increase with the density; and the most simple function, which can represent this ratio, is the first or simple power of the density into a certain constant multiplier. This is the function which the author has assumed; and he has been enabled to demonstrate that it is possible thus to satisfy all the known phænomena which depend on the increased density of the strata. These phænomena are, the variation of the degrees of the meridian and of gravity, the precession of the equinoxes, the nutation of the earth's axis, the inequalities which the compression or the ellipticity of the earth produces on the motion of the moon; and, finally, the ratio of the mean density of the earth to that of water.

From the preceding law of the compression of solids, it results that, if the earth were entirely formed of water, its compression would be  $\frac{1}{310}$ ; the coefficient of the square of the sine of the latitude in the expression for the length of the second pendulum being 0000059, and the mean density of the earth nine times that of water: all which results deviate considerably from those that we ought to expect from observation. If, however, we suppose the earth to be formed of a homogeneous substance, of which the density is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times that of water, and which, compressed by a column of its own substance equal to a millionth part of the earth's radius, increases in density  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of its primitive density, we may then satisfy all the phænomena recited above. Now the existence of such a substance is very admissible as an hypothesis, and this is all that the author wishes to infer: not that such is actually the constitution of the terrestrial globe, although it must be deemed highly probable.

Admitting it, however, merely as an hypothesis, we obtain the ellipticity of the earth =  $\frac{1}{3088}$ , the ratio of the density of the centre to that of the surface 5.236, the nutation in six agesimal seconds  $9'' 32.$ , and the mean density of the surface,

as we have seen, 24. It must be granted that these are admirable approximations, and worthy of the talents of their distinguished author.

We next come to an analysis of a memoir by *M. Biot*, on the laws of double refraction and of polarization in regularly crystalized bodies; and then follow reports on two memoirs by *Baron Fourier*, on mutual assurances, and on the increase and decrease, or on the movement, of the population in large cities. The object of the first of these memoirs is to examine the mathematical conditions of mutual assurances; that is to say, of an association whose object is to support in common the fortuitous losses of individuals, by means of a proportional reparation among the several members or proprietors. Although put in this general form, we conceive that it must have in view only that particular kind of assurances which are so common in this country, as for example against fire, marine-assurances, life-assurances, &c. Of course, it is intimately connected with the doctrine of probabilities, and is one of those cases to which that doctrine is most satisfactorily applied. We know not what changes may have taken place in the opinion of Frenchmen since the peace: but we believe that, when this event happened, and even so late as 1817, no association of the kind above mentioned existed in the French metropolis, and perhaps not in the kingdom. We are therefore glad to see the subject taken up by an individual whose opinion will have great weight, and be the means, we hope, of establishing practically, as well as theoretically, associations for mutual assurances in the different provinces of that empire.

Passing over one or two short articles relative to the motion of elastic fluids in tubes and wind-instruments, we halt at one by *M. Cauchy* on the *Analytical Solution of Equations of all Degrees by Means of Definite Integrals*. — The solution of equations of the higher order has ever been to algebraists a sort of desideratum, such as squaring the circle and doubling the cube were to antient geometers. In both cases, every attempt has failed when the equation has been of a higher degree than the fourth; and lately it has even been demonstrated by an Italian geometer, *M. Ruffini*, that this solution is actually impossible for the fifth, and for all higher powers. Consequently; there remains no hope of expressing analytically the roots of equations generally, by irrational functions of the co-efficients of its first member: but it still remained to examine whether it was not possible to reduce them to definite integrals, which there are so many means of converting into numbers. This is the question which the author proposes

proposes to examine in his memoir. In 1804 M. *Parseval* had endeavoured to resolve this problem by the aid of a very ingenious artifice, which connected the solution with the method given by *Lagrange* for the resolution of algebraical or transcendental equations.

The calculus adopted by M. *Parseval* having been founded on the principle of series, of which the convergency is not always certain, the results to which he was led could not be considered as generally established in a rigorous manner; whereas the method proposed by M. *Cauchy*, resting immediately on a class of definite integrals, leads directly to the solution of the problem under all possible cases. The following are the principal results:

1. When an equation has all its roots real, each of its roots may be expressed by a definite integral. This integral comprizes two constant arbitrary quantities, between which the root sought is supposed to lie. In other respects, these constants may vary in any way at pleasure, without changing the value of the integral. If the two constants are wide of each other, so that two, three, or more roots are comprized between them, the definite integral will express the sum of these two, three, or four roots, &c.

2. When an equation has at the same time both real and imaginary roots, we may represent each real root by a definite integral which contains two arbitrary constants, provided that we suppose the real part of the root which we are considering to be comprized between these two constants. This remark is sufficient for demonstrating, in theory, that every root may be expressed by a definite integral: but as, in cases where we wish to obtain the numerical value of the roots, the determination of these two constants may lead to a long and laborious calculation, it will be preferable on such occasions to employ the following process.

Let us, in the first place, seek one constant only less than the least positive co-efficient of  $\sqrt{-1}$  in the imaginary roots, which is readily effected by the note given to the "*Resolution des Équations Numériques.*" This being done, it is easy to substitute for the proposed equation two other equations, which have for their respective roots, the first, the real roots of the proposed equation, and the second, those of the imaginary roots in which the co-efficient of  $\sqrt{-1}$  is positive: then the co-efficients of these two equations will be definite, containing that constant quantity only of which we are speaking. Finally, if all the roots are imaginary, then the constant must be supposed equal to zero. Thus, for example, if the proposed equation be of the 6th or 8th degree, and of

which all the roots are imaginary, we may, from what has been stated, and without the preliminary research of a constant, reduce this equation immediately to two equations of the 3d or 4th degree. It must be acknowledged that M. Cauchy has by this investigation made a considerable step in the reduction of this problem, which has been rendered notorious rather by its difficulty than by any useful purpose to which it can be applied: but it is still left in that state which will prevent us from deriving from the solution any general analytical deductions.

The following observations relative to a *Case of Terrestrial Refraction observed on the Lake of Geneva*, by M. Jurine, will be interesting to some of our readers. At 10 o'clock in the morning of the 17th of September, 1818, the sky being cloudy and the air lightly charged with vapour, and agitated by a slight north-east wind, the thermometer  $12\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$  of Reaumur, and the barometer at  $27\frac{1}{2}$  inches, M. Sauret, at the second story-window of a house on the side of the lake, saw with a good telescope a ship having two sails set, making for the port of Geneva. At the moment when the vessel arrived at a certain point, it changed its direction, bearing off a little to the left; and at this instant M. Sauret perceived above the water the image of the two sails, which, instead of following the course of the vessel, separated from it, bearing to the right; that is from east to west; while the course of the vessel was from north to south.

At the moment of observation, that part of the lake, on which the vessel was, appeared calm, and of the common marine tint; while the part nearer to the observer was feebly agitated, and of a grey colour, caused no doubt by the reflection of the clouds. When the image separated from the vessel, its dimensions were equal to those of the two sails which it represented: but, as the apparent distance increased, they insensibly diminished, and were, when the *mirage* ceased, reduced to half of their original size. M. Jurine arrived just in time to see these two objects at a little distance the one from the other; they advanced constantly in the same plane, in such a manner that, in moving the telescope horizontally, they appeared one after the other in the field of the instrument. As the sun at times shone through openings in the clouds, the images were visible to the naked eye, and in the telescope seemed of a bright white color. It was very remarkable, however, that the images were not seen reversed, as in the case of ordinary *mirage*; neither was the hull of the vessel seen below; the sails only were distinguishable, and these in the exact position which they occupied in the vessel,  
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and equally inflated. No attempt is made in the memoir to explain the cause of this singular description of mirage: but it must, we conceive, fall under the case of lateral refraction, of which some instances are recorded. — The concluding part of the historical sketch for 1819 consists of short notices of the works presented to the academy, and the Reports adopted; among which are several curious and interesting articles, that we must omit in this brief notice of the present volume.

One of the most novel papers in the historical part for 1820 is the notice of M. *Ampère's* discoveries in Electro-Magnetism: but, as we have formerly taken a general view of the author's complete treatise on this new branch of natural philosophy, we shall pass over this and one or two other articles preceding it, in order to give more at length an account of a paper by the Marquis *Laplace* on the change in the length of the day, as depending on the gradual cooling of the earth. Such speculations as these could not be entertained if they proceeded from any philosopher of less celebrity than the author of the *Mécanique Céleste*; but, from such a philosopher, every vague surmise necessarily becomes interesting. Who but Newton would have ventured, in his time, to make any estimate of the mean density of the earth? Yet we now know that he was very nearly correct; indeed, perfectly so, taking the limits which he stated. Who, again, but such a man could have ventured to advance that water contained in its composition a combustible substance, and to assert the combustibility of the diamond? So, in the present day, to whom but *Laplace* should we listen with patience on subjects so highly speculative as those to which we now allude? Yet, with the weight of the author's name and talents, they cannot fail of attracting attention. The article to which we have referred is entitled, *On the Diminution of the Length of the Day by the Cooling of the Earth*. — By a comparison of all the antient eclipses on record, the Marquis has found reason to conclude that there has not been, during the last two thousand years, a change in the length of the day amounting to the hundredth part of a centesimal second: and he shews, moreover, that, if the whole earth were originally fluid, its dimensions would gradually diminish with its temperature, and then its angular velocity of rotation would as gradually increase, till the earth should have arrived at that constant mean temperature which is due to the space by which it is environed, and to that of the heat of the sun. If we could conceive this globe to be transferred into a part of space, the  
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temperature of which should be one centesimal second less than at present, all other things being the same, the area which its particles would describe in the plane of the equator would diminish nearly one fifty-thousandth part, provided that its velocity remained the same: its velocity in this case must therefore of necessity increase, and its time of rotation diminish accordingly. Before we arrive, however, at this final state of temperature, the globe of the earth must have a temperature continually diminishing, though more slowly from the centre to the surface. The terrestrial globe appears to be actually in this state at present; at least the gradual elevation of temperature in mines of greater and greater depths indicate this fact. The mean increase observed is stated to be about a centesimal degree for every 32 metres: but we require more observations to establish the law completely. This datum indicates a very great heat at the surface of the earth in past ages, and that the interior heat must be excessive at the depth of a million metres, especially at the centre: it is, in short, probable in this view of the subject that, at this moment, all the central parts are in a state of fusion, and would be reduced to vapour were it not for the compression of the superior strata, which at these depths must be extreme. In order to calculate the increase of the rotation, the author endeavors to ascertain the law of the diminution of heat from the centre to the surface; and we need not say that in the calculus, as well as in the hypothesis, he takes the best ground that the question will admit. It results that, since the time of Hipparchus, the length of the day has not varied  $\frac{1}{100}$  part of a second, and not  $\frac{1}{100}$  in the last thousand years. We have already observed that such questions as these are interesting to philosophers, only when they proceed from men of the first talent.

We come next to the MEMOIRS; which, as we have already stated, are only three in number, and not of a kind to admit of any such abridgement as would convey a very accurate idea of their contents: particularly as they are all involved in very long and intricate analytical formulæ. We must, therefore, now conclude our analysis of this volume, which, considering that it embraces a period of two years, is certainly not so interesting as many of its predecessors. The historical portion does present some variety, and a few of the subjects are curious and instructive; but the actual Memoirs, besides being so very few in number, treat on subjects by no means generally interesting.

ART. XI. *L'Hermite en Province, &c.; i.e. The Hermit in the Provinces, or Observations on French Manners and Customs, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.* By M. E. JOUY, Member of the French Academy. Vols. V. and VII. 12mo. Paris. 1825. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 11s.

SOMEbody has said that predeterminations are not to be opposed by argument: but here is a proof to the contrary. This peripatetic hermit had arranged the plan of his tour over all the departments of France, in such a manner, probably, that his account of each might join the other; like the separate pieces of a dissected map, which, when put together and in their proper places, make an unbroken whole. He was tempted out of his way, however, and accordingly the seventh volume precedes the sixth: but we doubt not that this latter will in due time make its appearance, and exactly fit the vacancy.

We have accompanied M. JOUY in all his former peregrinations, and now find him the same sprightly, communicative companion as ever.\* In the fifth volume he departs from Vienne, a beautiful and celebrated town on the Saone, which he describes with comprehensive brevity: but Lyons is the great and worthier object of examination. The silk manufacturers are divided into operative and retail merchants: each having a number of workmen under him according to the business that he carries on with Paris, with the departments, and with foreigners. The silk is weighed out to the workmen, who are expected to return the same weight in manufactured goods, of given dimensions.

\* The wealthiest *canuts* (operatives) have two looms, or sometimes three, in a large room warmed in winter by a stove which consumes its own smoke. In that which I visited was a wooden railing, about eight feet high, leading to the false roof. This is the dormitory of the whole family, who at night are crowded together, the beds actually touching each other; and the poverty of these people is often so great as to compel them to use the same chamber for bedroom, workshop, and kitchen. The marks of the broom are seldom to be seen on the dust-covered floor:—yet here it is that the most brilliant stuffs are fabricated, so delicate, so easily injured and dirtied, but which are placed in the hands of the merchant in all their purity and beauty. The habits of care which this demands, and the little vivacity of these automaton families, cause accidents to be very rare. Besides, these men being instructed by the most ingenious of all masters, *want*, know well how to conceal any little misfortune that happens, and to deceive even the eyes of their masters.

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\* See M. R. Vol. 100. p. 537.

‘ La Fontaine says

“ *Pain qu'on dérobe, et qu'on mange en cachette,  
Vaut mieux que pain qu'on cuit et qu'on achette.*”

‘ The labours of the poor frequently do not meet with adequate recompence: too often does the merchant, in calculating for his own profits, forget how much he takes from the subsistence of the workmen; and he, in return, seeks by all means to cheat his master. A roof over his head, and a loaf of bread to eat are not of themselves sufficient for the very humblest workman. He must have clothes; and if, after the most laborious industry, he cannot fairly procure them, he has recourse to fraud. Avarice, when pitted against want, is sure to be the loser; and however vigilant and cunning it may be, its vigilance and cunning will be vain. You may weigh the silk, and calculate with the most minute exactness how many pennyweights and grains there should be in a piece of stuff of given dimensions; you may avail yourself of the experience and knowledge of your predecessors: — the workman brings back his work, the weight, the dimensions, every thing seems right: — nevertheless he does not return all the silk that was given to him. With the help of certain greasy substances, he will have contrived to save sufficient to buy himself a coat. These substances escape your view now, but will be discovered when the stuff comes to be worn. *Gray* is the colour on which these deceptions are most easily practised, and is also that which soonest discovers them. These *savings* not only procure clothing to the workmen, but furnish them with the means for their Sunday amusements. On the Monday and Tuesday at Easter and Whitsuntide, all the population of Lyons is assembled in one of their public places. Fashionable people go in their carriages to see and be seen; while the working classes go in their little boats, called *Buchers*, covered with awnings, and which are not unlike those used by the Parisian washerwomen. Here they amuse themselves with dancing, playing at bowls, ninepins, &c. This may give you an idea of the favorite amusements of the Lyonsese.’

In the seventh volume, we find the Hermit, after an entertaining account of his journey in a diligence, at *Rouen*; where he meets with an old gentleman who, from having made historical researches in all the cantons, towns, villages, and families in every province of Normandy, is called *l'Homme aux Souvenirs*. From Rouen he proceeds to Louviers, and thence to Evreux; of which latter place an account is given in a chapter entitled ‘ Superstition and Feodality.’

‘ Evreux is a town forming a striking contrast with that which I just quitted: all is activity in the one, all idleness in the other: every thing is alive in the first, every thing dead in the second. The manners of the inhabitants of Evreux still seem to feel the influence of the numerous convents which formerly occupied three quarters of their town. To this calm and unoccupied life, they unite a gentleness and urbanity of character which is remarkable



even in the lowest orders. The annals of Evreux are much more interesting than its streets. There is perhaps no country in which superstition has given rise to greater errors, and where the consequences of feodality have pressed more heavily. The miraculous adventures attributed to some of the holy personages of this region are complete fairy-tales. Saint Taurin, who first propagated the true faith there, is naturally the one in whose honour the old chronicles have most exercised their imaginations. His life (*like our English St. Dunstan's*), was a continual struggle with the devil. It was at the gates of Evreux that Satan began his attacks on this holy man; and, Proteus-like, the wicked spirit took successively the form of a bear, a lion, an owl, &c. to entice the bishop from the town in which he preached the word of God. Three times he was beaten. Irritated by his defeats he resolved to take his revenge; and three days after the last, while St. Taurin was preaching, from the midst of the congregation the devil carried away the daughter of a certain Lucius who had extended his hospitality to the bishop, and threw her into the flames, where she instantly perished. This, however, was only the opportunity to display a new triumph: for the saint recalled to life the beautiful Euphrasia, to the great astonishment of the spectators, a hundred and twenty of whom were baptized on the spot. On the same day he restored sight to eight blind men, and speech to four that were dumb. Far from being disheartened by so many defeats, the devil renewed his attacks, and one night absolutely threw down the walls of a church which St. Taurin had built! At this gross insult the saint lost all patience, and resolved to fight the enemy, foot to foot; and the first time that the devil made his appearance again, he seized him by the horns, and gave him so rough and violent a shake that one of them remained in his hands. This identical horn used to be shewn in a vault of St. Taurin's Abbey, till the end of the last century, to convince all those who might doubt the truth of this history; and *true believers*, on putting it to their ear, distinctly heard these words repeated, '*Taurin, Taurin, give me back my horn.*'"

The hermit is a very agreeable travelling companion, and we shall be happy to meet him again on the road at some future time. A little map of his itinerary is prefixed to each volume, with a few pleasing though small vignettes.

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ART. XII. *L'Hermite en Italie*, &c; *i.e.* The Hermit in Italy, or Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; forming a Continuation of the Collection of French Manners by M. de Jouy, and of the Collection of English Manners. Vol. IV. 12mo. Paris. 1825. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 5s. 6d.

**I**N our civth volume, p. 519, we took notice of the three former volumes of this tour, which, as we have since understood and stated\*, is but an imitation of the manner of

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\* See the CORRESPONDENCE in M. R., for October last.

*M. Jany* by another hand. It is, however, an agreeable imitation, and has in consequence attracted the labors of a translator, whose production we also recently announced. As this fourth volume will no doubt be published in English in its regular order, we shall be more concise in our notice than if there were less prospect of its being offered to our readers. A map of the author's route is prefixed, which is ornamented in the margin with miniature views of the principal edifices and sites described in the text; and numerous vignettes exhibit the costume of the various classes of men, and the several cities and provinces included in the range of observation.

From Vesuvius, the author conducts us to Pompeia, which, having been so named before the family of Pompey became distinguished in the Roman republic, was probably the *patria*, or original residence, of the ancestors of that General. The city itself, we conceive, derived its appellation from *πεμπειν*, *transvehere*, having been at first a station for passage-boats. The remains of the place, and the antiquities discovered there, have been so often and so minutely described by *Carcani*, *Martini*, and others, that the mere outline of the present author would appear meagre. Among the most curious disinterments, are vases for heating water, exactly resembling our modern tea-urns, in which a cylinder of red hot iron confined in a tube was employed to keep the water boiling. Calcined loaves of bread have also been discovered, black and imperishable as charcoal, on which the proprietor's name had been stamped by the baker. Some of these names are still legible; and the impression was effected by moveable types, which have also been dug up from the ruins of the office. This approaches so near to the invention of printing, that if Pompeia had been spared another twenty years from the destructive effects of a volcanic eruption, it is probable that printing would have been realized by the antients, and the entire literature of the enlightened age of Augustus preserved for the instruction of Europe. No dark age would then have stifled for a thousand years the intellect of mankind, with the mire of its superstitions.

A Sicilian is introduced who gives some account of that island, which the author did not visit. The gulf of Naples is well described, but vision only can convey an adequate idea of its beauties. We copy a part of this chapter in the original French.

*Caprée est environ à dix-huit milles de Naples. De loin, des rochers énormes, taillés à pic, donnent à cette île un aspect sauvage, qui diminue à mesure que l'on s'en approche. Nous abordâmes sur une plage douce, et dont la vue pittoresque était animée par un grand nombre*

nombre de matelots et de jolis bateaux peints, rangés sur le rivage ou sillonnant l'onde transparente de la mer. Rien n'est plus imposant que ces masses de rochers qui s'avancent, couronnés de bois touffus au dessus des flots qu'ils semblent menacer. Xaverio me conduisit par l'ancienne route qui mène à l'extrémité orientale de l'île. L'imagination des poètes ne saurait rien enfanter de comparable à la réalité qui nous environnait ; du point élevé où nous étions on embrasse d'un seul coup d'œil plus de cent milles de côtes, aussi riches que variées ; plusieurs îles délicieuses, toute la rade de Naples à gauche, le Vésuve qui lançait des tourbillons de fumée, et les innombrables villages assis sur ses flancs inclinés ; à droite, le demi-cercle du golfe de Salerne, au milieu duquel s'élevaient les blanches colonnes de Pæstum et ses ruines brillantes, et tout près, sous nos yeux, le promontoire de Minerve ; c'était là que s'élevait le palais de Tibère ! c'est à la vue de ces miracles de la création que les dominateurs du monde traçaient leurs listes de proscriptions, et se livraient aux plus infâmes débauches dont l'histoire ait gardé le souvenir. Aujourd'hui, la chapelle de Sainte-Marie a remplacé l'un des palais où le successeur d'Auguste a passé dix années. Tout à Caprée est plein d'Auguste et de Tibère ; car Auguste y avait trouvé d'abord une retraite délicieuse ; Tibère en préféra le séjour à toute autre ; et pour y varier ses plaisirs selon les mois de l'année, il y avait fait construire douze palais, qu'il consacra aux douze grands dieux. On retrouve encore des ruines de plusieurs de ces palais. A Sainte-Marie, où vit un pauvre anachorète, on voit des souterrains immenses et des réservoirs, et sur une hauteur voisine les ruines d'un phare. Dans la partie méridionale de Capri est un couvent de chartreux, au devant duquel s'élève une montagne coupée en terrasses, soutenues par des voûtes encore désignées sous le nom de Boutiques des anciens. "C'est ici, me dit Xaverio, que l'on prend un nombre si considérable de caillies ; il y a des années où ce nombre s'élève à soixante mille, et, dans une année, unique à la vérité, on en a pris plus de cent cinquante mille, et quarante-cinq mille en un seul jour du mois de mai." C'est au nord, au palais Della Marina, que Tibère faisait sa résidence d'hiver ; on y trouve des tronçons de colonnes et quelques débris d'architecture. Si l'on en croit Dion Cassius, Caprée était inculte et sauvage avant de devenir la résidence des empereurs ; aujourd'hui elle n'est cultivée qu'en partie, mais la végétation y déploie un luxe prodigieux. Etrange aveuglement des hommes ! les Romains se vengèrent sur ces beaux lieux de la servitude honteuse dont ils avaient fatigué Tibère. Le lâche sénat, qui l'avait adulé avec tant de bassesse, n'eut pas plutôt appris la nouvelle de sa mort qu'il ordonna la destruction de tout ce qu'il y avait fait construire. Caprée devint un lieu d'exil, et ces rochers furent baignés du sang de la femme et de la sœur de Commode, qui y avaient été reléguées.

Rome is revisited, and its carnival characterized : but the celebrated description of this festival by Goethe remains unrivalled.

Ancona, Bologna, Ferrara, Arqua, Venice, and Milan, also pass in review. *Allamani*, in one of his satires, chides the

the Venetians, and says that the nation would not last 1100 years unless it reformed in manners; and this prophecy was so exactly fulfilled, that it became a subject-state exactly 1100 years after its foundation.

Whether the English are less hospitably received on the continent than other nations, in consequence of their arrogant style of announcing themselves, or whether our tourists are incurious about the manners of foreigners, taking it for granted that nothing can be learnt from them, — certainly our books of travels seldom include so many traits of private life and domestic usage as are here assembled; and much instruction may be gathered from these volumes which would be vainly sought in our native literature. The *Anacharsis* of Barthélémy evidently suggested to this writer his dramatic plan of narrative: every historical investigation being put into the mouth of some imaginary personage created for the occasion.

ART. XIII. *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, &c.*

*Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*; a Novel. From the German of GOETHE. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Whitaker. London. 1824.

THE work of which this is an English translation was noticed at length by us more than twenty-five years ago; and the continuation, which is not comprized in the volumes before us, was subsequently introduced to our readers under the title of *Wilhelm Meister's Peregrinations*. The author is deservedly rated high as a novelist, and his *Werter's Sufferings* is a master-piece: the simplicity of the fable, its progressive interest, its deep pathos, the picturesque eloquence of the style, and the dramatic distinctness of the few characters introduced, placing it among the best European models of art. His subsequent exertions in this department, however, do not realize the promise of his youth. His *Elective Attractions* attract only the elect; and his *Wilhelm Meister*, though full of beautiful parts and patches, does not excite a grand sweeping continuous interest. It sketches a few years of the life of a strolling player; whose shifting acquaintance and unimportant adventures offer some variety of stimulant incidents, which have no other coherence than the unity of the hero. Many eloquent critical dissertations on dramatic taste and art are introduced: but they are expressed with an oracular mysticism, not unusual in the lectures of a German professor, especially when tainted with the Kantian philosophy,

sophy, yet unworthy of a luminous reasoner or a precise thinker. If the text, as it now appears in English, does not always seem intelligible, this is by no means the fault of the translator, who renders skilfully both the prose and the verses interspersed. We will transcribe as a specimen of the latter the *Harper's Song*, which begins in the German with *Was hör ich draussen vor dem Thor?*

- “ What notes are those without the wall,  
Across the portal sounding?  
Let's have the music in our hall,  
Back from its roof rebounding.”  
So spoke the king, the henchman flies;  
His answer heard, the monarch cries:  
“ Bring in that ancient minstrel.”
- “ Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!  
Each lovely dame, I greet you!  
What glittering stars salute my sight!  
What heart unmoved may meet you!  
Such lordly pomp is not for me,  
Far other scenes my eyes must see:  
Yet deign to list my harping.”
- “ The singer turns him to his art,  
A thrilling strain he raises;  
Each warrior hears with glowing heart,  
And on his loved one gazes.  
The king, who liked his playing well,  
Commands, for such a kindly spell,  
A golden chain be given him.
- “ The golden chain give not to me;  
Thy boldest knight may wear it,  
Who 'cross the battle's purple sea  
On lion-breast may bear it:  
Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,  
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,  
Its yellow glance will please him.
- “ I sing but as the linnet sings,  
That on the green bough dwelleth;  
A rich reward his music brings,  
As from his throat it swelleth:  
Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine  
One sparkling draught of purest wine,  
To drink it here before you.”
- “ He view'd the wine, he quaff'd it up:  
“ O draught of sweetest savour!  
O! happy house, where such a cup  
Is thought a little favour!  
If well you fare, remember me,  
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,  
As now for this I thank you.”

The music to this ballad is given in the original, but not in the translation; although the metre is the same. A more beautiful poem occurs at the beginning of the third book: but we not long ago quoted a different version of it: and in the eleventh chapter of that book and the fourth chapter of the fifth book is placed the criticism on *Hamlet*, which constituted the mass of our former extracts.

As the whole novel turns on the history of actors and of the stage in Germany, it will be most characteristic to transcribe the adventures of a manager.

‘ It was not without deep interest that he became acquainted with the history of Serlo’s career. Piecemeal he learned it; for it was not the fashion of this extraordinary man to be confidential, or to speak of any thing connectively. He had been, one may say, born and suckled in the theatre. While yet literally an infant, he had been produced upon the stage to move spectators merely by his presence; for authors even then were acquainted with this natural and very guiltless mode of doing so. Thus his first “Father!” or “Mother!” in favourite pieces, procured him approbation, ere he understood what was meant by that clapping of the hands. In the character of Cupid, he more than once descended with terror in his flying-gear; as harlequin he used to issue from the egg; and as a little chimney-sweep to play the sharpest tricks.

‘ Unhappily, the plaudits of these glancing nights were too bitterly repaid by sufferings in the intervening seasons. His father was convinced, that the minds of children could be kept awake and steadfast by no other means than blows; hence, in the studying of any part, he used to thrash him at stated periods; not because the boy was awkward, but that he might become more certainly and constantly expert. It was thus that in former times, while putting down a landmark, people were accustomed to bestow a hearty drubbing on the children who had followed them; and these, it was supposed, would recollect the place exactly to the latest day of their lives. Serlo waxed in stature; and shewed the finest capabilities of spirit and of body; in particular an admirable pliancy at once in his thoughts, looks, movements, and gestures. His gift of imitation was beyond belief. When still a boy he would mimic persons, so that you might think you saw them; though in form, age, and disposition, they might be the most dissimilar to him and to each other. Nor with all this, did he want the knack of suiting himself to his circumstances, and picking out his way in life. Accordingly, so soon as he had grown in some degree acquainted with his strength, he very naturally eloped from his father; who, as the boy’s understanding and dexterity increased, still thought it needful to forward their perfection by the harshest treatment.

‘ Happy was the wild boy, now roaming free about the world, where his feats of waggery never failed to secure him a good reception. His lucky star first led him in the Christmas season to

a cloister, where the friar, whose business it had been to arrange processions, and to entertain the Christian community by spiritual masquerades, having just died, Serlo was welcomed as a helping angel. On the instant he took up the part of Gabriel in the Annunciation; in which he did not by any means displease the pretty girl, who, acting the Virgin, very gracefully received his most obliging kiss, with external humility and inward pride. In their Mysteries, he continued to perform the most important parts; and thought himself no slender personage, when at last, in the character of Martyr, he was mocked of the world, and beaten, and fixed upon the cross.

Some Pagan soldiers had, on this occasion, played their parts a little *too* naturally. To be avenged on these heathen in the proper style, he took care at the Day of Judgment to have them decked out in gaudy clothes as emperors and kings: and at the moment when they, exceedingly contented with their situation, were about to take precedence of the rest in heaven as they had done on earth, he on a sudden rushed upon them in the shape of the Devil; and, to the cordial edification of all the beggars and spectators, having thoroughly curried them with his oven-fork, he pushed them without mercy back into the Chasm, where, in the midst of waving flame, they met with the most sorry welcome.

He was acute enough, however, to perceive that these crowned heads might feel offended at such bold procedure; and perhaps forget the reverence due to his privileged office of Accuser and Turnkey. So in all silence, before the Millennium commenced, he withdrew, and betook him to a neighbouring town. Here a society of persons, denominated Children of Joy, received him with open arms. They were a set of clever, strong-headed, lively geniuses, who saw well enough that the sum of our existence, divided by reason, never gives an integer number, but that a surprising fraction is always left behind. At stated times, to get rid of this fraction which impedes, and if it is diffused over all the mass of our conduct, endangers us, was the object of the Children of Joy. For one day a week each of them in succession was a fool on purpose; and during this, he in his turn exhibited to ridicule, in allegorical representations, whatever folly he had noticed in himself or the rest, throughout the other six. This practice might be somewhat ruder than that constant training, in the course of which a man of ordinary morals is accustomed to observe, to warn, to punish himself daily: but it was also merrier and surer. For as no Child of Joy concealed his bosom-folly, so he and those about him held it for simply what it was: whereas, on the other plan, by the help of self-deception, this same bosom-folly often gains the head authority within, and binds down reason to a secret servitude, at the very time when reason fondly hopes that she has long since chased it out of doors. The mask of folly circulated round in this society; and each member was allowed, in his particular day, to decorate and characterize it with his own attributes or those of others. At the time of Carnival, they assumed the greatest freedom, vying with the clergy in attempts

to instruct and entertain the multitude. Their solemn figurative processions of Virtues and Vices, Arts and Sciences, Quarters of the World, and Seasons of the Year, bodied forth a number of conceptions, and gave images of many distant objects to the people; and hence were not without their use: while, on the other hand, the mummeries of the priesthood tended but to strengthen a tasteless superstition, already strong enough.

'Here again young Serlo was altogether in his element. Invention in its strictest sense, it is true, he had not; but, on the other hand, he had the most consummate skill in employing what he found before him; in ordering it; and shadowing it forth. His roguish turns; his gift of mimicry; his biting wit, which at least one day weekly he might use with entire freedom, even against his benefactors, made him precious, or rather indispensable, to the whole society.

'Yet his restless mind soon drove him from this favourable scene to other quarters of his country, where other means of instruction were awaiting him. He came into the polished but also barren part of Germany; where, in worshipping the good and the beautiful, there is indeed no want of truth, but frequently a grievous one of spirit. His masks would here do nothing for him: he was forced to aim at working on the heart and mind. For short periods, he attached himself to small or to extensive companies of actors; and marked, on these occasions, what were the distinctive properties both of the pieces and the players. The monotony which then reigned on the German theatre, the mawkish sound and cadence of their Alexandrines, the flat and yet distorted dialogue, the shallowness and commonness of these undisguised preachers of morality, he was not long in comprehending; or in seizing, at the same time, what little there was that moved and pleased.'

Many situations occur which are improbable, violent, hyperbolic, and tragical without being pathetic; and other comic situations are contrived, which excite but a feeble merriment. The episode of Mignon is the most original and impressive.

As a specimen of the oracular mysticism, so frequently presented as sound instruction, we copy from the third volume this tirade.

'Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, occasion transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished, his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not: with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows



it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force: the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savoury and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts rightly; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only, is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction, which the true artist gives us, opens up the mind: for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

Great praise is due to the translator for fidelity and elegance; and we exhort him to continue his task, and to present us also with the *Peregrinations*, whence we transcribed the beautiful episode of the family of San Joseph. His admiration of GOETHE transcends our own, and is thus expressed in his Preface:

‘Independently of its more recondite and dubious qualities, there are beauties in *Meister*, which cannot but secure it some degree of favour at the hands of many. The philosophical discussions it contains; its keen glances into life and art; the minute and skilful delineation of men; the lively genuine exhibition of the scenes they move in; the occasional touches of eloquence and tenderness, and even of poetry, the very essence of poetry; the quantity of thought and knowledge embodied in a style so rich in general felicities, of which, at least, the new and sometimes exquisitely happy metaphors have been preserved, — cannot wholly escape an observing reader, even on the most cursory perusal. To those who have formed for themselves a picture of the world, who have drawn out, from the thousand variable circumstances of their being, a philosophy of life, it will be interesting and instructive to see how man and his concerns are represented in the first of European minds: to those who have penetrated to the limits of their own conceptions, and wrestled with thoughts and feelings too high for them, it will be pleasing and profitable to see the horizon of their certainties widened, or at least separated with a firmer line from the impalpable obscure which surrounds it on every side. Such persons I can fearlessly invite to study *Meister*. Across the disfigurement of a translation, they will not fail to discern indubitable traces of the greatest genius in our times.’

There is a good tragedy by GOETHE, intitled *Egmont*, which has not yet been rendered into English.

ART.

ART. XIV. *Memoirs of Goëthe*: written by Himself. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1l. 4s. Boards. Colburn. 1824.

THIS is a somewhat abridged translation of the *first* volume of *Goethe's* auto-biography; of which six or seven volumes more have since been published. We say abridged, because here we do not find, for instance, the anecdote of the silver dish which *Goethe*, in the quality of a Page, set on the table at the coronation-banquet of Joseph II., and claimed as a perquisite of office: but, if there be some omissions, the general course of the narrative retains its original diffuseness, and fatigues by its servile garrulity. The original title, *Aus meinem Leben Dichtung und Wahrheit*, "Fact and Fiction concerning my Life," ought to have been preserved; for so much of fiction is at times interspersed as to border on the supernatural. Thus a fortune-teller, in one chapter, (p. 289.) reveals to three young people their future destinies; and in another (p. 398.) *Goethe* has a *second sight* of a suit of clothes which he was ordained to make up eight years afterward. These stories may answer the dramatic purpose of explaining to the reader the remote and final result of relations subsisting between the personages then on the scene, without reproducing those persons at a time when they would have lost their own interest or might interrupt fresh curiosity: but they exhibit the author, who affects to be a Spinozist, as if he had all the credulity of *Macchiavelli* in omens. — The translator is not deeply versed in German, or has not revised his proof-sheets; for the very name of the author is erroneously written in the title. The diphthong in the first syllable should either be expressed by the *ö* alone twice dotted, or by *oe*, without dots, *Göthe*, or *Goethe*, but not *Goëthe*.

The marking feature of this narrative is a confusion of reminiscence with actual fact, indicating an impaired memory: yet it is a feature which *Göthe* ascribes to himself in early life in the following words:

'A sentiment which exercised an invincible ascendancy over me, though I have never been able properly to express its singular effect, is the concurrence of a recollection with the impression of the moment, or the feeling of affinity between the past and the present. That sort of contemplative emotion, by which objects separated by time are combined in a single impression, imparts a fantastic colouring to the aspect of the present. I have painted this compound sentiment in many of my lighter productions. It always produces a happy effect in poetry, though it leaves in the mind a singular, inexplicable, and somewhat unsatisfactory impression.'

We

We own that this impression is to us unsatisfactory, and that it often destroys not only the illusion but sometimes the credibility of the incidents so portrayed. History is the narration of what has been observed or experienced, — but these memoirs have the character of inspiration; they narrate scenes excited in the imagination by the attempt at reminiscence; they complete by invention the faded features of the picture; they copy not from external reality, but from idea, and in fact convert real life into romance.

The delineation of Lavater may be amusing :

‘ Shortly afterwards, I became acquainted with Lavater. *His letter from a Pastor to one of his Colleagues*, had about this time created a sensation, and his theory had made many proselytes. Thanks to his unremitting activity, our correspondence was not suffered to relax. He was then seriously engaged upon his great work on physiognomy, the introduction to which had already been favourably received by the public. He was applying to all his friends for drawings and sketches, particularly for portraits of Christ : and, in spite of my incompetency for such a task, he insisted that I should make him a drawing according to my notion of the Saviour’s countenance. This was indeed requiring an impossibility, and I could not but laugh at the idea. However, I found it impossible to satisfy Lavater, except by compliance with his whimsical demand.

‘ The science of physiognomy met with many sceptics, or half-believers, who regarded it as uncertain, or illusive. Even the partisans of Lavater took pleasure in putting his skill to the test, and with this intention they sometimes practised deceptions upon him. He had commissioned a skilful painter of Frankfort to furnish him with the profiles of several well-known individuals. Among the rest was a portrait of Bahrdt, which, for the sake of a joke, was packed up, and addressed to Lavater as mine. The consequence was a thundering letter from the Doctor. Lavater vehemently protested against the trick, adding all that the circumstance could suggest to him in favour of his doctrine. My portrait was afterwards sent to him, but he was, according to custom, dissatisfied both with the painter and the subject. He always asserted that the artist was never correct and faithful. As to the originals of portraits, they never perfectly fulfilled the idea he had formed of them. He was always somewhat vexed when the individual departed from his imaginary model by the peculiar traits which constitute personality.

‘ The idea which Lavater conceived of man, was so closely in unison with the image of Christ which was impressed on his mind, that he was unable to imagine how any one could live and breathe without being a Christian. As to me, the Christian religion appealed to my mind and my heart, but I was at a loss to comprehend the mysterious physical affinity with Christ, on which Lavater so pertinaciously insisted. He absolutely tormented Mendelssohn,

delesohn, me, and others. He wished us to be Christians, and Christians after his manner; or that we should convince him of the truth of our creeds. This ardent proselytism irritated me. I could scarcely have supposed that a man like Lavater would have cherished such a spirit. It was in direct opposition to the religious toleration which I had been accustomed to profess. Lavater's importunities served only to confirm me in my own opinions; which is generally the case with all whose conversion is attempted in vain. At length, however, he pressed me with the terrible dilemma, that I must be either a Christian or an atheist; and I then declared that if he would not leave me in the enjoyment of the Christian faith, which I had formed for myself, I should not have much hesitation in deciding for what he termed atheism; though I was nevertheless well convinced that nobody knew to which creed either the one or the other term was precisely applicable.

We can easily conceive the great popularity of this book on the continent, for literary gossip is in our own country a favorite species of reading; and here almost all the celebrated men of Germany are introduced, and portrayed to the life by a powerful artist. Suppose Nichols's *Anecdotes of Literature* to have been drawn up by Sir Walter Scott, and to describe the celebrated men of the receding age with the poetic coloring of a first-rate novelist, how captivating would be the effect.

An Appendix, consisting of a biographical dictionary of the persons mentioned in the text, increases about one-third the bulk of the original work.

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*The Editor is prevented by severe illness from completing the Index, which ought here to follow. As he has intimated in the Preface to this volume, he has often feared that he should be prevented by his frequent attacks from completing his monthly labors; and it is a singular fatality that the occurrence has taken place, at the precise moment when he was finally closing them. The Index will be printed and given subsequently.*

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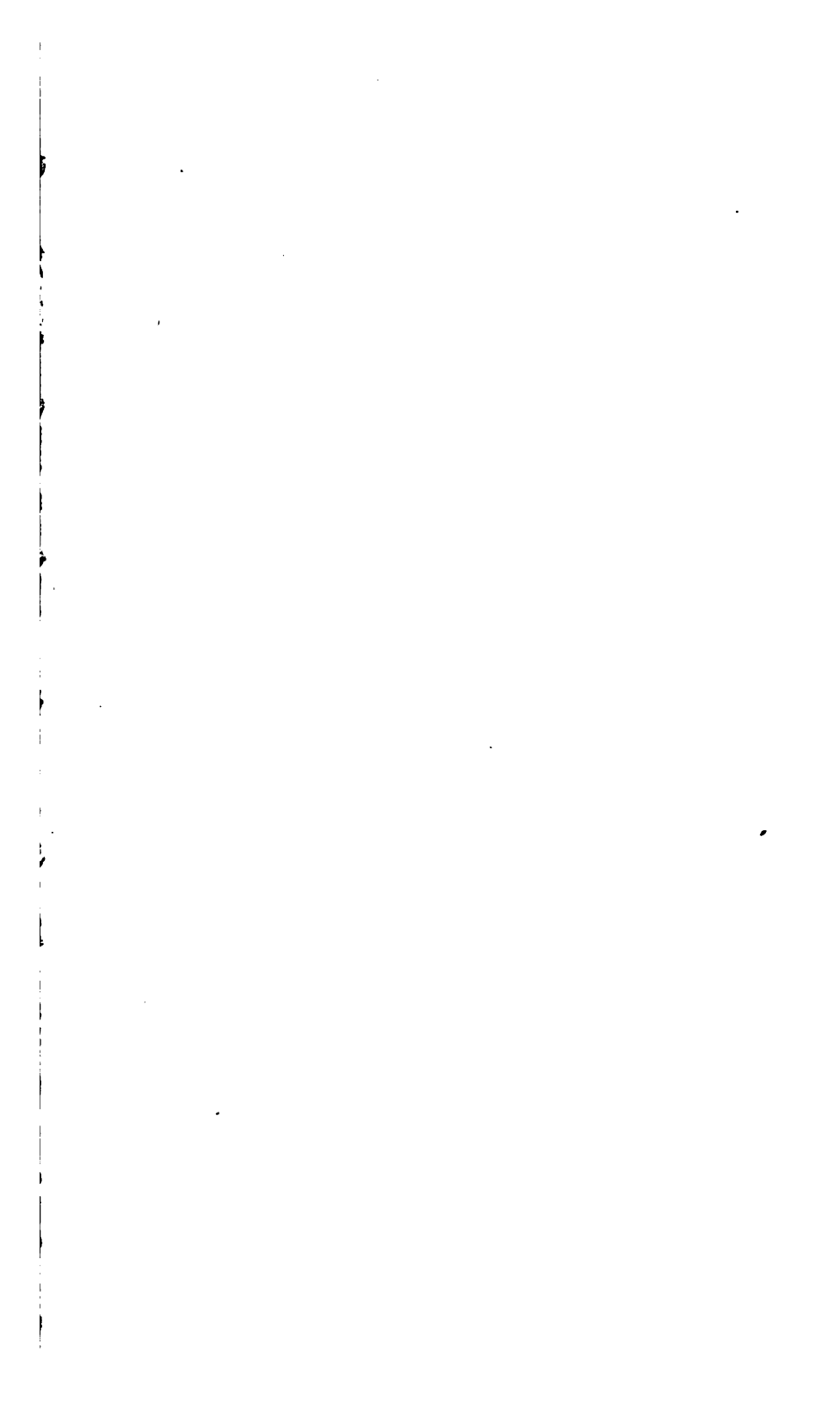
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